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NEW JAPAN.

BY F. T. PIGGOTT.

THE world has heard often enough of the delights of Japan. Everybody knows now that there is no such sight the world over as the first view of Fuji from the sea: the island lying low down on the horizon, and the great snow-cone towering into the blue sky far above it. Everybody knows now what a thing of beauty is the Japanese maiden dressed in her best: they know all about the plum-trees and the cherry-trees, and the lotus and the iris. But there is another side of Japanese life which they do not know, and do not much believe in—the broadcloth life. Not the comic side of it, with its ill cut “frocco-coato,” and its badly brushed “toppo-hatto,” which causes the well-bred Briton so much innocent amusement, but the serious side of it: the side which concerns itself with the affairs of the nation.

There are many who argue that the  
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friendship of Japan ought to be a factor in our far-Eastern policy. Her geographical position in the Pacific, which is relatively the same as our own in the Atlantic, seems to point to the fact that at some future time an Anglo-Japanese alliance may be an important weight in the political scales. To such an alliance I believe Japan herself looks forward. But all questions of policy apart, Western indifference to Japanese serious affairs, the prevalent idea that Japan is only a pretty joke, is exceedingly galling to the Japanese. Hasty generalizations are varied with the most deliberate misstatements or stupid inaccuracies. Of generalizations these are familiar: “What a pity they are abandoning the national dress.” “They are going too fast, everybody tells them so.” “They have a parliament, haven’t they? Rather premature, isn’t it?” and so on. Yes, they have a

parliament, and election disturbances on the most approved European model. "European judges too? what a go-ahead people they are!" this specially referring to the Consuls and the jurisdiction of the Consular Courts.

On so simple a matter as the abandonment of the national dress, we do not take the slightest trouble to inquire whether what has been done—which after all is only a very partial adoption of Western dress—was not absolutely necessary. One point alone is sufficient to establish the necessity and to prevent any relapse. The national dress is suited only to the national life, to sitting on the mats; it is incomplete without the pipe, the cup of tea, and the fire-box: it is quite unsuited to the busy life of routine in an office. It is a dress in which to be delightfully lazy, in which to enjoy the little pleasures of life: it is impossible to sit at a table in it and copy despatches. With the introduction of office hours and during office hours, the national dress became impossible; after the day's work is done it is resumed. But this in itself produces a very serious difficulty. Cloth is dear and pay is small, and inferior cloth, such as the West loves to export eastward, often wants renewing. The "lower division" clerks often find themselves in serious financial straits owing to the purchase of a suit of European clothes: indeed it is not invariably accompanied by all the necessary parts. By-and-by they will perhaps get cheaper, and perhaps also get better made, and then a new era will dawn of greater ease to clerkly purses and comfort to Western eyes.

I have indicated that the broadcloth picture of Japan is not altogether a fascinating one; I do not intend however to do more than sketch some few incidents of it. There is much that calls for no stinted meed of praise: there is much that calls for criticism of the sternest sort. But it is very hard to hit the true mean. Praise so often drops into an amused and somewhat pitying interest; in place of the much-needed criticism we too often get the stereotyped abuse of the Oriental which comes badly from those who have sucked no small advantage out of him. Those who know Japan best, those foreigners who have been in her service, and have seen the inner workings of it, recognize both her merits and demerits, and rank them both very high. The demerits,

indeed, are glaring, and often seem as if they would entirely obliterate the effect of all that is being done of good. A general survey is all that it is possible to attempt, and the criticism to which such a survey leads must be paradoxical. Great difficulties arise from the language; except in rare cases, between the minister and the foreign official there is interposed the secretary; and the most terrible feature in New Japan is the official young man. And here is the first paradox. Before all things the Japanese nation is polite. In their intercourse with Europeans in Europe, whether it be official or social, they carry with them their national characteristic. But the official young man in Japan is as rude a young person as a day's march will produce. The exceptions to the rule are twofold: those who have held an official position in Europe, and the young nobles, from which class the members of the Household Department are drawn. Both of these make it their pride to preserve the traditional politeness of their country. To the mutual hospitalities of the Tokyo Club they add the charming courtesies of the "Maple Club"—a purely Japanese society—which are extended with no sparing hand by its members to both resident and travelling foreigners. It is impossible to write the shortest account of Tokyo life without adding some word of delighted remembrance of the hours spent in this home of old Japan.

Of the intense nationalist spirit of the Japanese—the *yamato damashi*—it is impossible to speak in other than terms of admiration. "Japan for the Japanese" is a sentiment which cannot fail to appeal to an Englishman, for through the pages of his own history the cry of "England for the English" is written in large enough characters. But in Japan the nationalist cry is responsible for as much evil as good. It goads young blood to do things which, if they had not occasionally a very serious side, would be laughable for the very folly of them. In the abstract, however, it is a feeling of the highest order, and it will bring Japan through troublous times with safety. Very troublesome times indeed seem to be ahead of her. Work of no ordinary magnitude has to be accomplished, and with a newly instituted Parliament, much, everything indeed, depends on the discretion and tact of the



ministers. But the immediate trouble seems to me to be that the young officials of whom I have been speaking are necessarily the future ministers. The offices they now fill even are far beyond their capacity and their years, offices which with us are filled by men only when they have reached their ripest years of discretion and experience; and with the work they undertake it is just the same. The translation of the Constitution is unfortunately a case in point. It was entrusted by its distinguished author, Count Ito, to a secretary who considered his not inconsiderable knowledge of English sufficient for him to execute the delicate and difficult task unaided. The result was the inevitable: a translation full of grammatical blunders, some of the articles being couched in mysterious language, such as the White King's advisers in Looking-glass kingdom might have been proud of. And here is a curious illustration of this nationalist spirit. If this unfortunate translation of the Constitution is criticised, the ready answer of youthful officials of to-day is—so great is the change from three years ago:—“Well, it does not much matter. Our Constitution is for ourselves, and not for foreigners. What has been done for the foreigner is quite sufficient. Japan is for the Japanese.” This is the end of all the ink and gold dust and stout paper which were consumed in the printing.

The influence of this *yamato damashi* is observable at all sorts of odd and curious times. A luckless member of the Diet who ventured, in the earliest days of its first session, to cite a precedent from the proceedings of a foreign Parliament, had to bring his speech to an abrupt conclusion. Another ventured, in arguing against a measure, to say that he thought it might be so irritating as to bring about in Japan a state of things as bad as the French Revolution. He provoked a howl of righteous indignation; it was an insult to the majesty of the Emperor to think of so invidious a comparison, much more so to give the thought words.

But perhaps the most curious result of this perfervid spirit is the difficulty it has produced in connection with the educational problem of the country. It is a terrible business to know “what to do with our sons” in Japan. Many of the professions necessary to old Japan have ceased to be lucrative; the educa-

tional system is growing apace; hundreds of lads are sent out into the world with a smattering of education, who have been tempted by curiosity to begin the Western course, but who have had no capacity, or no diligence, or no money to complete it. Even for those who do complete it the new professions do not offer much encouragement, for they have not yet got into full working order, and are not necessary to the whole community. But those who do not go on to this end have only reached the danger point of learning and are not likely to get away from it. They do not think much of the little shop which has been their home. The worship of the ancestors who have gone before them has become irksome; the ancestors who remain quietly passing their days in the sunshine on the mats, or warming their feeble hands over the fire-box, are very much in the way, and of course are much too ignorant to take any interest in what new Japan thinks and does. Dull discontent takes possession of them, and the lads become idle, listless vagabonds. On some of them, however, the national spirit descends; and out of this curious material it has fabricated a new profession—the redressing of wrongs. The redresser of wrongs is called a *soshi*; the wrongs redressed are everything in general, national or international, political or social; the persons affected in the redressing, Japanese and foreigners alike. A foreigner happens to be standing by when the Empress Dowager's procession is passing along the streets. He has not taken off his hat sufficiently promptly in the opinion of one of the lancers in the escort, who thereupon knocks it off with the butt end of his lance. Suitable apologies are offered, an officer of the regiment calls on the justly offended foreigner, and the whole matter might have ended there. But the incident is too much for the unstable brain of a *soshi*, the opportunity too good to be lost. It is quite immaterial to him that the lancer was in the wrong, that the insult was not to the majesty of the Imperial House, but, contrariwise, to the assaulted English gentleman; he must inquire into the matter. And inquire he does, with much uncouth bluster, and attendant friends, armed, if not with swords and bludgeons, at least, like Simon Tappertit, with very boisterous words and terrifying demeanor.

Is it rumored that a hitch has occurred in the treaty revision negotiations, owing to the attitude taken up by one of the foreign Powers, a *soshi* pays a visit to its representative at the Legation to ask him what he means by it. He sees a fair-spoken secretary; he obtains an interview of some sort; and if he hears the laugh in the sleeve there is balm for wounded pride in the glowing reports which will appear in the Japanese newspapers. Or does the report gain ground that the Japanese ministers are giving way too much to the foreign demands, the Foreign Office must be visited and gentle hints thrown out that the dignity of the nation must not be so tampered with. Does a member of the Diet support too zealously a government measure—though this is by no means an essential—of which the *soshi*, as a body representing the People, disapprove, he will receive a visit at his house, or hotel, by a selected band who come to know the reason why. If it is not a member, but a party that opposes, the duty of these patriots will be to visit and disperse, by force of arms and legs, chairs, tables, and other handy weapons of offence, any meetings which the party may venture to hold. And so it is through the whole of Japanese public life, the *soshi* takes his unbidden share. And what about the strong arm of the law? It is very strong, very potent, and very dexterously wielded. The system of police is very efficient; it is so omniscient that every member of this very numerous band is known by name; it is so omnipresent that his whereabouts at any given moment is also known. A certain amount of latitude is allowed them, but the moment there is real danger in the air, a law, popularly known as the "Peace Preservation Regulations," is put into force. Without warning a notice is issued that all *soshi* are to leave Tokyo and to keep outside a certain radius for a given time. I am not in the least exaggerating when I say that in a couple of hours the city is swept of this turbulent community. Before I left Tokyo last year the discussion on the Budget had provoked a great deal of angry feeling among the opponents of the Government; the *soshi* had begun to swarm, and had commenced their domiciliary visits; one or two arrests only had been made, and swords had been found on the persons of the prisoners (in one case it was only a

wooden one; but then the *soshi* loves a mild joke at the expense of the authorities, like his law-despising brother all the world over); the air was full of angry sounds; crowds of a very mixed description assembled outside the Houses of the Diet; the papers contained daily paragraphs headed, "The *Soshi* Again"; suddenly the edict was promulgated by the chief of the police, the "Peace Preservation Regulations" were again in force, the notice to quit was given. The scene outside the Parliament that night was intensely dramatic. The streets, and a parade-ground adjoining the buildings, swarmed with policemen; their red and white lanterns, glowing like globes of fire among the crowd, illuminated an intensely dark night. As the people moved the lanterns moved, and the scabbards of the swords clinked against the policemen's boots; the foot-passengers as they passed were silently examined, the lantern being raised close to their faces; every jinrikisha was stopped, the passengers requested politely to get out; every bundle was rigidly scrutinized. Long before midnight the streets were empty, the lanterns were blown out, and the next morning we knew that the *soshi* had all been packed about their business, and quiet reigned again in the city. Parliament received that night an object lesson at the hands of the Government which it is not likely to forget. The regulations had on their first introduction three years previously, been subjected to very vigorous criticism, criticism of the sort with which we are perfectly familiar; "the Government had assumed too much power," "liberty of the subject," "coercion," and all the rest of it. In December the Diet had passed a bill repealing them, but some delay had occurred in getting the Imperial sanction. In January the Government had still power to put the obnoxious regulations in force for the protection of the body which had done its best to repeal them.

He is a useful person, this *soshi*: not exactly a Socialist, nor yet a Democrat, nor yet a Nihilist, but a strange and troublesome compound of them all. He is beginning to attach himself to the different political parties and organizations which abound in Japan; and rumor says that the attachment is accepted under the rose by those who hold the party strings.

I have spoken a good deal of the young

men of the present day, because the future of the country lies so much in their hands. It would be ungracious not to pay a tribute to the older men who have borne the burden and heat of many days of arduous work in bringing about the present state of things. Many, if not all of them, owe their official position to a capacity for affairs exhibited in more stirring times; they still are men of light and leading. Judged even by our own standards many of them are men of great capacity; in their knowledge of their own country and its needs, of the remedies suitable to the grievances of the people, they long ago established their claim to be considered statesmen. But in the building up of a constitutional government some mistakes cannot fail to be made. Some critics have found fault with the Constitution itself; one, who doubtless knows what he is talking about, though the knowledge is not very apparent, has said that it takes away with one hand what it gives with the other, a broadly vague statement to be put on a par with many other glib strictures on the Japanese Government. Frankly, it is not the last word of the science of Constitution-making. But there was no need that it should be. When the case is viewed dispassionately, when, speaking very literally, all things are considered, it is a gracious and liberal charter to the people, and a grant of electoral privileges of which both Sovereign and people may well be proud. It is said in the same breath that "the people are not ready for representative government," that is, for enfranchisement; and also that "the qualification is absurdly high." The one criticism answers the other. Those to whom the franchise has been given are perfectly qualified to exercise it. One of the great mistakes, in my judgment, has been made in the creation of the Privy Council; at least, from an English point of view its advisory powers are far too large, and enable an energetic President of the Council to wedge himself in between the Government and the Sovereign. By some curious and, I think, ill-considered arrangement, the Council is the advisory body to the Emperor on all matters, even on giving his consent to a government measure.

But I do not intend to plunge into the deep waters of constitution-making and criticising; what is done is done, and the

question is whether it will work smoothly. To those who take some interest in Eastern affairs, and who follow such news as the papers condescend to give us, the recent dissolution of the Diet seems to give a negative answer. But after all it was an appeal from the Government to the people. Long-continued opposition to all, or nearly all, government measures rendered the step imperative. With a Government outside the Parliament, it was obviously the only course; and indeed there were many good Bismarckian precedents to guide the ministers in deciding to act as vigorously as they did.

It is impossible for a lawyer to write of new Japan without saying something of the law, or at least of its administration. In the drafting of the criminal, civil, commercial, and procedure codes, the existence of which on European models is a *sine quâ non* to the revision of the treaties, Japan has had the advice of expert lawyers of many nations. English influence is less marked in the codes, however, than in some of the fundamental laws promulgated with the Constitution. In the judicial system the French principles predominate; but in the training of lawyers in Japan itself the English influence is very marked. The study of English case-law cannot fail to have a very beneficial effect on the minds of those who are destined to be called to the Japanese bench. This, however, concerns itself with the remote future. The supply of judges for the immediate future is, however, well maintained by the numbers of young men who are studying law in Europe and America. Both in this country, in France, and in the United States, examiners have, I believe, been astonished at the ease with which their questions have been tackled. As for the present race of judges, I have found uprightness, integrity, together with legal knowledge and acumen, to be the qualities which distinguish them. The existence of the last qualification, indeed, was brought very prominently to the front recently, by the way in which the judges, both of First Instance and in Appeal, addressed themselves to the case of one Philippe, a Greek trader in Yokohama. There is no extraterritorial treaty between Greece and Japan, and those learned in the subject of jurisdiction may well imagine the complicated nature of the questions which arose for solution.

The question of the judges is so vital to Japan that I have ventured to dwell on it at some length. Everybody knows, I suppose, that that ubiquitous person, the British merchant, objects to the proposal that he should come under Japanese jurisdiction. I have been often taken to task for holding or, perhaps, expressing a contrary opinion. I will again avoid contentious subjects; but I cannot refrain from saying that his argument from the particular to the general appears to be ill-founded; that his premiss is right and his conclusion wrong. The commercial morality of the Japanese merchant is not particularly high: Japanese themselves admit that at the treaty ports it is particularly low. A witty Chinaman thus abbreviated the new commercial code: "On entering into a contract—*daijobu*—'assuredly it shall be performed;' on performing the same—*shikata ga nai*—'it can't be helped.'" With this estimate the British merchant cordially agrees; this forms his main argument. And his general conclusion is, "Therefore the time has not yet come when Japan can be trusted to administer the law in a way satisfactory to foreigners." I think myself that this is a *non sequitur*. On the other side of the question I am tempted to note that extraordinary decision of the American Consular Court in a recent murder case, which converted a husband's shooting of his wife's seducer, in a fit of jealousy, into excusable homicide. The Court consisted of the Consul and assessors, and not of the Consul and a jury.

From law to art is a far cry. "New Japan" has an art-school of her own. The art world of Japan is, like ancient Gaul, divided into three parts. The old school struggles still to preserve and pass on the traditions of what may be called pure Japanese art. Very noteworthy traditions these were; but though the patrons fight very zealously, and not quite fairly, as it seems to us, for them, the professors are few and many of them feeble. What the auctioneers would call the "Japanese taste" has fallen on evil days. The reason is to be sought in the demands which the West makes of the export trader. Yet the best of the modern masters seek to loosen the traditions from their old inflexibility. Very charming work this middle school produces; the traces of the Western influence are distinctly visible,

and it is here at its best; there is more modelling of surfaces, more filling up of the blank spaces on the silk than Japanese tradition warrants; but the spirit of old Japan is there still, and the waving of the bamboo, the flight of the birds, have lost none of their old vitality and charm.

But besides these there is the new school, which paints on primed canvas "in oil," which, in fact, devotes itself heart and soul to the "Western taste." The mere mention of these simple facts gives opportunity to the scoffer; and yet there is not much room for him yet. There is no "school" as such; it is a band of young men who have learned the methods of our art; some in England, some in France, some in Germany, with results easy to be imagined. The work is surprisingly good, "considering"; that is to say, considering that one is forced to look at it in the mass, and as the product of the adventurous spirit of young Japan: considering that it has cut itself absolutely adrift from the ancestral canons: considering—chief of all considerations—that it has had barely ten years in which to attain to even moderate excellence: and the result, in sober seriousness, is excellent. Yet even this, as all things else in this stage of transition, has a plaintively comic side. Among the Japanese, as yet, there is little or no demand for such pictures "framed and glazed." They are big, and are not sold, they take up too much room in the small house, and too much money from the small income, and till they are sold there is neither room nor money to paint another.

New Japan, in spite of many disadvantages, of which the small house and the small income are not the least, has many advantages. She can begin the race at the point where she finds us. When she decides to leave off the dips which gave the last generation so sparse an illumination, what need for her to go through all the stages of progress which gave us light, more light: candles of many degrees of hardness, lamps built on a dozen different mechanical principles, gas even, with all the patent burners and illuminators, all can be ignored; she can go straight to electricity; the latest Edisonian improvements were ready for her, and she took them, setting them in her tiny shops long before our palaces had been adapted to their use. And so it has been with the



works of science which she has adapted and translated for her own use : with no prejudices to overcome, she could adopt the latest conclusion without a murmur and without regret. A curious trait this desire for the latest novelty has engendered in some of the representatives of modern Japan : the foreigners in the service must be changed at frequent intervals, lest they grow rusty and out of touch with the very last development of the Western world. But this suggestion has found no wide support.

In her translated literature she has been less eager of novelty, and more desirous to adopt the standard works of the West. If she knows Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer almost by heart, so also she knows of Robinson Crusoe and Friday, of Lemuel Gulliver, and all the heroes of Western old romance. There was something, perhaps, specially pleasing to the Japanese mind in those long-drawn, much-particularized stories, which had some affinity with the voluminous tales which had been handed down from the Middle Ages ; those stories which occupied volumes by the dozen in the telling ; of the strife between the Heiké and Gengi clans, for example, in early times ; of the forty-seven loyal Ronins in later days. But few foreigners know much of modern Japanese literature : their affection for the country and the people stops there ; and those who have read tell us that appreciation, except in rarest instances, is impossible. There is something so different about it from all else Japanese, even from the other branches of literature. Prosy narration takes, in the novel, the place of the sharp philosophy of the proverb, the delicate witticism, the insinuating double-meaning of the poem. Sparkle and concision give way to platitude and rigmarole.

I could not stay to give a list of all the hundred Western books which New Japan has found best to translate. I have given but examples of them. Some modern novels have undergone the same sea-change, figuring, as I hear, in much strangely transliterated idiom. But the bookstall has come to Japan attendant on those who travel by her railways, and for those the Oriental "yellow-back" has made its appearance duly ; and the price, being low, and the style such as appeals to travelling folk, they can scarcely now be numbered for their multitude. One

who knows and, I verily believe, has read it, tells us that the hero of the most popular Japanese novel of recent years is Epaminondas, and takes the whole field of Theban politics for its subject-matter ; and that the success was so great that the author did, out of the proceeds, the grand tour of the Japanese, England and the rest of Europe, and built himself a house wherein to rest when his travels brought him back to the sunshine of the East. This and much other curious matter concerning Japanese literature is set out for us by Mr. Chamberlain in "Things Japanese." The newspapers, too, have not withstood the fascination of the story *en feuilleton*. The theatre even fails to resist the march of events. Every form of dramatic entertainment that ever flourished in the land is, it is true, to be seen there still, from the old Chinese *Bugaku* dances and the Japanese *Sangaku* and *No*, down to the modern theatre. Symbolism and realism flourish side by side ; and both of them brought to a pitch which is truly beyond our imagination. But at one theatre in Tokyo the new desires of the New Japan are gratified. The stage management provide for its delight sensational scenes of modern life in the most approved London manner. On one occasion, after the visit of Mr. Spencer to Japan, a scene was introduced in which a balloon ascent, followed by a parachute descent, were "managed" in most successful fashion, and daily gave satisfaction to crowded audiences. Also in the city, the restaurant is almost as much *en évidence* as the tea-house ; the beer-bottle and tumbler as the saké cask and cup. And New Japan plays billiards—pool extraordinarily well, with a nervous *sangfroid* altogether remarkable and characteristic ; *torompo*—whist, that is—not quite so well, the *sangfroid* in this case exercising unduly the partners' nerves ; but poker admirably, and for the same reason.

New Japan has not yet—with the exception already mentioned—forgotten the politeness of Old Japan. The obeisance is still as profound as in old days, when the head was innocent of felt hats ; the new politeness indeed has invented ways of dealing with this uncouth encumbrance during the moments of an interview which are sacred to courtesy. The bow is as formal and ceremonious as ever it was. Of these ceremonial bows the literate



globe-trotter has written much, deeming them subservient, too humble; yet in this he is, as usual, wrong. He will consider it as though a six-foot Western giant were to bow himself and "knock his head against the floor;" a prostration six-foot deep, no patrician were worthy of it; to the level of a lady's hand is the deepest a Western man may give. Yet think, these men of Japan and the little *musumes*, they sit upon the floor; that is their natural posture, and they bow from that, and they are five foot nothing, something less; so that though they do indeed touch the floor in their reverence and respect, the prostration is but two feet six inches deep; and though your globe-trotter thinks the salutation "grovelling," yet it is not, it is only the obedience paid to the strict rules of bowing, which may not be relaxed—no, not even to a Western.

P.S.—There has been, during the last two months, an unusual amount of news from Japan, some of it, indeed, of no ordinary character: another dissolution of

the Diet; a prosecution of judges for gambling; the return of Count Ito to the office of Minister-President, and the apparently abrupt termination of Portuguese extritoriality. This last, it needs not be said, is of great importance. The literal meaning of the telegram from Yokohama is undoubtedly, as the press has very readily imagined, that Japan has abruptly rescinded her treaty with Portugal. With news from the far East it is safer to wait for the mail before treating it as historical fact. There is another possible construction of the telegram, in which something may depend on the recent withdrawal, for economical reasons, of the Portuguese Chargé d'Affaires. Also there has been a quaint letter from that roving *Times* correspondent, Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He deals with New Japan in characteristic fashion and language. The criticism itself, however, needs criticism, and I have no hesitation in borrowing a word from his own letter, and in pronouncing it to be "skittles."—*Fortnightly Review*.

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### HOLY WAZAN.

BY WALTER B. HARRIS.

AWAY in the mountains of Morocco, about a hundred miles from Tangier, on the steep northern slopes of the double-peaked Buhalle, lies Wazan. As one approaches the town from the Tangier road one comes quite suddenly upon it; for although, almost as soon as one issues from the narrow gorge of M'smoda and proceeds over the long plain that divides the two ranges of hills, the mountain of Wazan is in sight, yet the town lying on the further side of a projecting spur is entirely hidden, the large village of Karsharien alone being visible.

An hour or two over the plains, and the road begins to ascend, winding between high hedges of prickly-pears, aloes, and canes, among rich olive and orange groves, until it reaches its summit at the half-ruined village mentioned above, a scattering of thatched houses, monotonous in form and tone, and with little to relieve the coloring or form beyond the white-washed mosque and a domed saint's tomb. Yet Karsharien is far from being an unattractive village: the very ruins which lie

scattered about among the more habitable houses give the place a thoroughly oriental look; while gardens of oranges and olives, and a background of steep mountain, help not a little to add to its picturesqueness.

Passing through the outskirts of the village the road leads one along wooded slopes, through the thickly planted olive-trees of which can be seen peeping here and there the ruined tomb of some long-forgotten saint.

The ridge is crossed, and a flat level space lies before one. The rocky narrow path widens out into an open sandy road, and one is in Remel, one of the outskirts of Wazan. A few rather handsome houses indicate that a shereef or two have taken up their residence at this spot; while on the very peak of a hill to the left glitters the white-domed tomb of Sidi Tami Ben Mahammed, who in his time played no unimportant part in the history of Wazan. Here the road narrows again for a few hundred yards, proceeding at first between high hedges and then through

a small suburb of gray-tiled houses, until one finds one's self suddenly in the open *soko* or market-place of Wazan, with the city stretched out before one.

This first view of the place cannot be anything but a pleasing one. The very situation of the town on the steep wooded mountain-side, the gray-tiled roofs and whitewashed houses, the valley and gardens below, the high mountain above, the more decorated and pretentious dwellings of the shereefs, and the background of dull olive-trees, in themselves form a picture which one will with difficulty forget; and it is only the most prosaic of mankind who will ignore the picturesqueness to note the ruinous state of many of the buildings, and the fact that mud and dirt are as common objects in the holy city of Wazan as in any other Moorish town. And even should the town fail to please him, he has only to turn his eyes away to the north to gaze over range beyond range of mountain-peaks to where in the far away the great mountain of Sheshouan, capped with snow for the greater part of the year, rears its barren head; for Nature has certainly not been neglectful of her handiwork in the surroundings of Wazan, and man has added in no little degree to what Nature has already done, for from almost every grove of trees peeps the tomb of some dead shereef. Here is a whitewashed dome, here a gorgeous green-tiled cupola, there a dull gray thatch.

At the further end of the *soko* one enters the town by an arched gateway, from which a steep winding ascent leads one to the *zaouïa* or holy precincts of the shereefian family.

It is this shereefian family who have made Wazan what it is, a city of no little importance, considerably larger than Tangier in size, and a place of pilgrimage.

When Muley Idrees, descendant of the prophet Mahammed, founded Fez, he formed what were, and still are, called *zaouïas* in many districts of Morocco. These *zaouïas* served the double purpose of places for collecting moneys and as a means of furthering the interests of his family, by planting a relation in various parts of the country. Among the places where the great saint formed a *zaouïa* was the site upon which Wazan now stands, and here he sent as his representative one of his sons, the founder of the great shereefian family.

To follow the history of this family through its many generations would be a tedious and unprofitable task, though manuscripts, not only concerning them and their times, but in many cases even in their own handwritings, are still in the possession of the shereef.

It was not, however, until early in the seventeenth century that Wazan became famous. Hitherto the shorfa, or shereefs, had been content to live a pastoral life among their flocks and herds, and though revered on account of their holy descent from the Prophet and from Muley Idrees, they had not, so far, risen to any great renown. Probably simplicity was the principal feature of the early Shorfa of Wazan—simplicity combined with a certain amount of sanctity and knowledge, such as book-reading and writing. But in the early part of the seventeenth century there sprang of the Wazan family a remarkable man, known throughout Morocco, and even in many Mahammedan lands far beyond Morocco, as Muley Abdullah Shereef. Of what he was like in appearance no record remains, but probably he was an exceedingly ordinary-looking personage, for according to all accounts he was continually assuming the disguise of poor men; and the very fact that this disguise was never discovered until he himself made it apparent by some marvellous speech, or even a miracle, tends to further this theory.

Needless to say that in the many years that have elapsed since the time of Muley Abdullah Shereef, the brain of man, always ready among the Arabs to receive the marvellous, and to pass it on with a few additions, has added to, or invented, many a tale, so that it renders it difficult for one to judge as to what may be accepted as truth and what may not. However, some so grossly overstep the borders of possibility that they can at once be detected as fabrications; while others, dealing not so much with the marvellous and miraculous as with smart sayings and wit, may possibly, if not in themselves word for word genuine, be founded more or less upon fact.

As an example of the former, and as explaining to some extent the reverence paid to the Wazan family, I quote one tale.

The first Sultan of the Fileli \* (or pres-

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\* Fileli, native of Tafilet (or Taflet).

ent) dynasty, as yet only aspiring to the throne, happened to be in Sherarda, one of the provinces of Morocco, and there asked the advice of a learned man as to what course he ought to pursue to further his ends and become Sultan. "Go," replied the man, "to Wazan, to Muley Abdullah Shereef, and ask his advice."

With a handful of followers, the would-be Sultan set out for Wazan, and, nearing the place, chanced upon an aged and decrepit man cutting wood by the roadside. "Tell me," asked the Fileli, "where I shall find Muley Abdullah Shereef?" "What do you want with him?" replied the old man; "he is only an aged crazy fool. You have your horse and followers; go on your way and leave the poverty-stricken old humbug of a shereef to himself!" "I do not care what he is," answered the prince; "whether he be poor or not is not my business. It is his advice I wish—than which there is no better in all Morocco." The old man, who, of course, was Muley Abdullah in disguise, hereupon seized him by the hand; and thrice the mountain of Buhallel rose into the heavens, and thrice returned to its place on earth. So did the shereef make himself known.

It is needless to continue the story, and tell how the young aspirant with some five-and-twenty followers attacked and routed the reigning sovereign at Al Kasr (Alcazar); or how the enemy saw a host of men in armor when, in reality, there were under thirty; or how Muley Abdullah Shereef, flying in the heavens, helped the Fileli to gain the day; or how he became Sultan—the first of the now reigning dynasty.

The fact that this tale, among a hundred others, is accepted as truth, explains partially why so great a reverence is paid to the present representatives of his family, and why his own name is so renowned throughout Morocco.

Following Muley Abdullah Shereef—but not immediately—come two others, whose tombs are held in great veneration by the Moors—namely, Muley Tayib and Muley Tami; and with the exception of these two, until comparatively recent times, there have been none who rose above the ordinary run of shereefs, either by reason of miraculous power or any other shereefian attainment. But from the day of the death of Muley Abdullah Shereef, the

name of Wazan has been a pass-word. It was he who raised a town where formerly little more than a village had stood; who built the mosque with its adjacent precincts for the *tolba*, or scholars; who brought water from Buhallel by aqueducts to the town below. In fact, Muley Abdullah Shereef has left behind him not only a collection of tales, such as I have quoted above, but firmer and more apparent proofs of his superior intellect and abilities. Almost equal to him in renown for sanctity is Sid el Hadj El Arbi, the father of Sid el Hadj Abdesalam, the present "mul" sheikh, or head of the family. Sid el Hadj El Arbi was born toward the close of the last century, and died some forty years ago. Though so short a period has passed since his decease, he has been invested with as many miraculous acts and powers as his ancestors, among which the following will be sufficient to show the capability of the Moorish mind to swallow and believe. It is still averred, and not only by ignorant classes, but among people who are able to read and write, that whatever Sid el Hadj El Arbi asked for would immediately fall from heaven. But he is dead; and alas! this power has departed with him; for a personal acquaintance with his son renders me able to affirm that, however much he may wish for bank-notes, gold, railway shares, etc., they do not arrive in like manner, though it would be a very interesting experience to see what position the directors of a large company would take up on the presentation or sale of a quantity of heaven-sent shares.

Almost every one acquainted with Tangier will have heard of, or probably seen, Sid el Hadj Abdesalam, the Great Shereef of Wazan. His love for the sea, together with the fact that he is not altogether averse to some of our European comforts and luxuries, led him to buy a house in Tangier, and a country-place a few miles outside, and there to settle. He is now a man of over sixty years in age, almost a negro in color—his mother was a black woman—but with pronounced Arab features, courteous and hospitable, always ready to listen to the complaints and hear the wrongs of poor people, and often able to redress them. Among Europeans he is of little account. Prejudice as to his being a native and a very natural repugnance to some of the traits of his character have prevented any great amount of inter-

course between the Europeans and the shereef, and in spite of the fact that he married an English wife he has never been a success; and it is only in a semi-official character—and even then extremely rarely—that he is ever seen in society. To those who know him he is always kind, and though one cannot admire his character, one cannot help being struck by his courteous and kindly demeanor. For the last few years he has suffered from ill-health, and seldom leaves his house, except now and again to take an early morning ride, surrounded by his slaves and attendants, or to drive in his carriage—the only one in Tangier—on the sands. Every year or two he visits Algeria, where he owns property, and where he usually takes a course of baths at one or other of the many hot springs of that country.

Sid el Hadj Abdesalam has two sons living at Wazan, and as their father only visits that place for a couple of months each year, they act as his deputies. They are respectively, Muley El Arbi and Muley Mahammed. The elder, Muley El Arbi, is a man of some forty years of age,—gentle, refined, rather shy, and extremely kind; the second, Muley Mahammed, is stern, and better able than his brother to keep order among the turbulent people with whom they are surrounded. Like his brother, he is most kind and hospitable. A third son, Muley Tami, served for a time in the French army in Algeria, and although only a little over twenty years of age, has acquired all the vices to be picked up from the dregs of civilization added to those already engrafted in a low oriental mind. No one who is acquainted with the shereefian family could believe Muley Tami to be the brother of Muleys El Arbi and Mahammed, so totally different is he from them in character. Sid el Hadj Abdesalam has yet two other sons, borne to him by his English wife,—bright, clever boys, good riders and keen sportsmen, speaking three or four languages fluently, and full of promise for the future. They live with their mother at Tangier, but have been educated at the Lycée at Algiers. Besides the family of Sid el Hadj Abdesalam, mentioned above, Wazan swarms with shereefs, cousins and connections of the main branch, but of no account, and paying the most dutiful allegiance to the head of the family, on whose sufferance they almost exist.

Those who would expect to find at Wazan the luxury of, say, the "Arabian Nights," would be very much disappointed, for there, as elsewhere in Morocco, everything is very simple. Conservative to a degree, life has never been suffered to undergo a change; and the time is passed now as it has probably been passed for generations.

Architecturally, with the exception of one or two handsome "bits," notably the huge mosque and tombs of the shereefs—which no Christian is permitted to visit—the green-tiled minaret of the mosque of Sid el Hadj El Arbi, and the garden and *koubbah*, or summer-house, of Muley Mahammed, there is very little that rises above the ordinary standard of a Moorish town. Yet in the *zaouïa* of the shereefs there are a few old doorways and a window or two which are by no means to be despised, and in which an artist would find much that is attractive, if not really beautiful.

Like all Moors, the shereefs have allowed much to fall to wreck and ruin. One builds himself a summer-house, bringing workmen from Fez to paint the roofs and doors, decorates the arcade with fine tile-work, and the garden with fountains. In time he dies, and his descendants build for themselves according to their own tastes, leaving what is already standing to fall, or using the favorite resorts of their ancestors as a place in which to house the many pilgrims who flock to Wazan in summer and autumn.

Certainly the prettiest spot in Wazan is the *koubbah* and garden of Muley Mahammed. The gardens, for there are two, one beyond the other, are small, and surrounded by high white walls, over which trail creepers in almost tropical luxuriance. At the end of the first garden stands the *koubbah*, a series of several rooms divided by archways, and faced with a handsome façade of Moorish horse-shoe arches. In these *koubbahs* or summer-houses the shereefs spend the day drinking tea and coffee incessantly, managing the affairs of Wazan, trying cases, and discussing literary matters with the *tolba* or scholars, and utterly oblivious of what is going on in Europe, comparatively so near, never having heard the name of Bismarck or Gladstone, and paying less attention to some huge European war than they would to a skirmish between a couple of tribes in the vicinity of Wazan.



At one end of the garden is a tank of water into which a stream is constantly tumbling—a tank full of goldfish—which adds a charm by its music to the garden, a blaze of flowers. The *koubbah* itself is by no means unattractive; from the windows at the back, which open down to the ground, one gazes far over the valleys and mountains to the rocky peaks of Sheshouan and Ghamara.

The second garden belongs to the house, and the privacy with which the women are kept renders it very seldom that it is shown to visitors. Like the former, it is in spring and summer a blaze of flowers, among which flourish standard roses and Neapolitan violets in great abundance. Several gaudy trellis-work summer-houses and a fountain or two give the place a more oriental look than the other. The very gaudiness would be almost an eyesore in England; but here away in Morocco one sees only the brilliancy of the coloring, typically Moorish.

In the house of Muley Mahammed is one court that is really charming. It contains a large tank, some forty feet in length by twenty in breadth, in which float shoals of goldfish. In the centre plays a fountain, and all round is a covered arcade, where often the writer has sat on Persian rugs and sipped coffee to the sound of the musicians, who with guitar and singing pass away the time. Incense burns in a chased bowl of brass and copper, and the long-necked silver bottles are sprinklers full of orange and rose water. Such is life at Wazan.

But the shereefs play a more important rôle in Moorish life than that I have described above. All through Morocco, almost all through North Africa, are the Shorfa of Wazan known, and from the most distant oases of the Sahara come the pilgrims. The few—the very few—Europeans who visit Wazan do so in winter, and are not impressed by the place as they would be if they came in spring or summer, when the gardens are golden and white with the fruit and flower of the orange-trees, and the tall green bamboos lancelike rear their heads above the thick hedges of aloes and prickly pears, when for miles the country is brilliant with narcissus and iris. In autumn, too, Wazan is charming. In truth, the surrounding country looks bare and dried up; but in and near the town water is always flowing,

and everything retains its greenness. When the plains of the Gharb district, only a few miles away, but out of sight of Wazan, are sweltering under the autumn sun, the cool east breeze is blowing over the mountain tops to refresh the town and its inhabitants. Then, too, come the pilgrims. Every day they stream into Wazan, sometimes singly, often more than a hundred together with banners and music and bearing offerings. Strange figures can be seen in Wazan then. One day the town is full of Riassa, from the Riff, with their *gitayas*, or long locks of hair on the back of their shaved heads. They bring walnuts and almonds and honey to the shereef, for their country is a poor one and mountainous. The next day, perhaps, arrive the devotees of some tribe from the Sahara. They have been a month perchance on the road, and arrive weary and footsore. Some few are mounted on mares, the most part on foot. Their women and children come with them. In long line they troop through the town until they reach the *zaouïa* of the shereefs, and there form into a mass, and with banners waving and singing some wild hymn, they slowly proceed to the presence of him they have come so far to see.

The shereef sits in his *koubbah* at a window opening nearly to the ground. With him are some of his relations and friends. Slowly the pilgrims approach, and, one by one leaning through the window, kiss the hem of his *jelab*; then form into a semicircle on the terrace before him. The shereef speaks to them, and breathless they listen to his words, as if some great oracle were holding forth. Their spokesman is an old man, chosen by general assent, and he in return pays the compliments on behalf of his tribe. Then they bring their offerings—money in large quantities, bags of silver dollars, a few carpets and rugs, perhaps a horse or a mare, and a couple of young gazelle for the children.

The next day others arrive and are received, and bring their presents in like manner. These pilgrims usually remain some three or four days in Wazan, during which time they are fed and housed by the shereefs. On the eve of their departure they again troop in before him, and kissing him as before, form a semicircle round his window. Every one's hands are held open before him, and with a wonderful quiet dignity the shereef be-



stows his blessing on them and on their tribe. Before daylight the next morning they are gone, to plod their weary way back to their own country.

Again arrive the long-cloaked Berbers who inhabited Morocco long before the Arab invasion, speaking the strange Shleh tongue. Tall wiry men, with high cheek-bones and small eyes, they resemble far more a Tartar people than the Semitic Arab race. Even they are divided up into respective tribes, and each *kabyla* has its distinctive type. Some are fair, some olive-colored, some tall, some almost abnormally short. Acknowledging no sultan and no government, Mahammedans in little more than name, constantly at war with the Moorish authorities and with each other, a strange wild people inhabiting the unexplored mountains of eastern Morocco, they yet pay a reverence almost fanatical to Wazan and its family.

The writer spent the summer and autumn of 1890 at Wazan, and during his stay there passed not a single day that was not of interest. A constant and ever-changing panorama of strange people and strange dresses—negroes from Tuats, an oasis far away in the Sahara, a month's journey or more distant; the fair hill-men of the mountains of northwest Morocco; the coarse-featured Arabs of the plains; the richly dressed merchants of Fez, bringing cloth and silks and dresses; the high cheek-boned Berbers—every day a change. Besides the feeding and housing of the pilgrims who flock to Wazan, the shereefs maintain enormous households. Not only have the wives and women in the houses their own slaves, but there are numbers of others who belong apparently to no one, do no work or very little, but whose meals regularly arrive from the residence of the shereefs. The number of cooked dishes of meat and *kooskoosoo* that issue daily from the shereefian kitchens for the household and retainers alone is astonishing. The writer has attempted once or twice to obtain an accurate number of the slaves at Wazan, but without success. Even the shereefs themselves are not aware as to how many they possess, for a great number, in reality and by law slaves, have been started in business by the shereefs, and now own shops in the town or work as builders or ironsmiths. These men are all liable to be called out in case of emergency, as are

also a great number of the townspeople, whom the shereefs have supplied with rifles and ammunition on the understanding that in cases of necessity they are to be at their service. This principle, it will be noted, closely resembles our ancient feudal system.

It would do those good who write passionate articles on Moorish slavery to see the well-fed, lazy slave of Wazan lounging in the sun, *kiff*-pipe in mouth, and scarcely doing a stroke of work from week's end to week's end. The most ordinary English kitchen maid would accomplish in a couple of hours what a Wazan slave does in a week. All are free to come and go as they please, but none avail themselves of this freedom. The reason is not far to seek. In Wazan they are fed and clothed by the shereefs, and on holidays and feast-days receive presents of money. Thus all the necessities of life are found them without their having to work for them, which otherwise they would be obliged to do. Nor is it only the necessities of life that are thus supplied to them free, but they are given each his room to live in, and married at the expense of the shereefs to slave-women. Their children, by law slaves, are not necessarily so, and are often apprenticed to workmen to learn some trade, or, if they wish, are free to seek their fortune in other lands.

The gates of the *zaouia* are always open, and any one who wishes can gain an audience of the shereef, yet the slaves sitting at the doors often make use of their position to enforce small taxes from the people who enter, always done good-humoredly, and seldom meeting with a refusal. It is amusing to see, too, with what a high hand the lesser shereefs and courtiers are treated by the slaves, who often abuse them before their faces if they offend them, and in return can at times do them a good service as intermediaries between them and the outside world.

These lesser shereefs and courtiers form the disagreeable class at Wazan. They are the typical oriental sycophants, who stick like leeches to their superiors, echoing their every word and thought, and kissing their garments in abject submission, and, should anything happen to render their masters in disgrace, the first to turn against them. Not all, happily, who collect in the *koubbahs* of Muley El Arbi

and Muley Mohammed are of this class ; and among them are some few who are really sincere and kind, but who are obliged by etiquette to follow on certain lines which to us would seem servile and menial.

Yet, in spite of the great authority and personality of the shereefs, there is scarcely a town seemingly more radical than Wazan. In a way, it almost touches the ideal of poets and enthusiasts. Among those who sit day by day in the presence of the great descendants of the Prophet are the skilled workmen of the town. Here in his long *haik* is the *mallem* (*maitre*) El Arbi, the Fezzi, whose bronze and brass work is renowned throughout Morocco ; whose coffee-pots, with graceful spouts and long handles, are of their kind perfect ; whose kettles and tripod brasiers are masterpieces of colored metal-work. Here, too, is the master mason and carpenter, who, almost without measures and instruments, will raise up perfect horse-shoe arches, and design a Moorish courtyard of symmetry with which no fault can be found. Here, also, are the *tolba*, or scholars, brimming over with quotations from the Koran, and with stomachs that never seem filled. Here, too, is the blind *mueddin*, who, though guided only by sense, is never a minute too soon or a minute too late in calling the hour of prayer from the minaret of the Mosque of Sid el Hadj El Arbi, the minaret of gorgeous green tiles. Yet, in spite of this, the illusion of social equality, based on a foundation of an appreciation of art, is very transitory, and soon vanishes. They crowd to the shereef because he is their leader, their employer. They bow before him, not only on account of his sanctity, but also to pick up the crumbs that fall from his table—and crumbs by no means to be despised. Like vultures over the carcass of a dead camel, they fight and struggle among each other. Every one for himself, and his neighbor for the dogs. From a surrounding of these courtiers the character of the greater shereefs stands out superlatively finer. Subject to adoration from their earliest days, obeyed to the letter by thousands of people, possessing power which no sultan possesses—a power of inherited sanctity of religious pre-eminence ; governing without a government ; quelling disturbances and warfare without a sol-

dier,—it cannot be wondered that a certain amount of self-confidence and pride is innate in them ; yet they are kind to the heart without being condescendingly so ; and the writer, who has spent months with them, living in their houses, spending day after day in their company, treated by them on terms with which no native is ever treated, accompanying them at times on their travels, and with them visiting places which otherwise it would be impossible for him to visit, can scarcely find words to express his thanks. Besides their hospitality, he has received many kindnesses from them—favours in themselves perhaps unimportant, yet sufficing to show that under the calm oriental reserve there is a kindly and unselfish nature.

Wazan has little of interest beyond its shereefian family and its surroundings. The town itself, though large, is poor. The long street with shops on either side shows no signs of wealth or beauty, yet for the artist it has its picturesqueness. At the end of this street is an archway leading to the bazaar, a series of little streets covered from the sun by trellis-work and light thatch, through which the sunbeams dance in fitful rays in summer, streaks of light in the deep gloom, and through which in winter the rain trickles in dismal cold drops, forming great puddles in the roughly paved streets. The shops present but little of interest, for they are filled almost entirely with European cottons and goods, and but few native manufactures or wares are to be found beyond scarlet cloth gun-cases, rough leather-work such as bags, and yellow and red shoes.

As in all towns, the greater part of the trade is in the hands of the Jews, who are the "middlemen" for everything. Despicable as they are all over Morocco, in Wazan they show to better advantage than elsewhere, and nowhere in the country has the writer met with a superior class of Jews. The shereefs have forbidden any such persecution as exists in other towns, and they are allowed to live in any part of the town without being confined to a *mellah* or Ghetto ; while the shereef has also abolished the law, extant nearly all over Morocco, and allows the Jews to wear the shoes in all parts of the town. The fact that Wazan does not owe allegiance to the Sultan has put them entirely

into the hands of the shereefs, and one and all are enthusiastic about their kindness to them and the fairness with which they try cases in dispute between them and Moslems.

Beyond the bazaar, and reached by a narrow street of shops, in which sit men sewing *jelabs*, is a courtyard, on to which opens one of the gates of the Mosque of Muley Abdullah Shereef. An arcade surrounds this open court, under which in tiny rooms sit the *adoul* or lawyers, richly dressed in *haiks* from Fez. They it is who draw up all legal documents as to property, etc.; and Moorish law as laid down by the Koran is at their finger-ends.

Wazan is renowned among the Moors for its manufacture of woollen stuffs, materials of which *jelabs*, the hooded garment of the natives, are made. Yet the fact that these woollen stuffs are all white, and that none of the Eastern love of colors exists here to a sufficient extent to render the working of such profitable, detracts from the interest one would otherwise have taken in this Wazan industry. The looms used for the weaving of these *jelabs* and *haiks* are almost identical with the hand-looms of North Ireland. The commoner sort of native knives, with leathern sheaths—deadly enough weapons in the hands of those who know how to use them, but happily seldom put to a more tragic service than cutting the throat of a sheep or a chicken—are also made here to a large extent.

Few, if any, of the cities of Morocco can compare for surroundings with Wazan. Gaze from the town which way one will, one sees nothing but valley and mountain and mountain and valley; some wooded with olive-trees, some bare and rocky, some capped in snow. Yet these mountains possess an unattractive side. Their fastnesses are inhabited by wild tribes, whose robberies and warfare often render life in Wazan scarcely bearable. On all sides the town is shut in by them, and any market-day they can be seen parading the streets in their short brown embroidered *jelabs*, armed with gun and sword, and their scarlet cloth gun-cases wound round their heads. Splendid fellows to look upon, certainly, these mountaineers; but no villain ever represented on the stage was half so black in heart as most of them: yet there is in them such a swagger of self-confidence, of moral, or im-

moral, superiority, that as far as outward appearances go one cannot help but admire them.

Of these mountaineers Wazan lives in a perpetual state of terror—excluding, of course, the shereefs and their belongings, who and which are sacred—and their constant presence in or about the place is to the inhabitants the one drawback to the town. Nor is their alarm unjustified, for on the five previous nights to that on which the writer is now penning these words, four men have been shot dead in the streets, and for absolutely no reason. Woe betide the townsman who is rash enough to leave his house after dark, and falls in with a band of these hillsmen! Should he have time to turn round a corner and run, he may get away scathless; but otherwise the probabilities are that a bullet from their unerring aim will drop him to the ground. Happily Wazan is not perpetually in this state; the tribesmen have fits of quietude. The rumor that the Sultan and his soldiers are on the way to pay them a visit is sufficient to still their ardor for a time, yet the moment the rumor proves to be false—and most rumors do in Morocco—they burst out again. Nor is Wazan the only place in which they carry on their lawless doings. Among themselves they are continually at war. During the summer of last year (1890), the tribe of Ghruneh was fighting four other tribes—namely, Beni Issef, Helserif, M'smoda, and Azoua, of which the three latter is each larger than Ghruneh. Yet by maintaining a position entirely defensive, and never risking an inroad into the enemies' land, Ghruneh remains intact. But a much more serious tribal warfare is now taking place. The large tribe of Beni Msara are on the war-path, and their opponent is the smaller but more mountainous, and therefore less accessible, land of M'smoda. But one engagement has up to the present taken place, when a band of the Beni Msara attempted to force the river Zez, which forms the frontier of the tribe of M'smoda. Though outnumbering their enemy, they were driven back with considerable loss, and the two tribes are now waiting for further instalments of men and guns before re-engaging in battle. Nor are these tribal warfares to be despised. The Beni Msara alone can put some four thousand warriors, each armed with a gun, into the field. To what ex-

tent this year's disturbances will grow remains to be seen. Possibly by the intervention of the shereef the tribes may be dissuaded from continuing a warfare which, whatever the result may be, cannot but prove disastrous to all concerned. Possibly the strife will continue, other tribes become embroiled, and a general rising take place in northwestern Morocco, which only the presence of the Sultan and his troops will be able to quell.

But to leave the mountaineers to themselves, and return to Wazan. Below the town, and about a quarter of a mile from its gate, is situated the house and garden of Sid el Hadj Abdesalam, the Great Shereef, and here he resides during the month or two he annually spends in Wazan. The house is small, and from the outside ugly—a square whitewashed building, with windows covered with green jalousies; but the garden, for the most part a veritable wilderness of orange and olive groves, is a delightful spot: and one of the pleasantest episodes of life in Wazan is to take one's carpets and coffee to the garden, and spend the day wandering in the cool shade, shooting a few partridges or a hare perhaps, and returning to some shady nook to smoke a cigarette and drink coffee. One spot in the garden is *par excellence* the pleasantest: a great water-tank planted on either side with rows of bananas, and overhung at one end by shady trees, while at the other is a summer-house opening on to a façade of Moorish horse-shoe arches, a terrace richly tiled, with a fountain playing in a marble basin, and a ceiling of rich painting, geometrical designs in red and green and gold. A grand place to swim in, too, for the tank is large and deep, and the water clear, and inhabited only by shoals of gold and silver fish. Here many an hour is spent in idleness, listening to the musicians, who with guitar and tambourine help one to dream the time away.

A contrast to the days spent basking thus is the hunting and coursing that is the constant sport of the younger shereefs. When they can get away from school, generally to be arranged by tipping the *faki* or schoolmaster, the horses are saddled. The townspeople always ready to give themselves a holiday, make this an excuse to leave their shops or their work, and donning their short brown *jelabs*, and shouldering their guns, flock to the *zaouia*.

The shereefs on their gorgeous saddles of silk and gold, the sun flashing on the long barrels of the native guns, the greyhounds leaping and bounding and chasing one another, and following in the rear a number of street urchins, and a score of scavenging dogs, all keen to hunt, and than which there are no better to rouse a hare or a jackal—all form a brilliant picture.

Through the narrow lanes between the high hedges of the gardens, under the shade of the olive-trees of the Msala, where on the Eid el Kebir, or great feast, the town adjourns to pray, away to the open country they go.

As soon as the gardens are left behind, the beaters spread out in line, and with shouts and cries beat the covert, for the most part *doum* or stunted palm, growing to the height of about two feet. The greyhounds trot along with the beaters, while the horsemen keep to the upper ridges of the undulating country, so that wherever a hare may break she is in sight. Presently a wild shouting greets the ears, and between the patches of palmetto one catches a glimpse of a hare. The greyhounds are after her, and down the side of the hill gallop the horsemen, a streak of brilliant color. Away they all go, following wherever the hare turns; but the covert is thick, and she evades her pursuers, seeking refuge in some secluded nook, or in the bed or steep banks of a stream. To those who hunt or course in England the sport may sound poor. But it is not so. The country is rough and wild, and often many a fall occurs during a day's hunting, and the hares are fleet as the wind, and although pure-bred English greyhounds are not unknown in Wazan, as often as not they escape untouched. Certainly, should luck favor one with a jackal, the sport is finer, and often a stiff twenty minutes ends with a kill in the open.

Nor is this the only sport Wazan can boast of, though this year the partridges have been few as a rule. The country abounds with them, and a couple of sportsmen on foot with good dogs can obtain a capital day's shooting. However, the Europeans who visit Wazan are few and far between, for unless one is personally known to the shereefs, or bears a letter to them from the Great Shereef at Tangier, it is almost impossible to visit, and quite



impossible to stay there, as there are no facilities for camping, the *soko* or market being the only spot available, and there one finds the visits of the fanatical townspeople, and perhaps a band of mountaineers, so unpleasant, that one is only too glad to get away. Those, however, known to the shereef are housed in the *zuouia*, and the fact that one is his guest prevents any show of ill-feeling on the part of the natives.

That Wazan abounds with evil characters cannot be denied. Being as it is a city of refuge, it is only natural that it is largely resorted to by men whose crimes have made it expedient for them to leave their homes. Among these especially may be mentioned the Riaffi or Riffis, Berbers inhabiting the northeast coasts of Morocco, speaking Riffi, a dialect of Shleh, of whom there are a great number in Wazan. Most, in fact, nearly without exception, have committed what we should call murder, but what in reality is nothing more than the *vendetta*, as rife now in this country as it ever was in Corsica. Most have killed their man, and so avenged the blood of the slain; and knowing that in turn the relations of him they have killed will lie in wait for them, have thought it best to seek other quarters, and with light hearts and clear consciences that honor has not been left unsatisfied, and that they have added to the list of their enemies one more corpse, have come to seek a quiet and respectable life in Wazan. They can easily be recognized by their *gitaya*, or long locks of hair on the backs of their heads, and by their features, which in no wise resemble those of the Arabs.

As Wazan is a city of refuge for the outside world, so are the mosques and tombs of the shereefs for the inhabitants of Wazan; and men fleeing from justice or an enemy have been known to spend months, and even a year, in the holy precincts without once issuing forth. The great Mosque of Muley Abdullah Shereef, with its courts and arcades, affords shelter for any number of these refugees, and at

the present moment no inconsiderable quantity are housed there. Their food is brought to them by their relations or friends, if they have any; and if not they either send and buy, or if moneyless exist on the charity of those who pray in the mosque. No Christian may enter these holy precincts, and as one passes the doors of the mosque one can only catch a glimpse of long rows of columns and arcades. The tombs themselves are within, each in its sanctuary. These holy of holies are said to be most gorgeous and beautiful. The ceilings and doors are richly painted and gilded, the walls and the tombs are hung with gold-embroidered velvet, while on every side are ranged the presents brought by the faithful who visit and pray there. Two centuries and a half of offerings are contained within these sanctuaries. Among them are candlesticks of silver and gold, boxes of illuminated manuscripts, more than a hundred clocks of all ages and fashions, a quantity of old china, and many other quaint things. Doubtless among this huge collection are articles of gold and silver, clocks, china, etc., which, on account of their ages and the great care that has always been taken of them, are almost priceless.

The business part of the sanctuaries is without doubt the huge boxes with grated tops into which the faithful drop their money. The sums thus collected are divided monthly into four parts, one fourth being laid aside for the keeping up of the tombs, and three fourths goes to the shereefian family.

For the lover of quiet and repose, for the idler and the dreamer, Wazan has its charm; for those who love to hunt and to shoot and to watch the wild warfare of the mountaineers, Wazan has its charm; for those who take an interest in the strange people who flock there, and are ready to live among strange people, it equally has its charm. To one who, as the writer does, can lay claim to all three, it is most charming.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.



## THE GROWTH OF INDUSTRIAL PEACE.

BY JOHN RAE.

THE Labor Commission is drawing to the close of its long inquiry. It has now gone over every branch of labor except agriculture, examined more than 430 different witnesses, and produced a body of evidence of great historic value as an exhibition of the present conditions of work and workpeople all over the United Kingdom. For though the precise task of the Commission was the investigation of trade disputes in order to see whether Parliament could do anything for their prevention or settlement, that investigation necessarily opened up to view the whole situation and circumstances of the successive industries. It has been thought useful to state some of the chief results briefly without discussion: and of those results none are more interesting than those relating to the more immediate task of the Commission, the treatment of trade disputes. There has been during the last twenty years a remarkable growth in all parts of the kingdom of the institutions that make for industrial peace—the Board of Arbitration, the Joint Committee of Conciliation, and the sliding scale. This direct organization of peace is only twenty-six years old. It was in 1866 that Mr. Mundella started for the hosiery trade the first Board of Conciliation ever established in this country; and it was in 1869 that Sir Rupert Kettle started for the manufactured iron industry the first Board of Arbitration; the Board of Conciliation, trusting for a settlement entirely to the full interchange of views between the representatives of the parties face to face—"the long jaw," as it used to be called—while the Board of Arbitration made additional provision for binding reference to an umpire in case the "long jaw" failed. The practical fortunes of the two principles are curious. Mr. Mundella's Board has itself died, but its principle has been very widely adopted, and it has therefore many successors. Sir Rupert Kettle's Board still exists; its operation has been all along almost perfect; it has made strikes in the manufactured iron trade as extinct and almost as practically inconceivable as duelling; yet it stands virtually alone. It has never been imitated in its exact features, though very re-

cently arbitration boards of a different class have been established in a number of industrial centres. The reason given for the dissolution of the Hosiery Board of Conciliation is very extraordinary. Mr. J. Holmes, president of the Midland Counties Hosiery Federation, said the last meeting of this Board was held in 1884, when some of the men had struck, not for a rise of wages, but—strange as it may appear—for a reduction, and the refusal of that reduction was the end of this Board. The circumstances are so peculiar that it is well to quote the witness's own account of them:

"In a country village about five miles from Leicester, where the hand frame-making socks men had determined that they would have some work, they made an agreement that they would take the work out at a 7½ per cent. reduction. The men in the town felt they were sold, and, as a result, they thought that they might get some of the work, so they offered to work at a 5 per cent. reduction. As the result of that, some of the employers said, 'Well, if you do, we will simply take it to Oadby.' So the workpeople of our town said, 'If you do, we shall strike till you share the work, or else put us on the same level.' So they struck for a 7½ per cent. reduction, to be put on the same level as those in the country; and the fact was, the employer said, 'I do not want to give a reduction. I can afford to pay the price.' And yet they all thought the men in the country would take the work out, because they could get it for less; and the men in the town agreed to have the same price, or else they would get no work. . . . That [he added] was the last meeting of the Board, and I believe that had something to do with the prevention of those periodical meetings."

There is still something not very intelligible about this matter, and it is a pity the Commission, which has gone with considerable prolixity into things much less interesting, has not succeeded in making so curious a circumstance clearer. But it appears that in Leicester, at any rate, the Board, though no longer formally existing, has still left behind it the practical habit of employer and employed meeting and composing their differences. Mr. Holmes was able to say that, though not formally reconstituted, "practically we exist as a body, and if any dispute arises there is no difficulty in the two sides meeting and adjusting their differences before a strike

takes place. The result is we have met on several occasions and rearranged prices without any strike at all." But in Nottingham, where the men have been earnestly trying to revive the Board for the last three years, the employers, according to the evidence of Mr. S. Bower, of the Nottingham Hosiery Trades Union, are opposed to its revival, because, he states, "they cannot trust each other. They say, if they were to agree to a Board tomorrow, the next day some of the members would run away from the arrangement." Out of fifty employers consulted only four favored the revival.

In the manufactured iron trade there are two boards of arbitration on Sir R. Kettle's principle—one from the North of England, and one from the Midland Counties. Evidence was given of the operation of the former, by its chairman, Mr. W. Whitwell, ironmaster, and by Mr. E. Trow, general secretary of the Iron and Steel Workers' Association; and of the latter by Mr. R. Hingley, M.P., and Mr. W. Aucott and other representatives of the workmen. This is a trade in which (as Mr. Hingley stated) violent disputes and strikes used formerly to be very prevalent, because it is peculiarly subject to great fluctuations in consequence of irregularities of demand and frequent technical changes; and indeed, during the very period of this experiment in conciliation, it was undergoing one of the most trying of these changes—the change from iron to steel, in consequence of the Bessemer process, which has reduced the number of puddlers by two thirds in the last sixteen years. But since the establishment of these Boards, in the north of England in 1869 and in the Midlands in 1872, there has been nothing whatever in the nature of a strike in the former district, and only one strike in the latter, and even that one was too insignificant to deserve the name; for, as Mr. Hingley explained it, it was only a small discontented section of the men who repudiated one of the awards of the Board of Conciliation; but, finding themselves strongly condemned by the rest of the trade, eventually gave way. Strikes, and even the very disposition to strike, seem to be thoroughly stamped out in this industry. Mr. Trow speaks of them as if they were matters of settled impossibility: "We cannot have a strike in our district: our rules do not allow of it." And he

says in another place: "If you will search the pages of history you will not be able to find in those pages any parallel case where any system adopted has been of so much advantage to the workmen, to the employers, and the trade of the district, as arbitration has been to our workmen in the north of England." Mr. Aucott describes their former state as one of incessant antagonism between master and men, the peace of the district being constantly broken and impaired by ill-considered action on the part of a few employers who would not treat with their workpeople; but now, he said, "we have got rid of all that." Mr. Hingley was not less emphatic on the part of the employers in his testimony to the same purport. Asked whether employers could now carry on their industry without fear of interruption and danger of strikes, he said: "Yes, we have ceased to fear anything of the kind."

The puddlers are described by one of their own witnesses as by no means an intelligent trade; "if a man was intelligent," said he, "he would not be a puddler;" but they seem to have successfully solved the difficult problem of industrial peace, and it is therefore well to know what their arrangements are. They have three institutions of peace in their trade: the Board of Conciliation, the Board of Arbitration, and the Sliding Scale. The Boards are a little differently constituted in the two different districts. The North of England Board is not composed, like the joint committees of so many other trades, of representatives of the employers' association on the one hand and the operatives' association on the other, but of one employer and one operative from each firm or works that chooses to belong to it and subscribes to its rules and funds; and it has therefore no fixed number of members. At present it has twenty-four members, there being twelve works represented; but in 1874, before the introduction of the Bessemer process, it had as many as seventy members, there being then thirty-five works represented. Twenty works have been given up altogether since then, and apparently about three have withdrawn from the Board. There are, however, many other works in the district which have never joined the Board because their owners are averse to their workpeople knowing anything about the business of the firm, but which neverthe-

less always regulate their wages by the Board's rates, and send voluntary donations to the Board's funds. Practically, therefore, the rate of wages in all works in the whole North of England and Scotland is governed by this Board, though it actually consists of representatives of only twelve firms and their workpeople. It meets twice a year for the settlement of general wages questions, but it appoints for local questions a standing committee of five of the workmen's representatives and ten of the employers, five only of whom, however, can take part in the proceedings at one time, the greater number of employers being allowed in order to secure better attendance, since employers have generally more competing engagements than workmen. This standing committee meets whenever required, generally once a month. Several of the works, too, which are unconnected with the Board have a local joint committee for settling their own differences.

For the purpose of arbitration in local questions, when the standing committee is unable to come to an understanding, the Board has a standing referee—since 1883, Mr. David Dale, chairman of Section A of the Labor Commission—and for arbitration in general questions, when the Board itself cannot agree, it chooses an arbitrator when the occasion arises, and has always chosen a person outside the trade, and always, except twice, it has chosen only a single arbitrator, usually some well-known public man—Sir Rupert Kettle, Judge Hughes, and for a number of occasions now, Dr. Spence Watson. Many of the trades represented before the Commission have manifested a strong aversion to entrusting the settlement of so important a question as the rate of wages to a "one-man arbitrator," and many more have manifested an even stronger aversion to the outside arbitrator, who is personally unacquainted with the technicalities of the trade, and whose only idea of a settlement, it is alleged, in consequence of his unavoidable ignorance of the subject-matter, is always merely to split the difference. But this North of England Board of Conciliation and Arbitration has, since its origin in 1869, made sixty general wages settlements, of which as many as twenty were referred to arbitration, and experience has never shaken the faith of either

employer or employed in the aptitude of the sole and outside arbitrator.

The Midland Iron and Steel Wages Board has seven counties in its jurisdiction. At present forty-two firms (owning seventy or eighty distinct works) are in full membership with it, and eighty other firms are in informal alliance with it, guided by its settlements, and contributing to its funds, but having no say in its management. The Board consists of twelve employers, chosen by the forty-two firms in full membership, and twelve operatives, chosen by an electing body of forty-two operatives, which is itself elected by the workpeople—one from each of the forty-two firms. It differs therefore in constitution from the North of England Board in being a secondary elective body, but there is an agitation on foot at present for the abandonment of that plan and the adoption of the North of England plan of composing it of one employer and one operative from each of the firms adhering to it. Mr. Ancott explained the reason for this agitation to be that the thirty employers who were not personally present at the arbitrations of the Board, and had therefore only imperfect knowledge of the facts, were sometimes dissatisfied with the Board's decisions, and he represented this difficulty as being so great that the Board would be certain to be dissolved sooner or later unless it were removed. The actual presence of the parties is the life of conciliation, and though eighty-four would make a very big Board, it would meet only twice a year, and leave most of its work to a committee. Another peculiarity of the Midland Board is that it has a permanent or standing arbitrator for general disputes, as the North of England Board has for local questions alone. Mr. Hingley thought a permanent arbitrator better than a merely occasional one, because he was known to be always there in reserve; at any rate, he said, the plan had invariably worked with satisfaction in their district. He is always, too, a man outside the trade itself. Mr. Chamberlain was their arbitrator for some years.

In many trades there is a great belief in conciliation, but a great dislike to arbitration. Many think "the long jaw" sufficient to remove all difficulties, and make both parties in the end see eye to eye; but the members of the manufactured iron

trade are most decided in counting conciliation incomplete and of very uncertain efficacy without the reference to arbitration in case of disagreement. Employers and employed were equally emphatic on this point. They thought the knowledge of an appeal to arbitration being in reserve was absolutely essential to successful negotiation at the Conciliation Board. This right of appeal might seldom be used, but in their opinion it must always be there, otherwise, though things might not go so far as a strike, there would be constant worrying and keeping up of a contention. "I think," says Mr. Trow, "if we had conciliation and had not had the power to refer to arbitration, that we could not have agreed. There would always be a stop, and then we should not have got justice, and the employers would not, because it would be a give-and-take system." Mr. Aucott, too, considered the arbitrator indispensable: "I do not think we could do without him;" and Mr. Hingley said he could not recommend the formation of Boards of Conciliation without the provision for reference to arbitration, because otherwise an agreement might very often not be reached. Their general feeling seemed to be that arbitration had two special merits. First, it secured that every quarrel actually terminated; and second, it generally secured a speedier termination of it, because the mere knowledge of its existence as a last resort shortened the palaver of conciliation, and induced the parties to make the compromise themselves which would presently be made independently of them.

Two rules contribute greatly to the smooth working of the system: one forbidding any suspension of work at any place under the jurisdiction of the Board before the cause of dispute has been submitted to the consideration of the Board; and the other, making the Board's decision retrospective, so as to take effect from the date of the raising of the point. Work is continued pending the settlement, and neither party ever thinks of interruption. If the Board's decision is in favor of a rise of wages, then the employers pay up the unpaid arrears; and if it is in favor of a reduction, the men pay back the excess they have received. Mr. Trow said the employers never hesitated to continue paying the old rate of wages during the pendency of the cause, though they had

only the honesty of the men to trust to, and there had been only one case in which the men had ever shown any objection to pay up the difference in conformity with the award of the Board. To enforce the Board's award on unwilling sections of the masters or of the men, they had no sanction except fines and expulsion, but the fear of expulsion gave great authority to the Board, because both parties felt that the Board was worth too much to them to risk expulsion. The Trades Union had lately expelled 400 members at Middlesbrough who refused to abide by an award of the Board. This power, Mr. Trow said, had hitherto proved sufficient, but both he and Mr. Aucott asked for the endowment of the Board by law with certain compulsory powers for enforcing its decisions, though they were unable, under cross examination, to explain very satisfactorily what they meant. One thing was clear—they would have nothing to do with State arbitration or a State-appointed arbitrator. "I say," said Mr. Trow, "let Parliament mind its own business. We know better what man to select for an arbitrator than Parliament does. We do not want them to foist upon us an arbitrator." But while he would leave the parties free to appoint any arbitrator they chose, he would make it compulsory on them under penalties to choose some body, to submit the question to him for decision, and also (though here he did not explain the how) to abide by that decision. This, he said, would practically make it necessary to compel unorganized trades to organize themselves for the purpose of appointing an arbitrator, if for nothing else, and to compel the non-unionists in the organized trades to join their respective unions. Mr. Hugh Bell, one of the largest employers in the trade, on the other hand, while admitting he would like to see the Board endowed with some means of enforcing its decisions, if it were possible to give it such a power, said he could not see it to be possible. On the whole, however, it appears from the evidence of Mr. Hingley that there was far more trouble before the Arbitration Board came into existence than there is now with the unreasonable section of the employers and the unreasonable section of the operatives who stand out against any compromise that may be accepted. It is not more force but more reasonableness that is effectual



here, and these Boards themselves have been a liberal education in reasonableness to the trade in which they exist. Mr. Hingley said that the habit of meeting together on terms of equality at the same table had been "an education for both sides." Employers, he said, now took up a much less arbitrary position than they did before, and the men were much less suspicious and unreasonable and much more amenable to their leaders, so that disputes never reached the acute stage in which they generally had their whole being formerly; and, besides, the concert of the reasonable majority of the employers with the reasonable majority of the men succeeded generally in keeping the unreasonable minorities of both in some control and subjection. Mr. Whitwell gives equally decisive testimony to the remarkable influence of the Board of Arbitration in the cultivation of a reasonable spirit. "The effect of the Board of Arbitration," he says, "has been most satisfactory. The relations of workmen and their employers seem to be entirely changed. There is much more feeling of sympathy and respect than ever existed before, and this feeling has extended from the works of members of the Board to the other works. There is very much more reason than there ever used to be formerly." So much so, indeed, that more disputes are now settled at home without going to the Board at all than were settled at home before its establishment, and all in consequence of the growth of habits of reasonable consideration and mutual forbearance, which have been bred through the Board. Many people feared that the existence of a Board of Arbitration to which disputes could be brought would have a tendency to multiply disputes; but Mr. Whitwell assured the Commission that that was very far from being their experience in the manufactured iron trade. In fact, as Mr. Hingley stated, most of the troubles of their trade, before the institution of the Arbitration Board, arose from nothing else but the practice of employers settling the rate of wages from time to time at their pleasure without any consultation with the employed, and from the extreme reluctance the employers always entertained to receiving the men and discussing the question between them; and when employers overcame this initial reluctance to persuade their inferiors, then other

difficulties were found very usually to melt away of themselves in the first process of discussion. The evidence before the Commission would lead us to look for the solution of the only remaining difficulty that is alleged to attach to the arbitration scheme—the danger of occasional and partial disobedience to the award of the Board—only in a further growth of the same spirit of reason and fairness which has removed the rest.

This difficulty has been met in some trades by special devices. For example, a small industry, the nut and bolt trade—which is still only in the state of transition from the domestic workshop to the factory system, and is attended with sweating and other complaints usual to that transition state—has pushed ahead of more advanced industries, by establishing, in 1889, a Wages Board, with a guarantee fund of £1000—£500 subscribed by employers and £500 by employed—to be a means of support for men who struck against an employer who refused to abide by the Board's award; and Mr. Juggins, secretary of the Midland Counties Federation, mentioned that at the last strike which occurred in the nut and bolt trade, the employers paid as much as £550 for the support of the men who were out on strike. Apparently the employers, on their part, would not derive any corresponding benefit from this guarantee fund for the enforcement of the award on a recalcitrant section of the workpeople. But the Boilermakers and Iron and Steel Shipbuilding Society has struck out a most interesting and novel development in this direction. It guarantees the good faith of its members, and undertakes to compensate employers for their default. This important society was established in 1834, and has a membership of 37,300 in the United Kingdom, constituting 95 per cent. of all the mechanics engaged in the industry—virtually the whole trade, for the other 5 per cent. are men of indifferent character or skill, so that it enjoys a position of exceptional strength. Its affairs are governed by an executive council of seven, who must be members of ten years' standing and past officers of the society. They are elected, not by the entire membership of the society, but only by the Tyne and Wear branches, and they all live in that district; but they settle disputes even in Scotland and Ireland, and indeed



they seem to exercise without any demur a singularly absolute and autocratic authority. Other trades unions resort to fines and expulsion when their members violate arrangements made for them by their union, but that is only a matter between the union and its members. This society engages with the employers for the fulfilment of the labor contract by its members, and for compensation in case of violation. At Hartlepool a vessel was lately being built in a hurry, and the men employed upon her thought it a good opportunity to strike for an advance of two shillings in the teeth of the agreement under which they were working. The shipbuilding firm immediately wired to the executive council of the trades union an account of the situation. The council wired back at once, asking them to pay the advance in the meantime, and proceed with the work, because they knew the vessel was needed in a hurry, and they did not wish to cause any delay; but when the vessel was finished the council compelled the men who struck to refund the money, and then sent a check for the amount to the firm that paid it. Then, if a member of the society contracts for work and leaves it in an unfinished state, or makes a bad job of it, or a job not according to contract, the council will order that member, under pain of fine or expulsion, to complete the work or rectify it, and if the employer has incurred any loss through the delay or the wrong work it will make that loss good to him. Three members not long ago left a contract unfinished which it cost the employer £10 to complete, and the society paid him the £10, and then compelled the three members to indemnify them. Another of their members undertook to build two boilers in the Isle of Wight, and made a bad job of them through hurrying. The employer complained to the society, and the society despatched one of its agents to inspect the work. He reported the complaint to be just, and estimated the loss at £5, for which the council immediately sent the employer a check. This undertaking of pecuniary responsibility for the engagements of members extends, it will be observed, to all engagements, and not to conciliation awards alone; but it was adopted, Mr. R. Knight, the general secretary of the society explained, as a fresh provision for peace, because it was be-

lieved that it would produce more confidence in the society on the part of the employers, and this result, he said, it had certainly produced. The success of the measure was admitted to be largely due to the exceptional strength of the society, and the remarkable and willing acquiescence of the members in the autocratic control of the council, so that it is doubtful how far it admits of general imitation. Mr. Lindsay Wood and Mr. F. Stobart, who gave evidence on the mining industry on behalf of the Durham coal-owners, desired the imposition by law of this pecuniary responsibility on the parties to a trade settlement, because they thought it very unlikely that associations would assume the responsibility of their own motion as this society has done; but they were obliged to admit that the responsibility could not be enforced on an association which had no funds, because it would be idle to think of imprisoning 50,000 workmen.

The difficulty which, if it did not kill the Conciliation Board of the Hosiery Trade, at all events prevents its resuscitation now—the competition of the outside employer who refuses to conform to the awards of the Board, is no difficulty at all in the manufactured iron trade, where the workmen's organization is so powerful. The Midland Wages Board, as Mr. Aucott stated, simply came to an agreement that if any employer whatever refused to conform, the trade union would call out his men, and the other manufacturers would refuse to sell him goods, as they used formerly to do in similar circumstances, to enable him to supply his customers during the strike, and keep his trade, an employer going so far as to say, "We will lay down new mills, and employ his men, and sweep him out of the trade." It need hardly be said they have never required to resort to such extremities; their schedules have been accepted by all.

In the two Iron Trade Boards, the organization of industrial peace sprang into the world perfect but sterile, and there is no systematic provision for arbitration in any other important industry, or of an important character in any industry. Resort is not infrequent to arbitration improvised for the particular occasion, and regular arbitration boards are sometimes formed even in unlikely quarters. For example, Scotland is usually much behind

England in all matters of industrial organization, and the bakers are behind other trades; but the Scotch bakers in the Aberdeen district have not only a joint committee of conciliation (five employers and five workmen), but a provision, in case of this committee failing to agree, for arbitration by a court of five representatives of the Trade Council and five representatives of the Chamber of Commerce, who choose an independent chairman; and the system has been found so effective in obviating one or two recent strikes, that the trade is now considering the question of establishing a National Conciliation Board on the same basis.

But the lower form of the organization of peace—if, indeed, it is lower—the board of conciliation without any binding reference to arbitration, has attained more extensive vogue. Mr. Mundella's parent Board, though it has perished prematurely itself, has left a flourishing posterity of joint committees. Even these, it is true, are mainly confined to the two great industries of mining and cotton manufacture. Many trades and many localities are still destitute of the primary institutions which are the necessary basis for systematic conciliation—the trade union and the employers' association; for the first step in the effective organization of peace is the effective organization of war. In some most important trades these primary institutions are still new, and they have not yet outgrown their youthful delight and confidence in war. In others, though the employers have overcome their dislike to confer with their own men, they still refuse to treat with the union. Even in a great organized trade like the engineers there is no permanent body of conciliation, and it is only in some towns, and only within the last few years, that when a dispute occurs the employers' association will hold communication with the trade union on the subject. Mr. Whittaker, an official of the Amalgamated Engineers in Lancashire, said there would be far fewer ruptures in their trade "if employers showed a better desire to meet us and discuss these questions across the table"; and he himself would like to see a court of conciliation for such differences, with a reference, in case of disagreement, to a court of arbitration; but the subject had never been mooted yet in the trade. On the other hand, Mr. Glennie, an official of the same

body in Tyndeside, had no faith in arbitration, and but little in conciliation boards. He thought they would not result in preventing strikes, "for this reason, that the employers as yet, when we have met them, have devoted their intelligence and their ability to framing agreements which will take away from us with the left hand what they give us with the right"; and he strongly advocated, as the result of his experience of dealing with the employers' association, that if a Conciliation Board were established it should have an independent chairman, because the only good of a Conciliation Board was to put a check on unreasonable action by means of argument and reason; and an independent chairman, though he had no casting vote, was always able to bring a certain pressure of reason to bear on the parties sufficient to secure an understanding. A trade in which ninety per cent. of the men belong to unions ought surely to have less distrust in its own strength. The experience of the shipbuilders is different. Their relations with their employers have during the last twenty years been continuously improved in association with the growing strength of the trade union, so that, though they have no permanent system of conciliation, the purpose seems practically to be served as well by the more rudimentary expedient of occasional conference with the employers' representatives. "A month's notice," said Mr. Knight, "is given on either side, and then we interchange views at our first meeting, and if a settlement is not arrived at we understand each other better than when we met. We then adjourn for a few days, when we meet again, and generally succeed in adjusting our differences at a second or a third conference, and when both parties are satisfied that under the circumstances they have got the best terms possible, the settlement is faithfully carried out on both sides." They have had no general strike in the trade in the North of England for fifteen years, and they have spent only 3½ per cent. of their income on dispute benefit in the whole kingdom during the last eleven years. Even this was spent not on disputes proper, but on stoppages caused by delays in fixing prices for piecework necessitated by the technical changes that are constantly taking place, and that kind of stoppage is now avoided altogether in some districts through an agreement to

continue work as usual pending settlement, on condition of the settlement operating retrospectively, so that a ship is sometimes at sea now before the price is fixed for plating her. There were virtually no complaints from this trade. Mr. Knight said they had succeeded through their organization in securing larger wages than most other trades, and in suppressing systematic overtime except in repairing work; and while they would welcome an eight hours' day, they were opposed to it being forced on them by Act of Parliament. "I speak," he said, "from long experience of the organization that I represent here to-day, and I say that we can settle all our differences without any interference on the part of Parliament or anybody else."

Joint committees were established in the mining industry in Northumberland in 1872, Cleveland in 1873, and about the same period in Durham. They exist also in the collieries of South Wales, South Stafford, and South Yorkshire, but not in those of Scotland, Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, North Stafford, or Lancashire; although in most of these districts there exist both coal-owners and miners' associations, who arrange disputes when they arise by a friendly conference of their respective representatives. In South Wales and South Stafford the joint committee (eleven owners and eleven miners in South Wales) deals both with local and with general or county questions, but in Northumberland and Durham and Cleveland it deals with local questions only, general questions, such as the greater settlements of wages and hours of work, being decided by friendly conference between the representatives of the workmen and the general body of the owners, or a special committee of the owners, chosen for the case in hand. Mr. W. H. Patterson describes the constitution of the Durham joint committee. It consists of four sections—one for miners, one for cokemen, one for enginemen, and one for mechanics—and each section sits separately, and is composed of six representatives of the owners' association (the same six in all the sections) and six representatives of the trade union of the trade dealt with in the section. The County Court judge sits in all as chairman, and has a casting vote. In other counties the joint committee is similarly constituted, except that it is not

divided into sections; and that in Cleveland, South Wales, South Stafford, and South York the chairman has no casting vote. In Northumberland the committee began without the independent chairman, but it has now adopted that principle, choosing the county coroner; while in South Stafford the joint committee (or wages board, as it is called there) began in 1883 on the principle of having an independent chairman, who should have a casting vote, and be virtually arbitrator; but it was dissolved in 1884 because the men refused to accept the chairman's decision, and was revived in 1888, without the independent chairman and the casting vote; and it is reported by Colonel Cochrane, the present chairman, to have worked satisfactorily since. Their only difficulty had been with a section of the miners, who have held aloof from the board; but even these have lately fallen in with its decisions, though not recognizing its authority. In questions requiring local investigation, the joint committee, both in Durham and in Cleveland, refers the matter to the arbitration of one or two referees from each side, with power to choose an umpire and make a final decision. In Cleveland the joint committee has prevented any strike under its jurisdiction since 1874; and in Northumberland, according to Mr. Young, work has not been suspended for a single day at a single colliery by the workmen attempting to resist the committee's decision. Indeed, in both of these districts the joint committee has been a most satisfactory and successful tribunal, but considerable complaint comes from Durham. The men complain of the great delay of the committee in deciding cases, and the owners, especially Mr. F. Stobart, of the growing disposition of the men to repudiate awards, to strike without referring the disputes to the committee at all, and to ignore the authority of their own executive. These complaints chiefly occur in connection with the miners' section, which is overburdened with work. In the enginemen's section, which has only twenty cases to decide in the year, there is no delay and no repudiation, and Mr. Lambton said it had brought "untold blessings" on both employers and employed. The Northumberland joint committee has only sixty or eighty cases to decide in the year, so that it can decide them without any delay. The

amount of its work is limited by two circumstances : it has a rule that no wage question can be brought before it by the workmen, unless the particular work is 5 per cent. below the standard average, nor by the employer, unless it is 5 per cent. above it ; and there is a growing tendency of late years to settle questions at home, without bringing them to the joint committee at all, due to the fact that the workmen now understand the principles on which that committee adjusts wages. Cleveland, again, is a much smaller district than Durham, so that fewer cases naturally come up for settlement there ; and Mr. Hugh Bell thinks another circumstance in favor of the success of its joint committee is that the Cleveland owners' association is a more compact body, with a correspondingly greater community of interests and unity of action. Besides, what is very important, its awards are made retrospective if necessary, so that delay is of less consequence ; and their adoption of this rule would of itself remove much of the existing dissatisfaction with the Durham committee. The disputes come largely from a few collieries only, and that shows, as Mr. Bell suggests, that they could be easily settled at home, if the owners of those collieries tried as earnestly to do so as other owners, though Mr. Stobart is disposed to throw the blame mostly on the local working-class leaders, some of whom rather like going to the joint committee, he says, because they get paid a shift for going. In all the mining districts alike both masters and men are averse to referring general or county settlements of wages to arbitration. In local questions they can afford to lose an award, but the men distrust it even on local questions in some places (Cleveland, for one, according to their own representative, Mr. Stong). This distrust of arbitration on the part of the men is said by another of their representatives, Mr. Toyn, to arise from the fact that the decisions have always gone against them in any arbitration they have had in the trade, and Mr. Hugh Bell explained that it was likely arbitration would always go against the men, when it was a question of an advance of wages, because the owners always give an advance before arbitration is necessary.

In the cotton trade differences are settled by conference between the standing

committee of the masters' association and the standing committee of the men's trade union, and their frequent meetings have brought perfect harmony into the trade, and virtually abolished strikes in the factories of members. The weaving branch of the trade has since 1881 had a special joint committee, smaller in number than the two standing committees, for the purpose of conciliation, and both Mr. Birtwistle, who represented the men, and Mr. Rawlinson, who represented the employers, speak very decidedly of its good results. It had dealt with thirty disputes which might have ended in strikes, and settled them all amicably except one. Nineteen out of twenty strikes that now occur in the cotton trade occur in factories whose owners do not belong to the association, and they are generally caused by a refusal to pay the list prices agreed on by the standing committees or the joint committee. The weavers' joint committee is composed of equal numbers from the masters and men's associations, without an independent chairman, and it settles general as well as local questions. The cotton operatives are strongly opposed to arbitration, because, as Mr. Maudsley explained, they find it always goes against them, and because arbitrators generally either merely split the difference or proceed on the assumption of a certain standard of profit—usually 10 per cent.—being necessary for the employers. The employers do not seem to have generally any better faith in it. Mr. Rawlinson mentioned a case where the men asked for arbitration and the masters declined it, and he said the employers as a rule objected to making the conditions of their trade subject to the opinion of any person but themselves. Few cases, however, occurred where the joint committee or the two standing committees failed to agree. The general result in the cotton trade is, as Mr. Maudsley says, the most complete understanding between masters and men, and the remarkable absence of serious complaints. The representatives of the men were satisfied they were now receiving the highest wages the state of the trade allowed, and felt that they had the power, through their unions and conciliatory committees, of obtaining a rise when an improvement came in the market.

The woollen industry is much more rife with complaints, as it is much behind the



cotton industry in the organization of conciliation, and indeed in trade union organization also; but it is chiefly in the woollen districts that the example of the London Chamber of Commerce and trades council has been followed, and a general Conciliation Board for all trades in a district constituted of equal numbers of representatives from the local chamber of commerce and the local trades council. Boards of conciliation on these lines were founded in Leeds in 1890, in Bradford and Leicester in 1891, and one is in course of formation at Halifax. They are too recent to enable us to judge of their results. The Leeds Board has settled two disputes satisfactorily; but Mr. Marston, its vice-president, thinks it would answer better if it were subdivided into a number of separate boards, one for each trade, so as to ensure the settlement of the question by men of adequate technical knowledge. The Leicester Board is intended mainly as a court of appeal. It was established by the Mayor, and Mr. W. Tyler explained that in Leicester, though the shoe trade and the building trade have conciliation boards of their own, sometimes these boards have been unable to agree, and the Mayor's idea was to prevent a strike in these circumstances by an appeal to a sort of superior arbitration court.

Sliding scales have been very extensively tried in the mining and iron industries during the last fifteen years. They prevailed in the coal-mines of Durham from 1877 to 1887, in those of Northumberland from 1879 to 1887, in those of North Lancashire from 1885 to 1888, in those of South Staffordshire from 1877 to 1882, and again from 1888 to the present time, and in South Wales from 1876 to the present time. In 1875 a sliding scale was established at one Leicestershire colliery, but it only lasted six months, and another was in 1887 imposed by the owner on a Lanarkshire colliery without the consent of the men, and cannot therefore be considered a fair experiment. In the iron mines of Cleveland sliding scales prevailed from 1879 to 1887, and in the iron-smelting trade they still exist and are in high favor in Cleveland, Durham, Wales, though they have been abandoned in Cumberland and Lancashire. They are all founded on the same principle of regulating the rate of wages for a fixed period by a certain ratio to the price of the product,

as ascertained from the employers' books by accountants sworn to secrecy; except that in the iron mines it was regulated by the price of pig-iron instead of ironstone, because some of the largest firms never sent their ironstone to market at all, but converted it into pig-iron themselves. This system appears in all cases to have been finally given up at the instance of the men, who thought (1) that the original basis was too low, or (2) that the scale was too slow in rising, or (3) that its steps were not close enough to the rise in the quoted prices, that is to the price of the product on the exchanges, as distinguished from the ascertained selling prices on the masters' books. But the men's representatives continued to express approval of the principle of a sliding scale, if only its details could be satisfactorily contrived, and the masters, with one or two exceptions, were strongly in favor of it, though, it ought to be mentioned, some of the earlier scales were terminated at their instance. Mr. Hugh Bell, in regard to the men's objections, said it was possible, with some precautions, to make as serviceable a scale from the quoted as from the ascertained prices, because he looked on it in any case as not a scientific, but only a good haphazard way of regulating wages so as to avoid practical disputes; and that the apparent slowness of the rise was only the natural result of the circumstance that most of the output of the mines was contracted for at the lower rates, and that there were always few scales at the top prices. He thought, moreover, one of the causes of the greater success of the system in the iron manufacture than in mining was the prevalence in the sales of the former trade of the contrivance of "double jumps"—a double rate of rise at a particular step, so as to give the men a substantial benefit of the rise earlier, and a double rate of fall at another step, so as to enable the masters to preserve their trade. But this double-jump principle, in which he professed himself a great believer, had been introduced into the last of the Cleveland mining sliding scales, without succeeding in saving it. The men still felt it did not rise rapidly enough.

Although the sliding scale has been abandoned in these important districts, the rate of wages is still determined on the ordinary sliding scale principle of a ratio to prices. In Durham district it is

now fixed by arrangement between the owners' association and the workmen's federation board, and the price is calculated, not on the net average prices ascertained from the employers' books, but upon the quotations in the public market. And in Northumberland, Mr. Weeks said negotiations were at present afoot for establishing a new wages committee, which should settle the rate of wages from time to time on the old sliding scale principle, but with somewhat more elasticity, taking into consideration not only the price of coal, but the state of the labor market and other circumstances. It should be, in fact, a sort of living sliding scale, without hard-and-fast rules, but following certain

unwritten and understood principles. This seems devised to meet one of the common objections of the men to the scale system, that in a rising market they could squeeze for miners more wages out of the masters than the sliding scale gave them; but of course, as Mr. Bell said, this was balanced by the corresponding fact that in a falling market the masters could always lower their wages below the sliding scale rate. He thought this a good result. "The ideal sliding scale," he says, "would produce for the men working under it rather better wages than they were entitled to at its lower end, in return for rather smaller wages at its higher end."—*Contemporary Review*.

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### THE LAST GREAT ROMAN.

BY SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART., M.P.

IN the course of that curious medley—partly amusing, partly tedious—*The Doctor*, Southey moralizes on the uncertainty of fame. "What do we know," he asks, "of Ethan the Ezrahite, and Heman and Chalcol, and Darda, the sons of Mahol, whom it was accounted an honor for Solomon to have excelled in wisdom? Where is now the knowledge for which Gualchmai ab Gwyar, and Llechan ab Arthur, and Rhiwallawn Walit Banadlen were leashed in a triad as the three physiologists or philosophers of the Isle of Britain, 'because there was nothing of which they did not know its material essence, and its properties, whether of kind, or of part, or of quality, or of compound, or of coincidence, or of tendency, or of nature, or of essence, whatever it might be?': . . . Are there ten men in Cornwall," he continues, "who know that Medacritus was the name of the first man who carried tin from that part of the world? What but his name is known of Romanianus, who, in St. Augustine's opinion, was the greatest genius that ever lived? And how little is his very name known now?"

It humbles one to realize that immortality is a matter of chance; that no sooner is one who has borne a leading part in the affairs of his country, or even of his planet, laid low, than his memory is exposed to a process, which works ever faster as each new page is added to the world's history—the process of effacement.

Effacement—the result neither of the historian's neglect nor of popular caprice, but of some inscrutable agency which, while it allows certain personalities to be kept in remembrance of the nations, causes others to sink in the vast unrecorded host of the dead. *Vixere fortes*—names that once must have sounded from every lip have ceased to be uttered, or are repeated but as unsuggestive syllables: countenances before which men must have bowed in reverence or cowered in fear would cause no thrill to-day if they appeared in our streets. Rulers of men—kings, statesmen, soldiers, lawgivers; teachers of men—priests, poets, artists, philosophers—we know but a fraction even of the names of those whose words and works are bearing fruit among us to this day. It is difficult to trace this process to any cause more definite than chance. To every cabdriver the name of Julius Cæsar presents the image of a real personage; but mention the name of Septimius Severus, and even in this the twenty-first year of compulsory education you will not find one in five hundred who remembers anything about him. Yet, of the two Emperors, the influence of Severus upon our national habits and laws has been the more direct and enduring.

So fitful a record is human history—so capricious the decree which weaves some names into the people's fancy and enshrines them in ballad and tradition, while

consigning others to oblivion or, at best, to neglect.

Objection on ethnological grounds may be taken to the title of this paper, for the Roman race endures, of course, to this day, and many illustrious names examples of its ancient virtue occur in modern history; but, limiting the word to its imperial, yet narrower significance, of those who sustained a great part in the last scenes of the mighty empire overturned by Alaric the Goth, there was none who bore himself so bravely, or who did so much to avert the calamities which quenched European civilization, as Flavius Stilicho, chief minister and master-general to the Emperor Honorius. The indifference with which his memory has been treated is not *caruit quia vate sacro*, for Stilicho had his devoted and perhaps over-unctuous panegyrist in the poet Claudian; but lately it has been stirred by odious charges against his integrity; and Mr. Bury, in a work of much interest,\* has presented an estimate of this great commander's character and motives which seems to be as much exaggerated in one direction as Claudian may have been in the other. Mr. Bury has accumulated every shred of evidence in favor of Rufinus, the minister of Arcadius, and in detriment of Stilicho, the minister of Honorius; and it concerns us to review the character of the last Roman ruler who administered the affairs of the British provinces.

Born of a race which historians call Frankish, anthropologists term Teutonic, and we generally speak of as German, Stilicho seems to have been the embodiment of those stout qualities of mind and body which have made the Germanic race the dominant people of the modern world. All we know of his parentage is that he was the son of a German cavalry officer. Stilicho was a soldier almost from boyhood. He entered the army shortly after the battle of Hadrianople in the year 378 A.D. That battle resulted in the most frightful calamity that had, up to that time, overtaken the eagles of Rome. It was the first forerunner of that long series of disaster, in which the great fabric of the Empire, already rent by its own weight from summit to base, was to crumble to irretrievable ruin.

\* *History of the Later Roman Empire*, by J. H. Bury. London, 1889.

A defeat involving the death of the Emperor Valens, two master-generals, thirty tribunes, and forty thousand men of lower rank, might surely have roused the Roman commanders, if anything of the ancient spirit remained, and recalled them to the sterner discipline that had fallen out of fashion; it might have wakened the people from the indolence that had grown with their increasing wealth. Alas! for the days of Rome's greatness, when long marches, heavy armor, and simple fare were the soldier's training. There had grown up a sentimental dislike to impose upon men any hardship or fatigue that might be dispensed with. Those who are lapped in luxury grow incurably selfish; it interferes with their own ease to see others laboring under heavy burdens. So it had come to pass, even under the soldier-Emperor Theodosius, that the voluptuous contagion had affected the army in all its ranks. One after another the legions were allowed to lay aside their defensive armor; to rely on bows and arrows, slings and catapults, rather than on sword and spear—on rapid evolutions rather than endurance of fatigue. Constant parades in heavy marching order (and heavy marching order was no figure of speech in the days when the equipment of a foot soldier was equal to more than half his own weight)—constant parades in heavy marching order were the only means by which men could be trained to endure their load in the field; yet even the thoughtful historian Josephus betrays the drift of popular sympathy when he observes that the Roman infantry differ little from mules of burden.

So the cuirass, the heavy spear, even the helmet, were condemned as barbarous and obsolete—laid aside in time of peace, the men could not endure their weight in war; and this at the very time when the most formidable enemy of Rome—the Goth—was clothing his troops with chain-mail and plate-armor.

At a time when a nation's wealth is increasing steadily, when comfort becomes common in every degree of life and the luxury of the rich becomes excessive, it is very difficult to convince people that hardship is part of a soldier's calling, and that breach of discipline must be severely punished. Thus, two years ago, when a battalion of Guards becoming insubordinate, mutiny was visited by imprisonment of

the ringleaders and the regiment was sent to Bermuda, certain well-meaning folks raised an outcry, and a meeting was held in Hyde Park to protest against the harshness of the sentence. But all history teaches us this, that unless an army is kept in perfect discipline and subordination, it is not only a costly, but a dangerous encumbrance.

However, in joining the Roman cavalry, Stilicho entered a branch of the service which had in no degree deteriorated; on the contrary, since the days of Julius Cæsar, 400 years previous, the cavalry had constantly been growing in importance and efficiency. Under the Republic each legion (numbering 5000 or 6000 strong) included about 300 cavalry, divided into troops of fifty to act on the flanks of each cohort or battalion. But under the imperial government, as the resources of the provinces were developed, a large force of cavalry was organized in separate regiments, quite distinct from the legions, and recruited almost exclusively from men not of Italian race. Indeed, the legions themselves contained, in these later days, but a small proportion of what we should understand as Romans, *i.e.* natives of Italy. Abundance of employment in the households or on the country estates of the great plutocrats made Italians laggard to enlist; and the ranks were filled for the most part with men drawn from all parts of the vast territory in Europe, Asia, and Africa over which the sway of Rome extended. The legion which remained longest in Britain—the Sixth, known by the proud title of *Victrix, Pia, Fidelis*—was composed at first of Spaniards and Gauls; latterly, no doubt, it would largely consist of native Britons. Attached to these legions there were troops known as auxiliaries, native regiments raised in every province of the Empire, just as we have native Indian regiments at this day.

Young Stilicho's extraordinary stature and strength, his skill with bow, broad-sword, and javelin, soon brought him into notice and secured his promotion. Claudian, whose verse has suffered unfairly in Hawkins's limping translation, records the impression made by his hero's first appearance:

Where'er thou movedst through the city space,  
To thee, though but a soldier, crowds gave place;  
The silent homage of the people shown  
Anticipated honors from the throne.

He cannot have been more than five-and-twenty when the Emperor Theodosius, with a soldier's sure instinct, chose him to conduct a difficult and delicate embassy to the Persian court. On his return from this mission to Constantinople, where Theodosius then held his court, Stilicho received a dazzling reward for his success in the hand of the beautiful and accomplished Serena, niece and adopted daughter of the Emperor. Thenceforward his rise from one important office to another was rapid, till, about the year 385, he was appointed Master General of the cavalry and infantry, an office combining the military power of a modern commander-in-chief with the political influence of a secretary of state. At a time and under a constitution in which diplomacy was but thinly veiled strategy, such an office as this implied a position of power to which we can only find a modern parallel in that lately held by Prince Bismarck.

But it was not during the lifetime of his patron that the full force of Stilicho's character could take effect. Theodosius, one of the few rulers to whom, by catholic consent, has been accorded the title of "the Great," overshadowed the personalities of all his subordinates. The sagacious politician and successful soldier who prevailed to reunite under his personal sway the two realms of East and West, endured no rivalry in his rule. He was the last who governed this vast dominion as a whole; at his death, in 395, the Eastern Empire passed to his son Arcadius, the Western to his son Honorius.

A parallel has been suggested between the relations of Stilicho and his master and those of Prince Bismarck with the Emperor William. But Theodosius was a far stronger character than the late German Emperor. The former acted in concert with, but would not be controlled by, his minister. Nevertheless up to a certain point there was much in the German Bismarck that recalls the German Stilicho. Each was the iron link uniting throne and people; each was charged with maintaining the authority of a number of empty thrones; of framing and enforcing laws on conquered nations, and keeping a restless population in fairly good humor; of remodelling the army, so as to hold by the sword that which the sword had won.

But, with the death of either Emperor, the analogy ceases. With his last breath



in 395 Theodosius committed to Stilicho the care of his two sons.

It is vain to speculate how the whole tenor of mediæval and modern history might have been altered had Stilicho proved equal to the task of advising and controlling both the boy Emperors, Arcadius and Honorius. It was a magnificent scheme : it failed probably because its execution exceeded the power of mortal man ; for we can trace no weakness of resolution, no flaw in design, no failure of courage and sagacity in the soldier-statesman who undertook it.

Even the unsuccessful attempt to carry it out shows the grandeur of Stilicho's character. Relentless in the chastisement of revolt or of opposition to his will, he rarely stooped to the cruelty that was so characteristic of the times, and which stained in places even the bright record of Theodosius. For instance, when the repeated treachery of Rufinus, the minister of Arcadius at Constantinople, made Stilicho resolve on putting him to death, the decree was carried out without compunction by Gainas the Goth ; but the Grecian law, which involved in the execution of a traitor that of his wife and family also, was set aside in compliance with the higher law of Christian mercy, and these were allowed to end their days in a monastery.

Stilicho was ambitious, no doubt, and it has been said that ambition is but an exalted form of selfishness ; nevertheless he disdained to enrich himself after the custom of the great lieutenants of the day. Though he was never deterred from conquest by the cost, yet he did not hesitate to sacrifice projects, however brilliant, if the road to success was not clearly mapped before him. Thus, when the death of Rufinus set free the administration of affairs at Constantinople, he undertook himself to be the administrator of both Empires, till the time should come for welding them together once more in a mighty whole. But it was soon revealed to him that the subtle and jealous temper of the Greeks made impossible their fusion with the sterner races of the West : there is then no trace of hesitation in the promptness with which he relinquished the design, withdrew to Italy, and devoted himself to strengthening the dominion of Honorius.

It testifies to the Master-General's fidel-

ity that throughout his whole career he bent his whole energy, not to his own aggrandizement, but to maintaining the dignity of the miserable weakling Honorius, in whose name every act of state was performed.

Revolutions in those days came suddenly and were transacted swiftly. By his influence over the army and their devotion to him, the Master-General might, had he been so minded, have become Emperor of the West ; but, from first to last, he never seems to have faltered in loyalty to Honorius. In this loyalty, his detractors detect nothing loftier than astute statecraft and selfish prudence. It was simpler and safer to rule in the name of an imperial puppet than to run, in his own person, the hazards besetting the Emperor himself. To one of Stilicho's mental fibre and military genius, the tedious ceremony of the Court would have been intolerable ; he preferred the reality to the semblance of power. On the other hand, it must be granted that, in whatsoever degree his purpose may have been moulded by expediency, in effect Stilicho carried to splendid fulfilment the pledge given to the dying Theodosius, and, by watchful devotion and firm administration, postponed for a few years the dissolution of the Empire.

Yet this Honorius was but the sorry scion of a noble sire. He was but ten years old when he succeeded to the Imperial diadem of Theodosius ; a child with all the feebleness and none of the charm of childhood. Radicals might use as arguments against the system of hereditary rule the timidity and gluttony which were the salient features of the boy-Emperor's character—the constitutional indolence that was only interrupted by punctual attention to the wants of his poultry.

Stilicho was to return once more to Greece. Alaric, king of the Goths, had invaded Attica with a powerful host ; the despised barbarian had profited by the advance of military and scientific knowledge, till he proved himself an overmatch for the troops of Arcadius on more than one field. Already Corinth, Sparta, Argos, and Megara were heaps of smouldering ruins, to linger among which was intolerable because of the stench from thousands of dead bodies. The roadways were encumbered with corpses and with heaps of spoil flung aside by the conquerors, who cared only to load their cars with the

choicest portions. Of the country people, those who had not been slain among the ripening crops had fled to the shelter of the mountains and Arcadian woods; women perished beside husbands and children, except such as were spared to pay the more frightful penalty of beauty. Even Athens was on the brink of destruction, when some spark of compunction or prick of shame made Alaric refrain at the last moment from handing the city of Minerva over to torch and sword, exacting instead, as a ransom, almost the whole funds of the town as well as the wealth of its citizens.

It was then, in the extremity of their distress, that the very men who had plotted the ruin of Stilicho, repeatedly attempted his assassination, and finally expelled him from their shores, implored him to return to save them. Desolate as their country was, distracted as they themselves were by opposite counsels and treacherous intrigue, surely it must have been an evil experience for these ministers of Arcadius when they had to crave for the return of the great general they had driven into exile. It has been alleged that, in this prompt response to the appeal of his ancient colleagues, Stilicho had secret hopes of restoring his own influence at Constantinople and resuming the attempt to rule East and West as one Empire. Be that as it may, there was something of steel in the man who could smother all resentment for past injuries.

It would have been easy for him to find an excuse for not lending succor to Arcadius, had he wished for one. There was hard fighting going on in Africa. Gildo the Moor, Roman governor of the African provinces, had proved faithless to his allegiance. He had raised the standard of rebellion, proclaimed the independence of the African provinces, and, with an army of 70,000, very nearly succeeded in establishing it.

It is well known now that, in this, Gildo received secret aid and encouragement from the court of Constantinople, though it is difficult to believe that Stilicho had any suspicion of it at the time. Having regard to the promptness with which he responded to the appeal of Arcadius, his knowledge of these intrigues implies almost superhuman magnanimity.

Landing a large army near Corinth, he drove before him the forces of Alaric,

and, after several days of hard fighting, invested the position of the invaders on the flanks of Mount Pholoe. Then, for the first time, the two greatest commanders of the age stood face to face; for the first time Stilicho received proof that there existed another not inferior to himself in military genius. By a well-conceived but hazardous flank march, Alaric drew his army from the maze of entrenchments cast round his position by the Roman general, and made good his escape into Epirus. Delivered from imminent annihilation, he at once entered into negotiations with the ministers of Arcadius, who concluded a treaty with the invader who had laid their noblest cities in ashes, drained their treasury, slaughtered their unresisting countrymen, and covered with infamy their wives and daughters. Under the treaty Alaric was declared Master-General of Eastern Illyricum, while the reward bestowed on Stilicho for preserving the existence of the court of Constantinople was a command to withdraw at once and forever from the dominions of Arcadius. It is at this point in the career of Stilicho that the chief charges preferred against him, and endorsed by Mr. Bury, take their rise. That writer states his belief that the German Stilicho had been all along the confederate of the German Alaric, and that he connived at the Gothic general's escape from the entrenchments of Mount Pholoe.

For such a supposition (he says) we might find support in the circumstance that the estates of Rufinus were spared by the soldiers of Alaric: it would be intelligible that Stilicho suggested the plan in order to bring odium upon Rufinus.

Surely this is the exaggeration of suspicion. That Alaric's soldiers spared the property of Rufinus suggests to plain folk an understanding between Alaric and Rufinus; but Mr. Bury's imagination, possessed with the blackness of Stilicho's character, strains at this gnaw of explanation and swallows the complicated camel of his own creation. The only other evidence of collusion between Stilicho and Alaric which he adduces, consists in certain negotiations which were entered into, broken off, and from time to time renewed. But are not these just what might have been expected to take place between a sagacious minister and a powerful foe?

Stilicho had implacable foes elsewhere than in Constantinople. Palace intrigue

throve apace in the atmosphere of Honorius's luxurious court at Milan ; to Olympius and other ministers of State and court officials he was the object of bitter jealousy. That his position remained supreme, in spite of repeated absence on military service, was due in great measure to the watchfulness and ability of his wife Serena. Claudian's eulogy upon those whom it was his interest and office to exalt must be received with reserve, but less emotional writers of that time have testified to the character of this remarkable woman. In proportion as Germanic influence increased and German ministers became more powerful, the vivid, swift wits of women swayed more and more the slower minds of men. In the East, Eudoxia, wife of Arcadius and the child of German parents, possessed an influence in politics not less than that of Serena in the West.

In dealing with the rebellion of Gildo in Africa, Stilicho availed himself of the deadly hatred that existed between that usurper and his younger brother Mascazel. He placed the latter in command of three Gallic legions and a body of Nervian auxiliaries—a force that bulked respectably on paper, but, so sadly were the legions shrunk from their ancient strength, numbered but 5000 all told. It was a mere handful in presence of the 70,000 that swarmed round the standards of Gildo ; yet the same discipline which, in the same continent, has enabled British troops in late years to prevail against a fanatic rabble, justified Stilicho's bold design. Intrepidly and skilfully handled by the Roman general, his well-armed veterans brought the disorderly mob of savages to utter rout, and put to flight the usurper and his staff. Gildo soon after perished by his own hand, and the African provinces were once more secure.

Well had Mascazel done the work committed to him ; but in certain corrupt conditions of the State conspicuous success is more dangerous than failure ; he was destined to add one more to the dismal catalogue of those whose devotion Rome rewarded with death. A mystery covers the brave Mascazel's fate and casts a deep shadow across the bright record of Stilicho. That the brilliance of the Moor's exploits should excite jealousy among the carpet-knights who thronged the palace of Honorius was but natural ; the ascendancy he

had gained in Africa, coupled with his own position as son of a powerful Moorish prince and brother of the two fallen tyrants, Firmus and Gildo, may have excited reasonable apprehension in the minds of Imperial ministers ; the Government may have held proofs, of which we now know nothing, that Mascazel, like other successful generals, was the head of a dangerous conspiracy ; but that his brother-in-arms and commander, whose commission he had so gallantly carried out, should have connived at his assassination, implies perfidy we would fain disbelieve if we could. Yet it hardly admits of doubt that, if Stilicho did not, as has been alleged, by his own act force Mascazel over the parapet of a bridge, across which they were riding together, he watched him fall over and withheld the assistance that might have saved him from drowning. For such a horrid act of treachery it would be hard to find excuse, even in the moral code of a violent age.

Africa having been subdued, Stilicho concentrated his attention on home politics. Serena, his wife, was first cousin to the Emperor Honorius ; the tie between the real and nominal rulers of the Empire was now to be strengthened by the marriage of Honorius with Maria, the daughter of Stilicho and Serena. Sentimentally, the occasion was sombre enough, involving as it did the union of a blooming girl to a sickly pusillanimous boy of thirteen ; but its political importance fired Claudian to his highest poetic flight. The Fescennines in which he sings the nuptials are the most musical verses he ever wrote.

For some years before this, events in the British provinces had been the cause of much anxiety, especially in that part of the island lying between the walls of Hadrian and Antonine—that is, including the greater part of what are now the Scottish lowlands. Incessant raids by Picts from the north and by Scots from Elin had wasted the district of Strathclyde, recently formed into the separate province of Valentia, and corresponding pretty nearly with the modern Scottish lowlands. The people had, in some degree at least, become Christians ; but between the Nith and the Mull of Galloway, shut off from Strathclyde by a rugged mountainous tract, lived the Attacott Picts of Galloway, still pagan, and of restless, warlike habits—*bellicosa hominum natio*, as Jerome calls

them. Time after time their insurrections had been quelled by the Roman generals and their fighting men enrolled as soldiers and sent to the Continent; but, as soon as the land became repopled, hatred of their hereditary foes, the Britons of Strathclyde, impelled them to fresh hostilities. This might be tolerated so long as the Romans had plenty of troops at their disposal to restore order; but now, when every cohort that could be moved was being drawn away to strengthen the defences of Italy, it became necessary to extinguish the perpetual feud. It seems to have occurred to Stilicho that the most effective way of civilizing the Attacotts was to make Christians of them. It is not clear what creed he himself professed. Christianity was at that time the religion favored by the Government, though, even in Rome, the temples of the dethroned gods still drew many worshippers. The Arian heresy had rent the Church into two hostile camps; thousands of both sexes were flocking into the newly founded monasteries; the ardor of missionaries grew as fresh fields were opened to them. Stilicho was probably philosophically indifferent to all religions alike; but, having resolved on the conversion of the Attacotts, he set about it with characteristic energy. He would no doubt apply to the Pope, Siricius, for a competent preacher. Of priests there were plenty in Rome, but not all of the stuff to make good missionaries. St. Jerome lashed the luxury of his brethren of the cloth at that period.

There are others [he says] (I am speaking of my own order) who enter the priesthood and diaconate in order that they may visit women with greater freedom. All their care is about their clothes and that they are sweetly perfumed, and that there should be no wrinkles in their boots. Their hair is crimped with curling tongs, their fingers glisten with rings, and, lest the damp street should soil their soles, they mince along on tiptoe. Such seem to be rather bridegrooms than clergy.

But although in this, the fourth century after Christ, there were priests of the worldly type of the *abbé* of the later French monarchy, there were also others of stricter life and simpler habits. Of the latter stamp was a young man, Ninian by name, the son of noble parents in North Britain, who had been in Rome for some years preparing for the priesthood. Fired with the dauntless energy of six-and-twenty, chastened by the searching discipline im-

posed by the Church upon her novices, possessing in addition the advantage of high lineage, which was no mean qualification among the Picts—a people who of all others set great store by birth, making all things, even office and occupation, hereditary—Ninian was the very man for a hazardous mission among a savage nation, commonly reported to be cannibals, and upon him the duty was wisely laid. The success of Ninian's enterprise is well known. Landing on the stormy coast of Galloway, he built, within sound of the waves of Solway, the *Candida Casa*, or White House—the first Christian church of stone in Alba—and from that centre converted to Christianity, first the Attacotts, and then the Picts north of Forth and Clyde. In almost every county of Scotland place-names carry the memory of the first bishop of Galloway through the fifteen centuries that have rolled by since his death.

Ninian's mission began in 396, and its result justified the diplomacy of Stilicho. The conversion of the Attacott Picts was followed by some years of tranquillity in North Britain—a state of matters to which, it must be confessed, the presence of the veteran Sixth Legion—*Victrix, Pia, Fidelis*—in no small degree contributed. But the day was at hand when the Roman power was to be forever withdrawn from Britain. War clouds, long lowering, began to roll nearer and darker along the Alps; every soldier that could be mustered must be recalled to defend the heart of the Empire. Recruiting was almost at a standstill. Could the mere human clay have been found, the fiery genius of Stilicho would soon have hardened it into warlike material. But the indolent patricians, themselves averse to the fatigues of military life, sapped the strength of the army by the enormous retinues which they vied among themselves to maintain. Tens of thousands who, in simpler times, would have filled the skeleton ranks of the legions, were employed on the country demesnes of these magnates. Further, an incredible number of able-bodied citizens were withdrawn from the service of the State by the monastic impulse, under which men of all ages, taking on themselves extravagant vows, shut themselves up in religious houses or trooped off to the desert in the train of some fanatic eremite.

Alaric showed signs of stirring from his



five years of inaction in Illyricum ; inaction which, according to Mr. Bury, was part of the treasonable compact with Stilicho—which seems, however, more likely to have been necessary to prepare a sufficient force till a favorable moment arrived for a descent upon Italy. Now he began his advance, and so irresistible did it appear that, if we may believe Claudian, Stilicho withstood alone, and, for the time, successfully, Olympius and the other ministers of Honorius, who frantically urged the Emperor to fly to Gaul. But at the moment an arduous expedition had to be made into the heart of the Rætian Alps, where Alaric's agents had been fomenting discontent among the loyal mountaineers. Once established among these mountains, the Goth might have held the plains of Lombardy at his mercy. Not an hour could be spared ; to the physical difficulties of such an expedition in winter was added the perplexing diplomacy essential to its success. In a business of this nature, requiring the highest qualities of generalship and statecraft, Stilicho could rely on no one but himself ; so, leaving the court at Milan but weakly guarded, and trusting to return before Alaric could cross the frontier, he set sail with his army up the Lake of Como. But the seasons played him false ; the furious floods which, when the snow begins to melt, fill the river-beds of northern Italy, were this year delayed by prolonged frost and opposed no barrier to the advance of the Goths.

In the next few weeks followed some of the most exciting military episodes the world has ever seen ; one regrets that the chivalrous fancy and graphic touch of Washington Irving was never enlisted for their description. Stilicho, returning from a successful expedition among the Alps, was horrified to find the country between the Addua and Milan overrun by Alaric's troops. Honorius was shut up in Asta, a town of Liguria (known to modern tourists by the sweet *vino d'Asti*), where he had been overtaken in full flight to Gaul.

Time was everything ; once let the impious hand of the Goth touch the sacred person of the Emperor and the spell would be broken—the name of Rome would be no more. All the bridges were in the enemies' hands ; to attack and carry them would take too long. But Stilicho—the old cavalry officer—knew the arm on which he could rely, nor did he so rely in

vain. Putting himself at the head of his cavalry, he swam the Addua, swept across the fifty miles of plain that lie between that river and Asta, cut his way through the besieging army, and, entering the town, brought confidence and counsel among the distracted fugitives. An exploit such as this were in itself enough to make a soldier's fame. How the gallant general's heart, wearied with the devious toils of statecraft, must have burned as he rode among his veteran troopers !—how he must have scorned the cravens to whom he had been obliged to entrust his Emperor ! But more and weightier work remained to be done. The little force within the walls was beset by the far-reaching lines of Alaric. Could Stilicho rely on the messengers he had sent to recall the legions from Spain, from Gaul, from Britain ? and would these legions arrive in time ? They did. One by one they poured through the Alpine passes ; gradually there was drawn around the besieger's lines a second line of entrenchments, till Alaric was himself beleaguered. Finally, on Easter Sunday, the 29th of March, 403, was fought the great battle of Pollentia, which forced Alaric to raise the siege and to withdraw toward the north-west frontier.

In this, the second time when these great rivals crossed swords, Mr. Bury sees nothing but a bloody farce. He affirms a secret understanding between Stilicho and Alaric, because the Gothic host, instead of being cut to pieces, was allowed to draw off. It is difficult to recognize sober judgment in this suggestion, or to believe that these great commanders were such finished actors.

In rear of this invasion another vast wave was gathering, and three years had scarcely run before it, too, broke on the Italian frontier. Rhodogast or Radagaisus, the Vandal, at the head, it has been said, of 200,000 fighting men, invested Florence, to the relief of which city the never-resting Stilicho advanced.

The strategy which had broken the strength of Alaric at Mount Pholoe and at Asta was here repeated ; fortified lines were drawn round the army of Rhodogast. The Romans, drawing plentiful supplies from the Tuscan plains behind them, lay securely within their entrenchments, watching the besiegers die of starvation. With the death of Rhodogast, the disper-

sion and captivity of his surviving troops, Stilicho was hailed once again the deliverer of his country.

So far at least as a country so far declined *could* be delivered; but the national spirit was incurably diseased. Stilicho was painfully aware that his military resources were at an end. The army that overthrew Rhodogast was the sole and last army of the Empire. Alaric was still restless and threatening: if he could no longer be fought off, he must be bought off. It must have been a bitter thing for the proud Master-General to sign the bond under which Alaric, in consideration of a stipulated annual subsidy, renounced the service of Arcadius and vowed fealty to Honorius. When this was charged against him as proof of treason—when his impeachment in the Senate was called for by hungry rivals—might not Stilicho have turned on them and said, "Give me men, then! Had I but men, do you think I would stoop to pay tribute to the barbarian whom I have already twice overthrown?"

The end was at hand—the shameful, cruel end. Honorius, by this time five-and-twenty, lent an easy ear to the suggestions of Olympius, ever the rival and bitter enemy of the Master-General. Working upon the dread of assassination, which, it is said, continually haunted the miserable Emperor, Olympius persuaded him that Stilicho was plotting his death. By this means he obtained complete influence over Honorius, and inspired in him sullen resistance to his father-in-law's policy. The mind of the public, meanwhile, was poisoned by reports, diligently circulated, of alleged intrigues carried on by Stilicho and Alaric; indignation was inflamed by the payment of the tribute, until he who had been the army's idol and the people's hero became the object of hatred and suspicion. At last—oh, shameful day for Rome!—the mask was flung aside, and on the eve of the departure of an expedition to Gaul, Stilicho's most trusted ministers and generals were massacred at Pavia.

Stilicho was at Bologna when the news reached him. He had still around him a devoted band of officers and troops ready, as many of them were to prove, to shed the last drop of their blood for him. They called passionately upon him to lead them against the traitor Olympius and to let them sweep out the swarm of human vermin from the Palace. But, for the first time, Stilicho hesitated, either in rare indecision, or, as his admirers declare, from horror of civil war; and eventually, being attacked by a body of Gothic soldiers, he was forced to fly to Ravenna.

Then was enacted the same remorseless iniquity that had required the services of the elder Theodosius, Mascazel the Moor, and many another Roman general. Flavius Stilicho—a patriot so devoted, a commander so capable, a statesman so sagacious, that, had its corruption allowed, he had prevailed to restore the Empire in all its vigor—was dragged from the Christian altar where he had claimed sanctuary, and, without form of trial, was butchered by the orders of one not fit to lace his shoes.

Among all the beasts that breathe the air of heaven there is none so treacherous or so bloody as man. Not content with the murder of Stilicho, the Roman Senate decreed the extirpation of his family. Eucherius, his son, was led to the scaffold; a year later, Serena, the dauntless, the wise, the watchful, was strangled on a trumped-up charge of idolatry, and that at the very moment when Alaric, whom there was now no one to withstand, was thundering at the gates of Rome. The Christian Emperor Honorius was made to divorce his wife on no other pretext but that she was the daughter of Stilicho.

Thus is brought to a close the record of the Last Great Roman. Served by him as a country may but rarely be served, the Empire was never again to receive the devotion of a soul so great or a head so wise.—*Nineteenth Century.*

## THE STRATEGIC VALUE OF EGYPT.\*

BY MAJOR OTTO WACHS.

THE Egyptian question has of recent years come much to the front, and drawn the eyes of the world to the centre of the Eastern hemisphere. With the name Egypt two other names have always been closely linked, the Nile and the Red Sea; and to them must now be added a third, the Suez Canal, which presents by the side of the ancient, mysterious river a unique marvel of modern art. For centuries Egypt appeared to have gone out of the range of European politics altogether, but it has during the last generation regained a leading place as of old, and almost forms to-day the centre of the whole Eastern question. In order to elucidate this question, and especially the strategical importance of Egypt in connection with it, it will be necessary, first of all, to describe very briefly the geographical features of the country, which not only constitute a strong natural defence for herself, but afford a firm basis for pushing forward offensive operations in almost every direction of the compass. By the narrow strip of the Suez Canal the relations of the Red Sea to its western coast have become so intimate, and the strategical importance of the sea is joined so closely with the strategical importance of the land, and *vice versa*, that in future neither can be considered separated. It will be necessary, therefore, after describing the individual strategical factors, to put them together into one large strategical picture.

By situation almost isolated, Egypt nevertheless appears in the order of events to be placed geographically as if it belonged not to itself alone, but to the whole world. It has always been the centre of great movements among the nations, in which its own inhabitants, in spite of their peculiarities, or else its foreign rulers, have been either actively or passively involved.

The long stretch of country, the north-eastern portion of the Dark Continent, may be compared to an island, for it is environed only by sea boundaries. The blue waves of the Mediterranean strike

against its northern coast and press up the Delta of the Nile, while to the west, where the Pyramids support the horizon, we find the Libyan desert, the sea without water, with its plains of sand and stones, its hot but pure air, a wide dreadful solitude, expressing in its whole nature and being a gigantic mystery. The sight of it, like the sight of the ocean, assists our idea of infinity, while its immobility gives this idea an aspect of terror. On the south, a broad, arid belt of steppes, very poor in vegetation, and fed only by the tributaries of the Nile, stretches from this measureless waste to the Red Sea, crossing the country of Nubia, and dividing it from Egypt. Finally, in the North-east, beyond the thin line of the Suez Canal, lies the peninsula of Sinai, which in the north is not so much a steppe with a gloomy though not quite charmless vegetation, as a perfectly sterile desert. And this peninsula is bounded on the south by the world-altar from which God gave his laws to Moses.

Between such frontiers lies the oasis Egypt. We shall now consider the value of these frontiers from a military standpoint, and then pass on to the Suez Canal in connection with the Red Sea.

Old Alexandria, whose name strikes powerfully upon the ear, lies not far west from the great left mouth of the Nile, and has magic to call up a brilliant moving world before our vision. "Here," cried the Macedonian hero, "shall my city stand, a city mighty and renowned above all. As my cloak lies there on the sand, so shall she spread herself over the sea, my precious Alexandria. Out of the sea shall she rise to life, glittering like the foam-born Aphrodite, and to the coming generations of men shall she announce my glory, the glory of the world-conquering Alexander." And with strategical penetration, the son of Philip chose the right spot, for if Egypt is to open on the Mediterranean, then the haven of Alexandria, to the west of the marshes of the Delta, is unquestionably the most advantageous place on the whole north African coast from Carthage to the old Pelusium, and it can accommodate the whole combined

\* Vide "Map of the Lands of the Nile," By Prof. H. Kiepert. Berlin; Dietrich Reimer.

fleets of Europe. If, in July, 1882, the demon of destruction swept over the ancient and splendid city, and the British plated colossuses, rocking in the deep, hurled death and destruction on fort and town, it will be protected from a similar calamity in the future as long as the English war squadron lies in readiness hard by, and English guns defend the forts. Alexandria is the focus of the north coast, and besides it Port Said alone, at the northern entrance of the Suez Canal, has any strategical importance.

The side of Egypt best secured from a military point of view is the west, for it was the Libyan desert that in ancient times buried the army of Cambyses in a single sand storm, and put a stop to the advance of the Vandals to which the sea presented hardly any obstacle. Also in the south of the land of the Pharaohs, where the sun is very hot, water has not forgotten to erect a bulwark of defence in the Cataracts of the Nile and the wild, rugged rocks, which bar the country of the lower Nile against the fleets of Nubia and the Soudan, for otherwise, where boundaries are so difficult to fix, strong invasions would frequently be attempted. That the hint of Nature was quite well understood even in ancient times is proved by the scanty remains which still exist of artificial fortifications in connection with the natural protection of the Cataracts. The Nile is in every respect a river of wonders. It is a picture at once of life and death, flowing at first through the awful desolation of the desert into the most fruitful country; and it becomes of great military importance from the circumstance that not only for Egypt, but for all North Africa, it is the only route for trade and military operations. In the land of the Pharaohs it is always "up river" or "down river." He who has command of the Nile, has command at the same time of the military connections with Africa.

With Asia Egypt is connected by means of the peninsula of Sinai, through which runs the routes to Syria, Mesopotamia, and the Persian Gulf. In antiquity, and also for the most part in the Middle Ages, it was on this frontier Egypt was brought into contact with the historical world, whether by way of aggression or of defence, and, indeed, so closely that the country was considered to belong not to Africa, but to Asia. Since the Turks

have ruled the kingdom of the Pharaohs and Europe has entered into commercial or martial relations with it, the external influences have resulted more from its sea frontier.

Let us pass now to the Red Sea. While in the north the hard rock of the Sinai peninsula has resisted the force of the sea passing up between Arabia and Egypt, so that it forms only two narrow tongues, an eastern (the Gulf of Akaba) pointing to Syria and Mesopotamia, and a western (the Gulf of Suez) radiating toward the Mediterranean, the Red Sea opens in the south into the Indian Ocean, through the straits of Bab-el-mandeb, the Gate of Tears. This gate, which separates Asia from Africa, is only thirty kilometres wide, and even this narrow channel is made still more narrow by a mass of rock, the island of Perim. The sea is locked in by steep coasts, behind which are desolate and unfruitful regions, very deficient in water and vegetation, and partly consisting of high mountain ranges, from which, however, no great river flows. This, of itself, is enough to prevent any considerable local commerce in this sea, but traffic is further obstructed by the fact that numerous bare reefs and clusters of islands, due partly to volcanic action and partly to the coral insects, endanger navigation. Since the completion of the Suez Canal opened a channel from the Mediterranean to the further East and created a new road to India, the Red Sea has become the first sea and trade route of the world, so that its political and military importance is, perhaps, to-day already greater than that of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. Its importance on this account cannot be over-rated. But there is still another fact to be taken into consideration, that, since this sea has become the highway of the nations, the ports which lead from it to the countries of the Upper Nile and the Soudan have won an increased importance, nay, have for the first time won importance at all. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that, while in 1854, in the words of Consul Plowden, the Red Sea from Suez to Bab-el-mandeb was a Turkish sea, and the Turks were in possession of all the ports worth mentioning on both coasts, this is, to day, however, no longer the case, but, on the contrary, a competition has broken out among the commercial nations of Europe for possessions on its



shores, and the flags of other realms than Turkey are now visible on its coasts. From the northern entrance of the Suez Canal to the 17th degree of latitude the western coast of the Red Sea bears Egyptian colors; thence to the neighborhood of Bab el-mandeb Straits the littoral is assigned to Italy; while the western border of the Straits belongs to the French Republic. The condition of things is simpler on the opposite coast, where, as yet, no European Power has set foot, and the whole belongs to Turkish Arabia. Here we find three virtually Turkish ports, after the enumeration of which we shall return to the more important western coast, they are Jiddah (the port of the sacred city of Mecca), Hodeida, and Mokha.

In considering the ports, that which first deserves attention is the Egyptian port Kosseir. It lies on the spot where the Red Sea is nearest the Nile, and is on that account the starting-point of a caravan route of some importance from the sea to the river, although the water is too shallow for anything but Arab craft. The fort erected by the French during the Egyptian expedition under Bonaparte lies in ruins. Under the 19th parallel of latitude stands the important port of Suakin, partly on an island in an inland basin, which is connected with the sea by a canal three kilometres long, but only two hundred metres broad, and partly on the mainland about this basin. The harbor is thoroughly safe, but has too narrow an entrance to admit large vessels. Both the island part of the town and the mainland part—called El Kaff—are well fortified. The latter, surrounded by a high earth wall and deep trenches, has seven bastions. Four gates permit intercourse with the neighborhood. At a distance of 500 to 1000 metres from the town wall are a series of detached forts—an outside girdle—strengthened by various other obstructions to approach, barricades of trees, stone walls, and palisades. The connection is secure between the town on the mainland and the island town, the fortifications of which were supposed to need little attention on account of the protection it would receive from ships of war. The fortifications constructed by Colonel Kitchener in 1888 meet the requirements of modern times in the matter of engineering, and are manned by Krupp guns of nine centimetres. From what has been said it will

be sufficiently clear that the place is uncommonly well prepared for the defensive. Suakin is a coaling station. The trade of the place, though it is the chief port of import and export for the Soudan, suffered greatly during the last ten years from the disturbances of Osman Digma, who dominated all inland affairs, but this was changed for the better by the victory of the English over him last year.

The next anchorage is Massowah, at the point where Italy, with the consent of England, has seized possession. This place stands on an island of the same name in the northern part of the bay of Arkiko, and about the midst of the coast assigned to the Italians. Three other coral islands—Gerrar, Taoloud, and Cheik Saïd—lie near it. By a single long, huge embankment Massowah is connected through Taoloud with the mainland. The harbor, barely a kilometre wide, allows anchorage for even the larger class of vessels—it extends between the town itself, built on coral reefs, the island of Gerrar, and the peninsula of Abd-el-Kader. Three forts protect the harbor, and two others protect the land side of the town.

None of the towns named have any well water, but they have all erected condensers which convert salt water into drinkable.

The second port on the Red Sea belonging to the Italians is a good and spacious one, called Asab, or Saba, situated in the 13th parallel of latitude. Here, only 80 kilometres N.E. of Perim, Italy first hoisted its flag in 1873. The Italian possessions are bounded on the south by the French territory of Obok, which forms the western side of the Straits of Bab-el-mandeb, and in which the Capes Dumci-rah and Sigan are of importance.

The islands in the Red Sea which deserve consideration belong to the possessors of the contiguous shore, except the islands of Kamaran and Perim, of which Great Britain, recognizing their importance for dominating the Sea, has taken possession. Kamaran lies opposite Massowah, near the Arabian coast, and it has an elevation of twenty metres, good drinking water, and on the east side an excellent harbor. With Perim finally England bars the southern entrance of the Red Sea, so important for naval strategy.

With respect to the value of these ports on the western shore of the Red Sea, Suakin owes its military and commercial

importance solely to its connection with the Soudan; while Massowah is the chief gateway, and Assab the minor gateway, to the highlands of Abyssinia. All these places are connected by the English Red Sea cable.

What made Egypt, as we have seen, a kind of gigantic oasis, was its environment on the land side, but it is the sea that brings the land of the Pharaohs into intimate relations with the wide world. For if already in antiquity the ship's keel had formed a bridge between the Continents, what services have not in our day been extorted from the waves, when swift steamers shoot through the sea and penetrate the Isthmus of Suez? While in the north the Mediterranean Sea carries shipping to the ancient places and cities of civilization, the Red Sea carries it to remoter countries of the Eastern hemisphere, to territories whose importance is daily becoming greater, since European peoples, outgrowing their ancestral seats, are obliged to seek out new homes and new markets, and since the now long enduring struggle between England and Russia for an assured position in the Persian Gulf and in India has burned more hotly and demanded even greater stakes.

The island-like situation of Egypt might, after a superficial glance at the map, lead us to believe that a land cast thus into a hidden corner of Africa must have been destined for a quiet isolated existence. But its history shows us exactly the opposite: it has from the most ancient times been the centre of great international movements, which have either originated within its territory, or have had its territory itself for their goal. The reason of this phenomenon lies in the geographical situation of the country, which only appears isolated, but is not really so; for, in the first place, its wealth has naturally excited the greed of every conqueror and made Egypt an anvil, when it is not a hammer; and then what infinitely increases this importance—its geographical position between the three Continents of the Eastern hemisphere, makes Egypt the natural medium and rendezvous for all their intercourse, and the constant regulator of their mutual relations.

When we reflect how the earlier trade between the one sea and the other was conducted by caravan tracks, and was yet a great source of power and wealth to Egypt,

we shall better estimate the worth to it of the narrow canal which now makes the eastern and western seas one, and has thrown into practical disuse the Cape route to Asia and even to a somewhat lower extent that to Australia. The Suez Canal, without which the trade of the world is no longer conceivable, has rendered a new international strategy necessary. It has shifted the centre of gravity of the Mediterranean question from Constantinople to Egypt, and has increased, in a degree formerly scarcely dreamed of, the political and strategical importance accruing to the latter country from her geographical position.

It must have occurred, even to the lay mind, that this country, situated as it is between three continents, must possess inextinguishable military advantages. This view is confirmed by the hieroglyphic records of the great invasions of Asia by the Egyptians, and of the harrying of the land of the Pharaohs by the wild tribes of the Hyksos in very ancient times. From them we may trace its relations with the great empires of Asia, and every one knows of the conquest by Cambyses in 527 B.C., and that therewith Egypt entered continuously into the circle of interests which its geographical position developed. Was not the fate of Egypt from that time bound inseparably with that of Asia, and did not every convulsion which took place on that continent carry Egypt resistlessly with it? Shall we recall Alexander's keen appreciation of the position of this kingdom, when, before setting out for the interior of the Asiatic continent, he thought it necessary first to protect his rear by the possession of Egypt, whose strong gate he broke open by taking the fortress of Gaza? Did not Alexandria become the emporium of the trade of the world from Gibraltar to the Ganges? Did it cease, under the conquest of the Arabs, from occupying a world-wide position? Did it not rule over all North Africa, Palestine, and Syria under the Fatimites? Did it not form an essential factor in the politics of Western Europe, equally affecting both the Empire and the Papacy? Did not the heroic Sultan Saladin play an important part in the great mediæval conflict between the Cross and the Crescent? Do we err, or is it not the case, that the Crusades have left no lasting results, merely because the Christians were not in possession of Egypt,

which was necessary for their basis of operation, and that they did not try to make it so till it was too late? At last the land of the Nile came under Turkish dominion, under which a long interval of peace is to be marked. Is it necessary to call to remembrance the victory of Bonaparte and Kleber at the foot of the Pyramids at the close of last century? Do not the words addressed to the Directory by the youthful French general: "*En prenant et en gardant l'Egypte, je prends en main les destinées du monde*"—constitute a strong testimony to the high strategical importance of Egypt, just as the letter of Kleber, in which he says: "*L'Egypte est pour la France un point d'appui d'où elle peut commander le commerce des quatre parties du monde*," is a strong testimony to the commercial importance of the country? And does not its commerce also sustain its warlike strength? It was not lust of conquest that impelled Bonaparte after conquering Egypt to take possession of Syria; he wished to realize what he wrote to the Directory.

To the trained military eye Egypt presents itself as the eastern bastion of the ill-shaped African continent—a bastion naturally strong and capable of resisting attack, whose broad moats are the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, together with the dry moat of the desert. The bastion at once commands the narrow strip of coast extending to Tripoli, and the curtain stretching along the Libyan Desert to the Soudan. It sweeps the peninsula of Sinai, and its influence covers the whole coast of Syria from south to north. The profile of this Egyptian bastion is so shaped that its fortunate possessor either has dominated or will dominate Tripoli, Syria, and Arabia. The weakest side of the fortress is, as we have said, the south, where it overlooks Nubia and Abyssinia, the African Switzerland, where no laurels are to be won, but on account of its arid wastes armies may readily be lost. So it was in 1883, when Hicks Pasha perished at the three days' fight of Obeid, and none of all his troops were saved except the reserve commanded by Alá-addin Pasha. Even the Nile expedition of the victor of Tel-el-Kebir, undertaken to rescue the heroic Gordon, in spite of the support it obtained from advancing alongside the river, and in spite of the remarkable gallantry and endurance of its officers and

men, had to exhaust itself against the same difficulties which the Persian King Cambyses was unable to overcome two thousand years before. Cambyses went up the Nile in order to take possession of Ethiopia, but his victuals soon ran down, he could get no water to quench the fiery thirst of the climate, and when the soldiers began to cast lots which of them should be eaten by the rest, the king returned to Thebes and Memphis. The traces of both expeditions have been blown away by the sand of the Soudan. The difficulties they encountered were the hostile hot climate, which parches every living thing, the wild character and the tough make of the inhabitants, for if the desert is a limit, it has no obstacles that are insurmountable to men who have the camel's power of living on little, and can go for months together on nothing but maize cakes. Then the elastic method of fighting of the Soudanese, their cunning tactics, are all devised for the purpose of exhausting the enemy, first by fatigue, in order thus to annihilate him, for their own forces quickly come together again after they have been scattered like sand. Nevertheless, history has shown incontestably that the Soudan, which has already drunk in so much blood, is so closely bound up with Egypt that no complete settlement of the Egyptian question is possible without an arrangement of the affairs of the Soudan.

The gate to this region by land was that passed by Wolseley with the expedition to Khartoum, and by this gate the Nile will be one of the greatest of the army routes of the future. But there are two sea gates to the Soudan, one by Suakin and the other by Massowah, and having mentioned the three gates, we will also mention the keys, which are, Dongola, on the Middle Nile; Berber, a little below the junction of the Atbara with the Nile; and Kassala, on the Gash, a stream which flows into the Atbara.

The British have in the possession of Tokar a good basis for proceeding up the Baraka Valley to Kassala, but once at Kassala they have a route along the Atbara, by which they can reach the often mentioned Berber with much fewer difficulties than from Suakin. Berber, which blocks the Nile from its right bank, is difficult to defend against an enemy approaching down the Atbara and Nile Valleys. Berber is not the only place having

a river route, which is important considering the great part water plays in the Sudan and Abyssinia. A greater and more important place than Berber, Khartoum enjoys also very welcome means of assistance in the Atbara and the Blue Nile. That Khartoum and Berber are the chief supports of Mahdism on the Nile is well known. The Italian position in Abyssinia will strengthen or threaten the left flank of any future army marching from Tokar to Kassala.

Let us turn now to the strategical importance which Egypt possesses in conjunction with the Red Sea—an importance which must be called world-wide as long as England is the ruling power in Egypt and not only controls at once the artificial northern entrance to the Red Sea and the natural southern one, but has also, as ruler of the sea, pressed into her service both the approaches—the Eastern Mediterranean on the north (lying like a right-angled parallelogram between Egypt, Syria, and the Anatolian coast), and the Gulf of Aden on the south. To begin with the northern approach, the Levant. A single glance at the map shows us the preponderance of England, which not only possesses in Alexandria a strong marine port on the southern side, but dominates the important angle where Syria joins Asia Minor—the Gulf of Iskenderun—by means of the gift brought home by Beaconsfield from the Berlin Congress, the island of Cyprus. While Alexandria, which possesses all the characteristics of a naval sally-port, controls the whole maritime region north and east of the Suez Canal, Cyprus in the same manner controls the Anatolian and Syrian coasts. The strategical axis in this maritime region oscillates between Cyprus—Alexandria and Cyprus—Port Said.

The Suez Canal, neutralized under the protection of English guns (!), leads into the Red Sea, whose coast, as we have seen, cannot escape from English influences. Then going out of the Red Sea by its southern gate, which is secured by the English padlock, Perim, we arrive at the Gulf of Aden, having, on its northern shore, a fortress of rock of the same name, on which the English leopard cowers; and also at the point of junction of the Gulf of Aden with the Indian Ocean, there rises in deep water the English detached fort of Socotra.

We consider ourselves justified, there-

fore, in speaking above of the strategical position of Egypt being one of world-wide importance, because the sphere of operation of a strong hand would extend from the places named over great and important tracts of land and sea. To take only one example, from Cyprus and the Red Sea a control may be exerted over Syria, the Arabian Peninsula, and if we wish to push further, over Anatolia, and on to Armenia.

But since the sea is a treacherous element which she exercises to-day the supreme power over the sea, not to prepare against possible vicissitudes of fortune. For the military position of England in Egypt and the Red Sea, strong as it is, needs strengthening on two sides, first by the Mother Country in the North Sea, and next by increased forces from the Indian Empire. The security of the west from the British islands to Alexandria and Port Said, has suffered seriously since France has begun more and more to realize the dream of the Mediterranean as a French lake. For in Biserta, as was shown by the reconnaissance undertaken by Prince Louis of Battenberg, the commander of the British torpedo-cruiser *Scout*, in October, 1891, there stands nearly completed a strong maritime fortification, endangering the route of the English army, and occupying an incomparable position on ancient historical ground opposite the neighboring island of Malta, with the great advantage of possessing an extensive and rich *hinterland*.\* But as soon as France has deepened the canal from Bordeaux to Narbonne, so that men-of-war can use it, from the day of its opening the nautical centre of gravity of Western Europe will be displaced, and the control of the Suez route will lie unquestionably in French hands.

In recent times another influence of the Suez Canal has become perceptible, which is based on immovable geographical ground; it is the connection which makes itself felt between the Canal and the arm of the sea joining the Black Sea with the *Ægean*, and which would have a most seri-

\* *Vide Deutsche Rundschau*, vol. lviii, pp. 218-234. "The Struggle for the Mediterranean: Biserta." By Major Wachs. With maps. And *Revue de la France Moderne*, February 1890, pp. 132-148. "La Lutte dans la Méditerranée; Biserta." Par O. Wachs, Major.



ous effect on the balance of things at Constantinople the moment the bright Greek Cross replaces the dull Crescent on St. Sophia, as Russian influence now aspires to a decisive ascendancy at the Porte. But if we take a bird's-eye view of the Eastern Mediterranean, we cannot help being struck by another point, and that is the strategical protection which the *Ægean* Sea, the great fighting arena of classical antiquity and of the Middle Ages, the forecourt of the Dardanelles, receives from the islands of Crete and Rhodes.

Crete stands like a long beam in front of the *Ægean* on the south. But its importance in naval strategy extends far across the sea which separates it from the African coast, and through which, at less than a spear-throw from the island, the route to Suez passes. The sphere of influence of this natural island fortress reaches Egypt and Syria. If any one doubts these assertions, let him recollect that the English expedition to Egypt in 1882 made the Suda Bay its basis. This broad, deep, mirror-clear bay on the north side of the island is one of the best and most spacious in the Mediterranean, a haven of Neptune, where vessels are sheltered by Nature from wind and wave, and are protected from their enemies by the fortifications of art.

Like Crete in the south, Rhodes in the east is of strategical importance as a natural defence of the Greek Archipelago and of the south coast of Asia Minor.

It is true that even against these England possesses strong positions in Alexandria and in Cyprus, of which the Portuguese Jew, Joseph Nassi, the favorite of Suleiman II., once said, when he wanted to persuade his master to conquer the island, "When you acquire Cyprus you are lord of Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt." Although there is some exaggeration in these words, it still remains true that the possession of Cyprus may be of decisive weight in relation to Syria and the landing-point for the proposed Euphrates railway. But to make the island of use in naval strategy it is necessary to erect Famagusta into a naval harbor. Britain has singularly neglected up till now to understand the hint of Nature and the more explicit testimony of history, and to construct a fortification impregnable both from land and sea, at the place where the strategical necessity for it exists, and

where very soon, perhaps, serious events may supervene, for Cyprus is as much an outwork of defence for Egypt as it is a central protection for the Levant, which even partially at least paralyzes the strategical line of operations from Rhodes to Crete.

As regards the connection of Egypt with India that is to-day as yet absolutely unimperilled, notwithstanding the French possession of Obok in the Gulf of Tadjura, and it will remain unimperilled as long as England commands the Straits of Bab-el-mandeb from the harbor in the south of the island of Perim. But if Cheik Saïd, the extreme south-western part of the Arabian peninsula on which the French had in the year 1870 possessed a coaling-station, should fall into the hands of France—and we hear that very recently negotiations have again been going on at the Golden Horn between France and the Porte on the subject—then the southern entrance of the Red Sea would be seriously endangered. An examination of the geographical situation shows the following results: the rocks of the mainland at the Cape of Bab-el-mandeb are 135 metres higher than the island of Perim, while the further inland mountain Manhali—which is only nine kilometres distant from the island—is 205 metres higher. If France were to place batteries on these points with heavy guns, as well as fortify Cape Dumeirah and the island of the same name, that rises high in front of the cape, and Cape Sigah (105 metres high) in the district of Obok, then the Republic could at any moment close the entrance to the Red Sea against English ships. Cheik Saïd can besides boast of other military and maritime advantages, for without considering the fact that the region in question is a natural fortress of rock, it contains a broad lake, connected with the sea opposite Perim, which could not only be converted into a naval harbor for purposes of war, but also be put in connection with the Bay of Okelis in the Gulf of Aden by digging an artificial canal only 1800 metres long. In this way a second outlet from the Red Sea to the Indian Ocean would be made, independent of Perim and entirely in French hands. And drinking water—so serious a consideration in these desert parts—is at hand there. England should keep a watchful eye on this point, from which danger threatens to assail her. Does not

the fact of the keen competition between England, France, and Italy for the acquisition of ports on the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden, in order to give expression to the idea of a joint dominion over these parts by the sea, alone speak volumes? Did not people in antiquity already perceive the value and importance of a water-way between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea? And did not Darius I. complete the canal between the Red Sea and the Nile that was begun by the Pharaohs under Ramses the Great (1394-1328 B.C.) and continued by Necho? Of this water-way, which has been buried under the sands of the desert for ages, there still remain traces at the present day in the granite blocks that project above the surface of the ground. The Suez Canal must accordingly add to the natural conditions of the Red Sea and the position of Egypt in the world a factor of immense importance—a factor, in truth, which is operative far beyond the bounds of the contiguous countries, and affects almost the whole civilized world; for as soon as the Suez Canal is named, immediately the individual interests, individual anxieties, and individual jealousies of the great Powers of Europe are stirred into activity.

What we have now said of the Suez Canal applies to all the countries of the Mediterranean, and indeed to Europe in general, but there is one kingdom to which the Suez Canal has much more importance than any other, and in whose building indeed it constitutes a very keystone, and that kingdom is England.

Egypt has a greater usefulness for England to-day than the Cape Colony had in the beginning of this century, it is the most important stage between the British islands in the German Ocean and the Empire of India; across it run the veins through which the sap of life flows to England from the Indian land of wonders, and through which, in turn, the iron-bearing blood of England streams back to Hindostan. For Britain, therefore, Egypt means more than merely the gate to the East, and more than merely the eastern key to the Mediterranean. Since the position of England in the world depends on the assured connection between the Mother Country and her immense Indian territory, and since that connection depends largely on the Suez Canal, which has now become almost a second English

Thames, and which, while of great strategical importance, is governed strategically by Egypt, we can easily understand why we see red-coats in this region, and why they must remain there if England is not to abdicate her great position among the nations. As a Power ruling the sea she is constrained by an historical necessity to keep the Suez Canal perfectly secure against all eventualities, apart altogether from the consideration that any check which England suffers in Egypt will inflict on her prestige in the East a blow from which it may hardly recover again.

If England's honor and existence are more at stake in Egypt than anywhere else, it must at the same time not be forgotten, on the other hand, that the land of the Pharaohs, the State of the future of the Eastern world, is bound up more closely than any other Asiatic or African territory with the interests of all Europe, and can no longer be severed from them. As their relations mature on both sides, they will no longer be able to do without one another. The Egyptian question, in a word, has no mere local importance, it has a European, nay, a world-wide character, and has tied itself into a Gordian knot. The matter at issue is not so much property and blood as an international position of the first rank.

And when we reflect that questions of power can only be settled by the weapons of power, we see that here more than anywhere else will the strategical factor, both by land and sea, find its solid basis of operations and come to realization.

Egypt, as history teaches, has seldom, and then only for a short time, brought luck to her conquerors; much more often she has brought them ruin. Does England feel herself strong enough to escape the fate of previous conquerors? For the moment is not far distant when things will be ripe for powder and shot in the country of the Sphinx, and then it will be seen whether the words of Renan at the reception of Ferdinand de Lesseps into the French Academy in 1885 will come true, that Egypt was given to England as a punishment for an ambition which exceeds its resources. What Shakespeare says of the tide in the affairs of men is in the highest degree true of everything in connection with Egyptian politics.

But one thing remains certain, that actual living Egypt knows only change

and not termination, and that with the progress of the times the strategical importance of the land of the Nile and the Red Sea has only increased. Far will the hand be always felt that bears the sword at the double gate of Asia and Africa, and from far will the echo return of the command given at the Suez Canal.

When the French Republic in 1882 turned the mendacious saying of Napoleon III. into a truth and accepted as their device, "*La République est la paix*," the heavy naval guns of England played upon Alexandria, "*Rule Britannia*" sounded loud over the waves, and the winning of Tel el-Kebir laid all Egypt at the foot of the British general who was almost scared by his success. The wings of the desert wind rapidly spread the wonderful tale of the might of the Empress of the Sea and

restored English prestige in the Arabian world. And the Arabian world is a very wide one, for Arabs pitch their tents on both sides of the Suez Canal, Arabs range over those extensive Mesopotamian territories through which in the scheme of the kingdom of the future important land routes will pass and will bring East and West nearer together; that they are Arabs the inhabitants of Egypt falsely boast, and Arabs penetrate the whole of Northern and Central Africa.

The English, who proudly drew the sword in 1882 and checkmated France in Egypt, claim by the laws of war the sole dominion over the country, and the refrain of all their explanations on the Egyptian question is, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*."

—*Contemporary Review*.

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## HOW PHOEBE CAME HOME.

BY KATHARINE WYLDE.

### I.

IN the days of old Sir Vincent Leicesters, grandfather of the present baronet, the pretty, tree-shaded farm-house where afterward the Randles lived, was inhabited by a large family named Verrill. At that time the Leicesters were the only "quality" in Everwell, and they divided Church and State between them, Sir Vincent reigning at "the Heights," and his twin brother at the parsonage which afterward knew Mr. Bryant. Next door to the parsonage lived Mr. Bence the sexton, Parson Leicester's right hand; and exactly opposite at the park lodge was old Sir Vincent's right hand, Simon Verrill, eldest son of the farmer. Simon intended Bence to marry his second sister Phœbe, and had himself wedded Susan the sexton's sister, a very "saving" young woman who, having brought her husband a fair dowry, esteemed herself highly in consequence.

This district is up on the moorland overlooking the sea. The waves at high tide bathe the foot of the cliff and have even hollowed it out beneath; at low water, flat, shaly rocks uncover themselves, and it is possible between tides to get round from Everwell Bay to Tanswick, the next village farther south. Ages ago

the beck made an exit for itself through the porous rock, and a little red-roofed fishing hamlet, called quite simply "the Bay" grew round its mouth, nestling in the hollow and with just enough strand for the cobbles to be hauled up high and dry for the Sunday rest. There is a steep stony road from Everwell proper to this its low-lying suburb, up which in the early morning herring-carts clatter; otherwise in the old days it was not much travelled, for Everwell and the Bay were ill neighbors. The fisherfolk were uncouth, proud, and wild, with little respect for their landlord, and none at all for such persons as Bence or Simon Verrill.

In those days no farming folk in X-shire gave themselves airs. Mrs. Verrill made her own cakes, and the boys and girls worked on the land. They were all, except one, simple and stolid; like the horses which drew the plough and carried the corn, season by season, without complaint and without emotion. The exception was Phœbe. She was a freak of nature, a personification perhaps of the wild moorland breeze, the freshness of the salt foam, the brilliance of the summer sun. Phœbe had a haughty carriage of her head, and a sharp tongue which frightened the village; she was tall and slim, with rosy

cheeks and flashing eyes; a fresh, untamed, unfettered creature, whose instincts were her guide and whose will was her law. Habit and precedent were nothing to Phœbe. That the Verrills had "always done so" made nothing a duty to her; that she had done a thing herself imposed on her no obligation to do it again. Proud of his handsome daughter was the farmer; but Phœbe frightened her mother, that good woman preferring cheerful, sandy-haired, freckled Mary Anne, who was only one year older and perfectly staid and dependable. Phœbe soon disliked Mary Anne, and Simon, equally admirable, was her pet aversion; nevertheless the solid virtues of her family and the atmosphere of smug success in her home told unconsciously upon the girl. She was aware of her aloofness, and had in her heart a sense of having deliberately chosen the wrong way, which might in the future prove her ruin.

Phœbe began early to have lovers. The young man at the shop always gave her a dash more sugar or currants than she demanded; the tailor, who was also the barber, sent her valentines and scented pin-cushions. She refused Mr. Bence. To the grocer she said: "I don't like your look; it minds me of Mary Anne." And to the tailor (who had a very respectable mother) she said much what she had said to Miss Leicester when asked to take service at the Heights: "No, I can't do with brooms and dusters, and notable housekeeping women. I'd be mad if I couldn't run down to the beach evenings, and have a look when the boats are putting out."

Life within doors, comfortable, regular, confined, was not for Phœbe. For her the roaring sea and the rugged cliff; the spray, crisping her tangled hair; the wild wind howling down the night, making her heart beat and her soul pant in fierce exultation.

When a child she would take her way down to the shore to hear the boom of the waves, and to watch evening spreading her wings over the restless sea. There was a certain deep pool she liked which was never emptied by the retiring tide, and in which was a waving forest of green and brown, purple and pink and golden leafage, with anemones spreading their petals to the gentle ripple, blue shells glistening, shrimps and gobies darting

from side to side. Matt Laverick had suggested to Phœbe to bend over the still waters of this pool and find her own face at home in its fairy halls. For it was young Matt Laverick, the fisherman's son, who used to lie in wait for Phœbe on the scar at sunset time when the sea was still far out. Matt was fascinated by the mysteries of that tideless pool, and his little sailing-boat was forgotten as he peered into its transparent depths. "It can't be for fishes only, Phœbe," he would say; and often the two young things were to be seen lying side by side, face downward on the spray-driven rock, watching the waving sea-weeds as if expecting some rich, strange, living wonder to appear among them and demand explanation of their intrusive gaze.

As they grew older it was only on Sundays that the boy and girl met at their childish trysting-place. Phœbe could not so often steal unobserved to the Bay, and Matt was off at the drift fishing. But she still sometimes watched his outfaring sail from her post on the scar, or with the fisherwomen would lend a hand to push his coble down the steep beach, over the oars according to custom. She was well-known to the fisher-folk, and, being a good hater, she had among them also an antipathy.

This object of her dislike was a golden-haired, ruddy-faced girl of her own age, whom Phœbe in her heart thought the prettiest lass in the Bay. She also was a Laverick, a cousin of Matt's, and with her widowed mother she presided over the great vats of the net-dyeing establishment behind the beach. Liz Laverick's fingers, her cotton gown, and her sun-bonnet were all stained red, and she was seldom seen without a coil of russet nets round her as she stepped backward and forward between the boats and the vats, or leaned over the latter stirring the boiling contents with a long pole. But the warm brown was becoming to her rosy face, and Liz was a favorite with the fishermen. She was a good creature, who would have done anything to help any one, and who had slaved for her mother and the bairns since the day her father had been drowned within sight of home. For much toil Liz had found compensation in much masculine society, and in unlimited coquetry of which the freedom was half envied and wholly detested by that haughty inland maiden



Phœbe Verrill. The worst of it was that Matt Laverick himself, who had succeeded to the command of his uncle's boat *The Homeward Bound*, and who ruled over his aunt's family, took apparently no exception to his cousin's manner. "Why, lass," he said, expostulatingly to Phœbe, "haven't you a hundred sweethearts your own self?" Phœbe was bitterly offended and would not speak to Matt for a week. To her passionate heart the possession of more than one lover was no matter of pleasure. The instinct to flirtation was not in her, and she made scant allowance for it in other people. The tailor, the grocer, Mr. Bence, and the ploughman insulted her with their suits. She could patiently endure no lover but Matt Laverick, the fisherman.

Phœbe Verrill was seventeen when she ran away from home. One evening she did not return from her usual solitary stroll at the end of her day's work, and upon inquiry was found to have sailed away with Laverick at sundown in the fishing-coble, without the nets, and without his mates who were lounging about on a holiday, a week's earnings tossed to them by their young captain in their pockets. The farmer, and Simon, and the whole Verrill family were furious, and appealed to Sir Vincent and the parson, to Mr. Bence and the tailor, and to everybody, in vain. It was never explained where the guilty pair sailed that evening, nor how they spent the succeeding days. But after a week they returned to the Bay and Matt went to work again. Phœbe wore a short petticoat over bare feet, and a gold ring on her finger. They established themselves together in a half-ruinous cottage standing solitarily close to the waves, and henceforth at sunrise Phœbe was to be seen in the doorway watching with her hand over her eyes for the return of *The Homeward Bound*.

After a time there was a baby with her, who kicked in the warm sand at her feet as she mended the nets, or sat on her shoulder as she stepped down with the other women to the boat-launching. He was soon old enough to toddle beside her, when she bore her pail to the beck, or carried the nets to Liz for fresh dyeing. And among many pretty children, Matt Laverick's Tim was soon conspicuous.

Phœbe seldom visited her mother at the farm; never Mary Anne who had married

the schoolmaster, nor brother Simon at the lodge. She had chosen her part, were it the worse or the better way; had descended in the social scale, but had gained freedom and sea-music, a merry heart, her fisherman and her child. What more did she want?

## II.

THERE came a day when Phœbe climbed the cliff again to the inland village. She resumed her daily work on her father's farm; and, with her little merman, settled down in a vacant cottage once used by a shepherd in the narrow unwooded glen behind her childhood's home. Matt Laverick remained at the Bay.

What had happened? No one very well knew, for Phœbe had never been one to talk of her own affairs, and she was now more silent than of old. She mixed with her kindred as little as possible, though she listened to their censure; obeyed them with proud humility, and worked harder than before. The barber, still celibate, never summoned up courage to express his sympathy or to ask what her "man" had done to her. She was more austere apart to her admirers than in the fierceness of her maidenhood. If the young gentlemen at the Heights or the parsonage looked out for the beautiful creature carrying the water-jar from the stream, no smile now wreathed her proud lips when she saw them. She sang no more, and always Tim was at her side pulling at her gown and protecting her with his baby presence. There was war between the little merman and his fair-haired cousins. He belonged to another race.

Phœbe demanded outdoor work from her father; sowing, reaping, even stepping over the stiff clay beside the plough. She milked the cows also and led them to pasture, but would not set foot in the dairy. One thing was certain; she never now descended the cliff to the Bay; never stood on the scar at eventide to watch the outfaring sails; never visited the wind-blown hut where she had sung to Matt Laverick. His name seldom crossed her lips, nor was she known to speak to him. He seemed to have passed out of her life, and there was only Tim to recall him to her mind.

As for Matt, he changed visibly. His head became bent, his gait slouching, his

tones hollow. He dwelt on in Phœbe's cottage by the waves, but he was seldom seen there. When his mates were glad to land, he stayed out at sea. He vanished for days sometimes. He fought with the coastguard. It was rumored that he was taking to drink. Matt was fast becoming an outcast, his hand against every man, every man's hand against him.

But after dark sometimes, when he had sent off his boat with his mate in command and a strange hand to make up the crew, he would climb the cliff and make his way along the narrow path skirting the lonely glen, till he had knocked at Phœbe's door. Once, supposing him to be her brother Bill whom she was expecting with firewood, she opened. Matt entered. He flung his arms round her and kissed her, for he was stronger than she. He first pleaded, then got angry; stormed and swore at her, pinched and twisted her arm till it was bruised and swollen. At last Phœbe spoke: "That's enoff, lad. Thee can go now. I doan't want no more of thee."

"I've a mind to stick my knife in thee!" cried Matt, furiously.

"Deed, lad, and I wish you would," said Phœbe.

Matt, perhaps afraid to stay with the knife in his vest, left her and fled, springing from slope to slope of the quick descent, as if the bogeys, a very real terror to the boldest of the Everwell fishermen, were in full cry after him. Next night he presented himself again.

"Lass, lass, I woan't com in without thee wish it, but I didn't mean it about the knife. Say one word and give me one kiss, Phœbe."

She kept the door locked, and hardened her heart.

Matt Laverick lay in the storm and the rain outside her door that night, and many another in the fitful moonlight, which turned familiar rocks and bushes into changeful monsters watching him from dens and caverns. He trembled at the strange noises which, if heard at all in the bustle of day, are explained and justified by the sunshine. He lay awake, almost forgetting Phœbe in the tingling dread of the darkness, yet scorning his terrors and too proud to move; keeping his eyes fixed on the heavens and omitting from sight the unaccustomed distinctness of the black hill-tops. Toward morning he sank

into an uneasy slumber, to wake with a start as he saw the cold glare of dawn patterning the sky, and shrinking all the visions and demons of the night to their natural, definite, and insignificant shapes and places. They seemed now to lie around him like corpses which a few hours before had been alive and menacing. Matt was frightened still, and shuddered with horror at every natural object which, so prosaic now, only required night to appear huge and black and horrible, intelligent and living, with a life and a mind hostile to his own.

When the sun had risen Phœbe opened her door and stepped out, Tim in her arms, to her work. On seeing Matt, ghastly after his night among the hillside ghosts, she controlled a start and brushed past him without a word. Then the fisherman sprang to his feet and sped down the ravine with unpausing step, dealing fierce blows to the stones and shrubs as he passed. He was on the shore in time to see his boat come in; to count and sell the fish, to float the coble in a still haven at the mouth of the beck, and wash it out with no helper but Joe, Liz Laverick's lame brother; while Liz herself looked on from her dye-vats behind and tossed light chaffing sentences down to him, their tone softened by the distance and the echo from the water.

Two or three months passed; then Matt Laverick's importunities suddenly ended. There was a fight one day in the Bay; a girl, golden-haired Liz herself, had been molested, chased, and frightened, and a rescuer had come in the person of Matt Laverick. There had followed a scuffle between him and the aggressor, ending, by accident, fatally for the latter. Then Matt was charged, tried, and sentenced to six months' hard labor. Phœbe was present at his trial. She held her head high and made no remark to any one. She was pale, but her eyes shone; and there were some who thought her glad to see her lad disgraced. As they led him away, Matt, who had till now stared straight before him with an assumption of dogged indifference, raised his look and met her eyes. The blood rushed over his bronzed face and he stopped abruptly, stretching involuntarily toward her his handcuffed arms. But nothing more could pass between them, and Matt was taken away to prison.

Phœbe, with her head erect and her

breath coming in short gasps, passed out through the crowd. She did not return straight home; for once her work was neglected. She went down to the seaside where Matt was no longer about to molest her. She passed her old cottage. It was locked up, Matt's dog Bo'sun, a huge fierce mongrel lying on the step. Tim broke from his mother and ran over to touch him, for the dog and the child had kept up a sort of acquaintance; but Phœbe walked straight on without attention.

She went to her old place on the scar. Boys were fishing with lines from the rocks, a few bathing in the shallow waves, all reminding her of Matt. A bare-footed, curly-headed pair of eight and ten, a boy and girl, were sailing a boat on the seaweed pool and looking for water-babies in its depth. Were they a younger Phœbe Verrill and Matt Laverick?

The woman sat apart and silent, her head on her knees. If she saw the waves, felt the sea breeze, heard the shrill cry of the gulls and the babble of the children, all that had once filled her with keen joy, she neither cared nor noticed. Even Tim was forgotten. He toddled away over the rocks, poking the anemones, catching the crabs, trailing after him long pennons of brown seaweed. He would have joined the pair with the boat, but the girl threw a handful of wet sand in his face, and frightened him by crying out, "Where's your da, Tim Laverick? Where's they took him away to?" Tim had only a vague consciousness of being mocked, but he retreated to his mother; and when, warned by the tide, Phœbe rose and slowly dragged her child homeward, he whimpered a little, and said, "Won't my da want us, mother? Can't we stay by the sea?"

At the question, Phœbe's hot tears burst out in a great flood, but still she hardened her heart and answered: "No, Tim, it isn't thee nor me thy da wants. Don't thee be thinking on him, bairn. Let him be, let him be."

After this things went on much as before. Phœbe resumed her farm work, and Tim wore a smock, far less comfortable than the jersey of his father's race. But the phase of unnatural docility was over. Phœbe's outward amenableness cloaked a rebellious heart, and in little things her waywardness returned. She

was sharp with her sisters, and at enmity with Simon. She took a dislike to her cottage, and in the evenings would roam away with her boy among the dells and woods, over moorland and pasture; sometimes down to the shore where she was to be seen watching with grand disdain the boats, the wild birds, and the tossing sea. But she never spoke of Matt, nor exchanged a needless word with old acquaintances. Miss Leicester said the dreadful man had driven poor pretty Phœbe mad, and the country people shook their heads and whispered together when she passed. Only the little tailor remained faithful in his admiration; he brought her flowers from his mother's garden and made Tim's clothes for nothing. And the young gentlemen from the Heights still smiled when they met her carrying the water jar for the farmhouse from the beck.

### III.

THE six months were ending, and the Verrills began to question among themselves what was to be done when Matt Laverick was at large again. How could respectable folk survive the propinquity of a "jailed prisoner," who had forced himself into the family and made himself father to one of its descendants? The farmer consulted the parson and Sir Vincent; the parson consulted Sir Vincent and Mr. Bence; Sir Vincent consulted the parson and Simon. No one had any practical suggestion to make, and Simon blackened poor Matt a few shades darker, and abused his sister. "Phœbe was allays possessed, sir," he said, "and I see now it was the devil as possessed her." To his mother he discoursed piously on the wicked way she had brought Phœbe up, making no moral barricade against the ill spirits always waiting to enter in and possess any handsome womankind. But not even Simon had the courage to say much to Phœbe herself.

"Miss at the Heights thinks her mind has giv' way," said Mrs. Verrill apprehensively. "Happen she's forgot all about him. Eh dear! who'd ever have thought, father, your daughter'd have turned out bad! Then thar's that Tim. I wonder God Almighty didn't visit him with the fever astead of Mary Anne's Johnnie. That Tim'il be doing us a mischief one of these days with his black fisher-blood in him."

"I doubt he's a healthy chap," replied the farmer. "Thar's no getting done with him in a hurry, with or without God Almighty. But I'm thinking yon Matt Laverick's an open enemy to the Almighty, that He can't for conscience' sake leave him about much longer. I'm thinking 'spectable folk like we must have more of a chance with God Almighty than yon Matt Laverick."

It was Christmas Eve; and for the first time in her life Phœbe was alone, without prospect of a kiss under the mistletoe or of a smile from friend or lover, saving only from little Tim. This year the boisterous preparation for Christmas at the farm had seemed to increase the desolation of her own position. The family conclave was still in progress—Mrs. Verrill and the girls in tears, the farmer and Simon quarrelling—when Phœbe herself appeared among them. She walked into the large square hall where her family were assembled, and throwing one scornful look around divined that the loud tones and the sobbings were all about herself. Then she folded her arms and stood in the midst of them, Tim clinging to her gown. The family looked at her, and then looked at each other, each one afraid to open the combat. At last Mrs. Simon spoke; she wore a new cloak which Miss Leicester had given her, and held a new prayer-book in her hand. She rose and said: "My dear Phœbe, to-morrow is Christmas and the Lord's Sabbath as well. It's fitting you should go to church and pray the Lord to forgive you. I will call for you, Phœbe, and take you with us."

"'Deed and I won't go to church," replied Phœbe.

"My dear," said her mother, tearfully, "you will eat dinner with us, won't you, seeing it'll be Christmas Day?"

"I want no dinner, mother," answered Phœbe; "I want no merryings. If you give me dinners and presents I know well it ben't acause you like me. I'll walk out and look at the sea and think I'm dancing in a boat. That's all the Christmasing I want."

"Phœbe, girl," said the farmer, "mother and I been turning it over, and we think you'd better go out of t'country. Sir Vincent'll help you to a place in a shop, Sandside way. You can live there a decent widow woman, and I'll help you with Tim's schooling."

"I never was one for sitting in shops," said Phœbe, "and I ben't a widow woman to begin it. If you and mother think I've disgraced you, you must just put up with it."

"Ay, and you did disgrace us, Phœbe," shouted Simon; "after ail your breeding and going to parson's church, and might have took service at the Heights and been wedded with Bence,—running off with that lout as was dirt to the likes of us. I can't abear the sound of his outlandish name."

"You'll have to put up with it," said Phœbe.

Then Bill, who was better natured, made an attempt. "I'm going to Sandside early, Phœbe, to fetch my Bessie to another's plum-pudding. You'd better come too and get Bessie's kin to find you a place. For your man's coming out of jail next week, and it ben't decent for you to bide here longer."

"Being nearer concerned nor you, Bill," said Phœbe sharply, "happen I've counted the days oftener and better nor you. Matt's not coming out next week."

"You've gone astray, Phœbe, atween calendar and lunar, and don't understand how they reckon jailments. It's hard enoff for decent folks unused to prison ways. But I'm right, for Simon asked last time he was in Uggle Grinby along of squire's horse-fairing. We wasn't going to have that man coming out of jail on us at on-awares. And my Bessie's mother—"

"I don't care *that* for your Bessie's mother," said Phœbe, snapping her fingers; "and Simon comes home that fuddled from Uggle Grinby, it's a miracle Sir Vincent has a horse to his stable. I'd never believe nothing along of Simon learning it in Uggle Grinby. Now listen to me all of you, for I come up here to speak of myself and not to hear talkings of what don't concern none of you. Mother," said Phœbe, turning round and speaking in slightly quivering tones, "for all you're vexed with me, you'll have to help me to-morrow. I've a long, long way to fare and I'll have to fare alone. Tim can't never walk nine mile to Uggle Grinby and nine mile back. You'll have to keep him; and you'll let him have a sup of ale, mother, and a slice of Christmas pudding. And doan't let them white-faced lambs of Simon's bairns anger



him. Mother, it's not next week Matt Laverick's coming out of the jail ; it's to-morrow, Sunday, Christmas Day. And I mean to meet him and walk back to Everwell with him myself."

Then arose a cry of furious dismay, at sound of which Phœbe crossed her arms on her breast and resumed her defiant attitude.

"Lass !" exclaimed Mrs. Verrill, lifting her hands in horror, "you're never going back to yon awful, drunken, fighting, swearing man !"

"I won't hear a word agen him, mother," said Phœbe ; "no, I am not going back to him. I doan't mean to live with him never no more. But all the Christmasing I'm going to have is to take him out of the jail and bring him home myself to Everwell Bay."

Mrs. Verrill burst into loud weeping again ; Simon shook his fist at his sister and the farmer called out : "I'll take all the work from you, Phœbe, you gypsy ; you sha'n't never come here agen if you let that man out of the jail on us at onawares."

But the girl did not listen. She was hurrying Tim home to his supper and his bed, restless in mind herself as she had not been since that evening long ago preceding her flight with Matt Laverick. Ah ! how happy she had been then ! What a joyous life she was going to have ! How ready she had been to face the whole world with Matt by her side ! And here she was, facing the world indeed, but without him. He had disappointed, offended her past bearing ; and now she meant to live with him no more. But she stood long to-night in the cold moonlight at her cottage door, absorbed in one strong, half delirious joy. She was going to see her Matt to-morrow. She would let him kiss her,—once, and they would talk for a few minutes. It was long since she had had that much happiness—long, very long.

Next morning she rose before the sun, and put on her neatest inland Sunday gown, her prim bonnet, and for the first time her tidy cotton gloves ; meaning Matt to see them all and to understand from them that her heart was still hard, and that she meant to live with him no more. An east wind was blowing and driving the waves furiously against the cliffs. Tim wanted to go and look at them, but his mother dragged his unwilling feet to the

farm, and left him there. Then she trudged wearily the nine long miles to Uggie Grinby, through the bitter wind which occasionally flung lashing rain-drops across her face. Though Phœbe was strong and tireless in work she was unused to a long tramp of this kind, and became footsore and exhausted, sick to death of her good clothes and Sunday boots.

At last she reached the prison-gates and rang the great clanging bell, and wished for little Tim to support her spirits ; for with all her pride Phœbe was shy, and to-day full of unwonted nervousness.

"Matt Laverick, the fisher," said Phœbe, in her best accent, "he is coming out to-day, isn't he ? How soon will it be ? Will you tell him his Phœbe's awaiting ? And may I sit down a bit while I'm waiting, for I've come a long step ?"

Prison warders are no doubt tender-hearted like other men. But Mr. Horsfall was also a person of dignity, unused to free-and-easy requests from the prisoners' friends. Moreover it was a grievance with him that he had to do any work on Christmas Day ; and Phœbe, thin, pale, and weary, did not look her best just then ; nor did she, in Mr. Horsfall's opinion, wear her Sunday clothes with the distinction of an Uggie Grinby female. So he regarded her with contempt and made no effort to soften his reply : "Sunday birds all released Saturday night ; man's gone ;" and he banged the gate in Phœbe's face and went back to his Christmas breakfast of hot tripe, leaving her outside with a great desolation in her heart.

Poor Phœbe ! Nine weary miles and a parting from Tim, and all for naught. Matt was not here. He was free, and he had not come to her. Where was he ? Had he gone to golden haired Liz, who understood his fisher-ways, who was so ready with her kisses, in whose behalf he had fought and suffered ?

After a long time she again set forth, slowly, homeward, through the driving gale. Weary Christmasing was this !

The farm-house party were at dinner when Phœbe returned, all save Bill, whose chair by Sandside Bessie was empty. "Come in, my lass, come in !" cried the farmer, jolly under the influence of Christmas cheer and a foaming beer-jug. "You've been on a goose's chase, but a cut from a goose's wing 'll settle you.

Don't stand there like a scarecrow, or neighbor Bartholomew here will never believe you war the prettiest lass inland till you runned off with a drunken boatman."

"He'll never be so fond of the drink as you, father," said Phœbe, "nor it never made *him* impudent. I want no geese with you. Give me my Tim, mother, and let me go."

Mrs. Verrill rose, looking frightened and uncertain. "Go on, Eliza," she said; and Eliza muttered: "Go on, mother," and looked away from her sister, cramming her mouth as if resolved not to utter another word. "Phœbe, lass," said Mrs. Verrill, "it warn't my fault, but Tim's that contrary and spiteful, thar's no doing with him. He wouldn't come to dinner not for plum-pudding nor nothing, but must needs run off a-playing by hisself."

Phœbe turned away apathetically. Tim was, no doubt, in the yard throwing stones at the fowl. But Fanny, her mouth full almost as Eliza's, called out, "Bill's gone to seek him," in a hasty tone which told the mother Tim's loss was less recent than Mrs. Verrill had led her to suppose. She faced them again. "And you're all a-feasting there and looking at father drinking," she said, "and you don't know where my Tim is! You're lucky, mother, if your pretty lass ever darkens your doors agen."

"We didn't none of us want your brat," cried Simon, who had had a good pull at the ale too. "He's like his father—a fighting, swearing, spitting tom-cat of a devil, like Matt Laverick."

"Doan't you be taking Matt Laverick's name in your mouth," said Phœbe; "you hadn't the courage to fight him when you were lads, Simon, and I greatly misdoubt your having the courage now."

And she went out to find her Tim, not anxiously, but a little crossly, for she was very weary. Tim, however, was not in the yard with the fowl; nor in the shed with the cows; nor in the glenside cottage; nor on the hill with the sheep. Nor was he making mud-pies by the beck, nor looking for his da's sails from the cliff. Phœbe was so tired that she could not believe in his disappearance. It was some stupidity of her own that she could not find him. She quickened her steps, however, and began to feel sick at heart.

## IV.

PHŒBE went to the Heights, for Tim had twice ere now got into the garden, and amused himself pulling the choicest flowers. But he was not there to-day, nor by the housekeeper's fire; nor had any one seen him roaming through the park.

"Why, dear me! it's Phœbe Verrill!" cried Miss Leicester, who always on Christmas Day was overflowing with goodwill and nervous importance, and who was now engaged in bearing a magnificent cake to the servants. "My good girl, what's the matter?" And she asked all sorts of needless questions, though Phœbe was on thorns to continue her search, and her patience soon dissolved into incivility. "Now, Phœbe, I know exactly what you had better do," said Miss Leicester, taking the unwilling mother to the drawing-room, and seating her on a spring chair, which gave Phœbe an alarming sense of insecurity. "You just trust yourself to me, will you?"

"Anything in reason, miss," said Phœbe, trying to be meek; "so long as it's for finding Matt Laverick's pretty Tim."

"He is pretty," said Miss Leicester, with a vague recollection of a little brown, active body running at Phœbe's feet like a foal beside its mother; and then she went off into a siding about some socks she proposed to knit for him, if Phœbe could select a color she liked from some specimens of wool on the table.

"Miss, will you tell me how to look for my little Tim?" said Phœbe.

"Oh, to be sure, I was forgetting it!" said the kind lady, taking Phœbe's hand in hers, and then lamenting over her tired appearance after her walk to Uggle Grinby, and saying she could have told her about the Sunday prisoners being released on Saturday. "But yes!" added Miss Leicester hastily, seeing Phœbe try to struggle out of the soft chair, "about Tim, this is what I propose: I'll send a message to James, the groom, who is a most good-natured man, and I think must have quite finished his dinner by this time, and he will look about for you; and you must stay here and get a good rest, and I'll order up some meat and pudding, for you must be dreadfully hungry. What are you doing?" asked Miss Leicester.

ter, for with flashing eyes Phæbe was making her way to the door, hardly pausing to say: "Miss, I see now why you wasn't marrying woman. No man in his senses would want you to mother his children. My Tim's lost and out in the cold and the storm and the rain, and you talk of wool-patterns, and setting in chairs, and eating pudding. Let me be, miss. You don't know how to help me."

Poor Miss Leicester, who was only thirty-two, was much offended, and a little distressed by her failure. "Dear! dear!" she said; "how curiously rude the lower orders are!"

Phæbe returned to the farm, bewildered by her want of success. "Oh, mother, mother!" she cried. "Why did you let him go out? I can't find him anywhere."

Knowing they were in fault the worthy folk were cross. "You should never have had a brat with fisher-blood in him," said the farmer. "You shouldn't have gone after that rascal scamp this morning when we told you 'twas the wrong day, and then you wouldn't have lost your brat."

"Eh, Phæbe, dear!" said her mother. "It's Christmas, and he's in his liquor. Don't you mind him."

"You all think it," said Phæbe, "so it don't hurt me much for father to say it. But I'm not going to do without my Tim. It 'ud be righter for you and Eliza and Fanny to stop your merryming, and come and find him, for you promised to keep him safe and you haven't done it."

"Eh, dear!" said Eliza, tired as people are apt to be on Christmas evening. "Bill's been seeking this three hour; and it's nigh church time. You're so full of Christmas, Phæbe, you've forgot it's the Sabbath."

"Mother!" cried Phæbe, "you've had children, if Eliza hasn't. How can you sit thar and let her talk to me so?"

"My dear! my dear!" sobbed the poor fat woman, taking off her cap, "I do feel for you. I'll come and help you. But I'm not good at climbing, Phæbe, and if I come someun 'll have to walk aside me, or I'll be breaking my neck, and that won't comfort you for Tim, my dear, will it? Fanny, fetch me my bonnet. Not the best un. I doubt I must give up church for to-night. And fetch your own, girls, for shame! It's becoming to help Phæbe this time."

Meantime Phæbe flew off to the lodge, thinking that her eldest brother could assist her better than any one, if he only would.

"Simon, 'twas yon flour-faced lad of yourn that angered him. Are you no going to help me, when I've been walking since five o'clock, and have naught but troubles in my heart?"

"Phæbe," said Simon, didactically, for he was a little fuddled, "your troubles is all of your own hatching. I suppose Tim has gone into the sea. Most all the bad comes out of that and find its way back agen. I never were one for dieting on fish, and mother's goose 'ud have digested a great deal better if she hadn't prelooded it with that great hulking cod. It's like Matt Laverick, hard to swallow, and harder still to forget."

"I'm going to church, Phæbe," said the prim sister-in-law. "You'd better come too, and pray that your son may be kept from the paths of the destroyer."

"'Deed, and if I'd prayed agen the destroyer this morning," said Phæbe, "God wouldn't have let the bairn near you. Won't nobody help me? I have naught but Tim left, and you were all proud of me once, and now you won't none of you help me!"

The greater part of the family did turn out after this, with much grumbling among themselves. The farmer was really too much stupefied to go far. He struggled hither and thither for a short while, retracing his steps, and looking in obvious places where he had looked before. At last he stumbled back to the parlor fire, whither his poor fat wife had also returned, very tired, very unhappy, and only able to cry. Farmer Verrill took some more beer, and then said oracularly, in somewhat thickened tones: "Yon Matt Laverick's come out of jail, and he ha'n't come after Phæbe. Happen she's done with him. Yon Tim's lost. It's quicker nor scarlet fever, and not catching. Happen she's done with him. She's a fine lass yet. Happen we're done with them Lavericks. And the tailor's a single man still."

"Eh, Johnnie, dear!" cried his wife, "don't, for God's sake, talk of that fashion to Phæbe, or you'll drive her clean out of her senses. She'll be jumping into the sea once they Lavericks be done with."

"She's a fine lass," repeated the father, shaking his head regretfully.

The fact then was now recognized; Tim was lost. An active, clever boy, who knew his way about, something must have happened to him, or he would long ago have been safe by his mother's fire. Every one had believed in his spontaneous return, and for a good while even Phoebe was not frightened; to hunt about for her naughty child had seemed merely the culminating point of her day's misfortunes. But now alarm rose in her breast, and she sickened with vague apprehension.

Phoebe wandered alone. The helpers were too slow for her, felt with her too little. Because she was in the depths, every one was to-day courageous to chide her and to point the moral of her woe. And they were apathetic in the search, first telling her lightly that Tim was safe to return, then changing their tune, shaking their heads, and assuring her further search was useless. For the feeling was strong that Matt Laverick and Tim, the visible sign of her passion for the fisherman, were a disgrace to her; much better expunged together from her life; or, perhaps, it was only because it was Sunday and Christmas Day combined, and folk were too comfortable in their homes, and tight packed in their stomachs, and religious in their souls, to have any loose sympathy about them. Another day the search might have been a not unpleasant diversion; to-night there were other things on hand, and spiced ale is pleasant, and stories round a Christmas fire.

"My good woman," said Sir Vincent, when in her wandering Phoebe met him and his eldest son, "I hear Laverick is at large again; you must trust us to defend you from him. From what I learn, I am driven to the opinion that there was irregularity in your wedding. Perhaps we can get you clear of him altogether and free to marry some steady fellow, who deserves such a pretty wife,—and who has repented now," added the baronet, for propriety's sake.

"Sir," said Phoebe, "I'm unused to hear no one but Matt Laverick make remarks on my prettiness, and I will not bear it from no one. And you'll not go meddling with my marriage, which was regular enoff for me. If you like to help me to find my Tim, you may do that. I want naught else."

Sir Vincent, feeling snubbed, excused himself, and went to church to sleep off the effects of his plum-pudding. Mr. Charles lingered a moment. "Mrs. Laverick," said the young gentleman, "I've been searching this two hours, and I won't go home till I've found the little beggar. Don't be too much frightened." Mr. Charles was the kindest creature in the world, but he was a little lazy; Phoebe did not trust him much, and she searched on alone.

For the third time she descended the cliff. It was dark now; she could hardly feel her steps, and the boom of the waves drowned her voice. In her heart was always the dull, aching misery about Matt. Where was he? O God! where was he? He had deserted her; would he now grow really bad? "Happen I done it myself," groaned Phoebe. "Happen I drove Matt Laverick to her."

She looked in at the window of her old home. Could he be there? It was all bare, silent, and dark, as it had been during Matt's imprisonment. She looked in at the beer-house, her head bent and her heart fluttering. Never in the old days had she fetched Matt from the beer-house, having a serene confidence that he would come home when he was ready, and that unless he intended it himself (as he sometimes did) no one could make him drunk. But to-night—if she found him in the beer-house to-night, just out of prison, drinking would be no good sign in Matt Laverick. But he was not there; nor had Tim been found in the cold and the rain, and brought in to warm himself at the fire. She turned away.

The stormy tide was going down, and Phoebe groped her way as far as was possible toward her old haunts. "Tim, Tim, where are thee? My bairn, my bairn, where are thee?" she moaned, despairingly.

And then a loud girlish laugh from behind startled her. She turned, shuddering to find herself not alone on the deserted shore. It was some minutes before she perceived Liz Laverick close under the cliff and almost hidden in the dark shadow; Liz Laverick, keeping merry Christmas, and chaffing with a fisherman of course. Phoebe's head reeled. Was it Matt? Was it her lad, Matt Laverick, whom she had driven from her? It wanted but this to end her day of woe; to see Matt and



his cousin together, oblivious of Tim and of her.

Phœbe was too much crushed and weakened to spring forward and confront the pair, perhaps tearing out Liz's bonny blue eyes and golden curls, as on another day instinct might have prompted her to do. To-night she was only conscious that the great sea was at her feet, and that for many a broken heart peace and comfort were waiting in its waves. No place was left in the world for her. She was hated by her kin; her child was lost, and Matt Laverick wanted her no more.

Liz caught sight of the wanderer, for behind the man's compliments and her own merriment she had heard the despairing cry. With bare sure feet she ran across the seaweed to learn what was the matter. "Why, heart alive! it's Phœbe!" cried the girl.

For a moment the rival beauties stared at each other in silence, and all the dumb anguish of a stricken animal shone in Phœbe's eyes.

"There's naught happed to your man, Phœbe, is thar?" asked Liz rather doubtfully.

"I don't know naught about him!" groaned Phœbe. "Oh, Liz, Liz, haven't you seen him?" Her proud heart swelled as she asked the question, but not pride itself was so strong now as the desire to learn something about Matt.

"No, I ha'n't seen him," said Liz; "but I made sure he warn't far off. He'll never go far off while you're about, Phœbe. There, woman, don't, don't cry. Don't go breaking yourself like this. Matt Laverick's a good lad. He'll come back, if only to look after mother and me, let alone you, Phœbe. Go home to your Tim, and I'll step up and tell you when I see him."

Liz Laverick's despised, merry countenance was all overflowing with sympathy and kindness. She had hold of Phœbe's arm and was trying to drag her shoreward away from the waves. Phœbe heard very little of what she said. She had been quite unnerved by the revulsion of feeling when she learned that Liz knew no more of Matt than she did herself. "Liz," she sobbed at last, her head sinking on the girl's shoulder, "I've lost my Tim. I can't find him anywhere."

"Heart alive!" cried Liz. After a minute she jumped up and clapped her hands. "Well! well!" she said, "don't

be seeking him in the sea, Phœbe. Come ashore and I'll help you. I'm a great girl for finding bairns. Have you looked in the cavern round point? He's a handy climber, Tim is. Never fear no more, woman! We'll find him."

"Come! come!" said Phœbe, clinging to Liz. But she was bewildered and half unconscious. After a moment she stopped as if rooted to the ground, and the girl could not draw her away.

"Phœbe," said Liz, "you're dead beat. Sit you down. I'll bring him sharp to you, if he's in the cave. If he isn't, I'll turn out the lads. There's a many to seek, you know. No boats out to-night. And there's none wouldn't do a turn for Matt Laverick's bairn, let alone for your bright eyes, Phœbe—and happen for mine too!"

Phœbe's senses were returning with hope, and the girl's last phrase quickened them. "You may seek yourself, Liz Laverick," she said, stiffly, "but I don't want no rousing of the lads along of my eyes nor of yourn neither." Then her head drooped again and with a great sob she added, "If I can't find him, Liz, I'll just die in the sea, for I've nothing else to live for."

Liz thought she was going to cry too; but just then a splash of oars reached her quick ears, and she moved aside a little to listen. At a short distance from the scar, tossing like a cork and like to be swamped by every wave, a small boat appeared on the moonlit track before the two women.

"Hey!" shouted Liz, springing upon a fallen boulder, where she caught the light on her cotton frock, her round face, and thick curls, pulled down and tossed about by the rough hands of Charlie Sims the fisherman. "Hey!" she cried, waving her arms beckoningly, a picturesque, startling figure in the bright moonlight.

Phœbe, bent, ghastly, shuddering, stood below her in the shade, her hands pressed against her heart, her breast heaving with quick sobs. At Liz Laverick's loud call, she started and looked up, terrified and confused. "Is it Tim?" she whispered apprehensively. Then repeated with sudden vehemence, "Liz! Liz! answer me! Is it Tim?"

## V.

THEY stood together alone upon the beach, Matt Laverick and his wife; and

Phœbe had forgotten her child. The surf roared and thundered at their feet, dashing the cold spray in their faces. Words were possible only between the fall of the waves, and for long no words were spoken. Phœbe clasped her hands on his arm, and Matt held her because she seemed tottering and weak; and he looked at her and wondered. Liz, unnoticed by Matt, forgotten by Phœbe, and much astonished by the silence and the desperate air of the couple, had hurried away to seek the missing child. Husband and wife were alone; and there was that in Matt Laverick's air which frightened Phœbe. "You didn't come, lad, last night, when you left the prison," said she, falteringly.

"Lass, you didn't welcome me afore, and I'd best keep away from you now," said Matt. "What are thee doing here, Phœbe, and no by the fire with Tim, forgetting thy lad as were prisoned?"

"Oh, Matt, Matt!" cried Phœbe, remembering. "Tim's run away! He's lost. I can't find him anywhere!"

"You've lost my Tim?" said Matt fiercely, dropping her arm and stepping back from her. "Lost my Tim? Were you merry-making, Phœbe, and forgot him?"

"Oh, won't you help *find* him, Matt?" implored the woman. "I must walk on and on, but I can't *see* for crying, and happen if you'll come too, we'll find him together."

"You wouldn't let Tim kiss his da many a day when I called to him; happen Tim has forgotten his da by now," said Matt.

"Oh, lad, don't scold me now! I can't find him. Won't you help me to find my little Tim?" groaned Phœbe, taking his arm and pulling him on.

"Lass," said Matt presently, "when I left the prison I come straight home, thinking happen you'd be come back too, or take some notice of me. You didn't. But I,—I minded last Christmas when we were together; and so I went out in yon old bit boat I built for thee; and kept my Christmas with her,—most all I had left of thee. And thee warn't thinking of me," cried Matt, with indignant emphasis, "and thee hast lost my Tim. I thought thee'd have cared for Matt Laverick's Tim, anyhow, Phœbe. It seems I hadn't oughter trusted thee."

He walked on with long, quick strides,

leaving Phœbe to struggle after him as best she could. "Come on, lass, come on," said Matt, pausing and looking back at her; "don't waste time crying. Them eyes was never meant for crying. I'll find thy Tim; but I'm thinking I'll keep him myself this time. You can go back to your inland folk and be merry with them."

"Oh, Matt! don't speak to me so," moaned Phœbe; "don't be so angry with me."

He waited for her; then took her roughly by the elbow and led her on. A long way it seemed to her, over rock and sand and pebble, loose shale wearying to the foot, slippery seaweeds with streamlets bubbling among them, huge boulders as hard in the uncertain light to evade as to surmount. They wandered vaguely, finding no trace of the child.

"Matt, was they kind to thee in the jail?" whispered Phœbe at last.

"Maybe."

"Had you bread enoff, and a sup of drink whiles?"

"Maybe. I can't tell. It's long since *thee* cared about my bread and my drink, Phœbe."

"Don't say it, Matt, that I didn't care," said Phœbe.

They were ascending now, for the tide had not yet uncovered the rocks at the point, and the breakers were beating against the great buttress below their steps. The path, a mere track used by the jet-seekers, was steep and difficult, zigzagging up half-way to the plateau above, and there skirting the face of the cliff almost perpendicular to the waves. It was a dangerous place. At one spot the rock was cloven by a far-reaching narrow fissure, and as each wave burst against the cliff it sent a foaming eddy up this long chasm in which the water continually seethed and boiled. Following the path you had to jump nearly three feet from ledge to ledge of jutting rocks which did their best to form a natural bridge; but the ravine widened below and on calm days could be entered by a boat. Phœbe and Matt in the old time had made their way in sometimes, and had laughed at the hollow echo of their voices as they lingered in the shade, their boat rocking gently on the green wavelets, while they gazed at the stainless sky and saw the shining gull wing their way over the narrow gorge

heedless of the happy human creatures below.

To-night Phœbe sank abruptly on the path, before they reached this dangerous chasm. The moon just now was hidden and there was little use in seeking anything, while the gloom aggravated the dangers of the path. Phœbe sat on a jutting rock and Matt stretched himself on the ground beside her while they waited for returning light.

"Matt," said Phœbe in a low voice, "I never meant for them to prison thee, lad; it was none of my doing."

"Ay, lass, but it was. Phœbe," said Matt, rising on his elbow and looking at her, "have you forgot the times when we were together first? When thou come fishing with me, and we walked together on the scar, and sat by the fire Sundays, and minded our courting? and thee had left thy inland place, and thy fine gowns, and thy speaking way thou had larned at school, to come and bide down here with me? And thee were the prettiest lass in all the Bay, Phœbe, and I loved thee. And I'd have loved thee the same when thee war old and ugly, and couldn't sing, nor run, nor go seafaring no more. And I thought thou loved me like that, and that we'd have been together to the end and have lain together within sound of the waves, and have felt the sun shining on us, thee and me, and Tim to come after us. But I doubt I were wrong, lass, and thee have never rightly loved the sea, nor the sun, nor thy fisher-lad; or thou wouldn't have left me like this."

"It was not I that forgot the old times, Matt. It was not I that done it."

"You left me, Phœbe, and all for why? Acause I was a bit free with yon yellow-curled lass of my own kin, as I'd known since I were born, and laughed with times, and who wouldn't give me the tackle without a kiss for luck, that were no harm from her own kin; but never coorted, nor went companying with, nor thought of aside thee, Phœbe."

"It weren't not the first time, Matt," said Phœbe, her voice shaking. "I borne a deal from that lass. I had bade you take heed, Matt, and you wouldn't hearken to me!"

"Never coorted, nor went companying with," repeated Matt, "nor thought of aside Phœbe. I loved thee, lass. The yellow-curled lass were good for an hour,

and a joke, and happen a kiss; but thee war my heart's treasure, Phœbe!"

"Thou didn't say so then, Matt. Thou said wicked things of that girl and of me."

"Acause thou had angered me, Phœbe, I would have told thee afterward, but thou wouldn't speak with me. And then they clapped me in prison which never come to none of my kin afore. It would never have been if thou had stood by me; but folk are aye ready to speak agen a lad what has quarrelled with his lass; and they thought, as *you* had no call to think, Phœbe, that I war after Liz that day for my own sake, and not saving her from that saucy rascal, Bob Smurthwaite, who deserved all he got, though I didn't give it him with that intent. Sir Vincent, he up and said I war a trothless scoundrel, who had driven his own lass off, and she the prettiest in the Bay, to go after the other wenches and get fighting for them. It warn't for *me*, Phœbe, to say it war *thy* fault, and thou had left me of thy own doing; and all for nothing but a black, jealous temper and a few words atween us that oughter been healed right off by a kiss. And thee war the treasure of my heart, Phœbe."

"Matt! Matt! I didn't think much of the fighting. Thou wast given to fighting, Matt. I didn't think they'd prison thee for fighting. And now, lad—and now—I doubt thou don't love me any more?" said Phœbe.

"Lass, I don't believe thou knows what a man like me means by love or thou wouldn't be aye doubting me. But it can't be the same now. You wouldn't speak with me afore, and now I been in prison, I don't blame thee so much now, lass. Happen I wouldn't make it up with a jail-man myself, if I were a woman."

"No, lad," said Phœbe, trembling and drawing closer to him, "I would never have left thee acause of that, never. Matt, wilt thou come right away from here—to Yarmouth, maybe, where folk don't know us? I'd come with thee there, and I'd work my arms out of their pits for thee there."

"No, lass," said Matt, roughly, "I won't leave this place. I won't have it said Matt Laverick was druv away from his home for Liz, nor for no woman in the world. If thou won't come down to me in the old cottage where Tim were born,

I'll just do without thee." He spoke angrily, and rising, turned his back on her. The moon had brightened and he moved on without another word to seek the child. But something caught his eye, and stopping short he turned again suddenly to face his wife; "Tim didn't wear shoon, did he, Phœbe?" said the man.

Phœbe gave a little cry of ecstasy, starting to her feet. "Matt, Matt! we have found him! It is his shoe! He can't be far now. Oh lad, lad, leave me and run for him! Run!"

But Matt remembered the chasm with the boiling flood below, and he frowned as he quickened his steps. "You had no call to be putting shoon on my Tim, Phœbe," said the fisherman shortly; and stopped on the edge of the gorge, lying down and listening to the advancing and retreating of the flushed waters.

His fear communicated itself to Phœbe. "Lad, what are thee doing?" she said. "Come on and look for our Tim. He can't be far away now." Then a deadly faintness came over her and she reeled and closed her eyes. "Matt! Matt!" she cried wildly, "thou don't think he's fallen in?"

The man rose and looked at her; then led her back a few steps and seated her. "Lass, I can't tell. It looks like the t'other shoe down there on the rock; happen it ben't, but I've got to go and see."

Without pausing for a reply, he began cautiously to clamber down the rocky side of the fissure, toward the foaming flood below. After a few minutes Phœbe collected herself, and staggered again to the edge of the gorge, her eyes wild with terror.

"Phœbe," called Matt from below, "go back to where I put you, or you'll anger me."

"Matt! Matt!" she screamed, "thou'll be drowned. If he's fallen in—if little Tim has fallen in, we can't help it! Matt, we cannot help it! Come back, Matt! Oh, lad, come back!"

"Lass," shouted Matt angrily, pausing in his descent, "if thou don't obey me and go back to where I put thee, I won't save thy Tim."

He waited, frowning, till she had obeyed, hanging in mid-air. Phœbe crouched on the edge of the path, clutching her hair with both hands, and swaying backward and forward like one in a

frenzy. And the east wind whistled and screamed round the point, against which the waves beat ceaselessly; and in the abyss the flood boiled and swirled and gurgled as it rose and fell; and water met water hurled in vain fury from side to side of the gorge. Phœbe thought the whole heaven was bowing and darkening and thundering at her; in her brain was a roar of many billows louder than ever was the voice of earthly sea. It seemed hours before Matt came back to her; yet the bright moon was still shining and the Christmas bells were still ringing in the village steeple above the cliff, their voice clear and distant, swelling in the pauses of the storm. Slowly Matt mounted and rejoined her. Phœbe stared at him with meaningless eyes, and he kept silence, bending over her.

"Matt! Matt! thou doan't think he's drowned?" she shrieked suddenly, throwing up her arms.

Then the man knelt beside her, his arms round her waist, kissing her cold, clenched hands and icy brow. "Phœbe, my lass! my lass! I don't see how a little chap could have fallen down there on a night like this without being drowned! And I have found this, lass, and nought else."

She took the little drenched hat mechanically, and leaned her head on Matt's shoulder without a word.

"Poor lass! Poor lass!" murmured the fisherman. "Happen he never fell in at all! Happen I'll find him for thee yet. Come home with me, Phœbe, come home. Thee can't go back to yon inland place without thy Tim. Come home; and I'll go seek him for thee agen. Happen he never fell in at all, Phœbe, my lass! my lass!"

But it was long before Phœbe moved or spoke. She lay motionless in his arms, like one dazed and crushed. At last she raised her head and said brokenly: "Matt, thou art thinking one thing thou needn't. I didn't know they'd let thee out yester-eve; and I went this morning to the prison to meet thee and bring thee home. Tim couldn't have walked all them miles; he war a little 'un. And I put him with mother and she lost him. And now we'll never see him no more, Matt, thee nor me. But he *couldn't* have walked so far, lad; and I went to meet thee."

"Phœbe, my lass, my lass!" said Matt,



bowing his head on hers and crushing her to his heart.

# VI.

HE raised her, and half leading, half carrying, he brought her slowly down the steep path, across the slippery rocks, along the beach where the cobbles were drawn up for Sunday. They moved silently through the hamlet to the battered cottage where had been their home.

A knot of men were standing round the beer-house, and among them Liz Laverick, looking flushed and excited as she told of Tim's disappearance. "He's but a bairn," she was saying, "and you all thought deals of Matt Laverick and his lass. You wouldn't have the bairn starved with cold, the day his da comes home? I'll never speak a word to one of you men agen if you won't come seek Matt Laverick's little Tim."

And then they all turned, and watched, half curiously, half fearfully, as Matt Laverick himself passed by, with his lass faint and staggering, clinging to him and weeping. "Don't let them speak to me, Matt," she murmured. "I couldn't bear to tell any one that thy Tim is drowned."

He pushed them away roughly; even Liz Laverick, who had at once sprung forward to help her kinsman in supporting the exhausted and heartbroken Phœbe. Matt unlocked the cottage door, and brought her into the room with its cracked wall and mud floor, which all smelled damp and brine-washed. He put her in the one arm-chair, beside which was Tim's long disused wooden cradle. She dropped her face on her hands and neither stirred nor spoke as Matt groped about till he had found some damp firewood, and with shaking fingers, the tears running down his own brown face, had made a faint and flickering blaze.

Then he went out, and Phœbe dreamily heard him summon Liz and send her to the beer-house for such food as was at this hour procurable. The fire and the candle flickered and sputtered; the mice came out of their holes unfrightened by the noiseless woman who had returned to them; the moon shone through the casement, making strange slanting bars of light across the floor, and bathing in its cold rays Phœbe's bent figure, her drooping head, and frigid hands convulsively clutching her dress. She was faint and heart-

broken and bereaved; conscious of little more than of one thing, that Matt was with her and would care for her. Neither power nor energy was left to the poor thing; she could only wait motionless till his return. How long he delayed she knew not; when at last he entered a long low groan burst from her lips, and she stretched out her arms to him without looking up. Matt had brought no food; he did not heed his fire which had gone out. Meeting Liz outside with a loaf and a jug in her hands, he had pushed her aside, saying, "Wait a bit, wench," and had slammed the door on her. He entered and stood over Phœbe, kissing her hair, and holding her hands in his. "Lass," he said, with tears in his voice, "is it only acause thee's in sorrow thee has come home to me, or would thee have come any way? Would thee stay now if thee were happy agen?"

"I can't think of happiness, Matt," mourned Phœbe, "when my Tim is drowned. But I must stay with thee to-night, lad; I can't do without thee. Thou'lt have to forgive me everything and let me stay."

"Then thee wouldn't stay if thee warn't sad, Phœbe? I'm afeard of thee, lass. But rise up and come out with me, now, for I have something to show thee."

"I can't go no further to-night, Matt," she answered, faintly, sinking back in her chair, and looking at him with sad imploring eyes.

Matt replied with some excitement: "But I will have thee come, Phœbe. Don't thee sit thar disputing, lass, but rise up and come out with me as I bid thee." Matt was peremptory and Phœbe had to obey. He put his right arm round her, and holding her left hand in his stooped over her as they walked. Liz saw them in great astonishment; then, as they took no notice of her, she went into the cottage, blew up the fire, set on the kettle, and prepared the frugal meal.

Matt Laverick led Phœbe round to the back of the cottage where was a great pile of fishing-nets, and where in the old days she had been used to sit working and singing, watching for the russet sail of *The Homeward Bound*, and playing with Tim, who rolled and kicked at her feet. And here now, in a nest among the nets lay the good dog Bo'sun, very thin and aged after six months' living on his wits, but

awake and bright-eyed, and ready to wag his tail as his master laid a hand on his head, though too full of responsibility to stir. Bo'sun had a treasure there among the nets, and was lying close to it to keep it warm and safe from the peeling wind, letting his hot quick breath blow upon it, and now and then bending his shaggy head to lick the thing he had found, and brought home in safety to the place where his master was sure to come. And here Phœbe found it, the good dog's treasure—Matt Laverick's little Tim.

His clothes were torn and soaked; on his sturdy arm were the marks of the big dog's teeth; but his eyes were fast shut in sound childish slumber, his breath came

soft and regular, his round cheek was gently flushed, his little feet were curled up and rosy as on his mother's lap, and from top to toe he was warm as his mother's heart.

"Lass," said Matt, pressing her to him, "don't thee say thou'll love me only if we're sorrowing together. For our bairn is found and safe, and I want the twain of you."

Then Phœbe flung her arms round his neck and sobbed on his breast loud and long for joy. "Matt, Matt!" she murmured, "I have gotten thee both back! I never thought when I rose up this morning, lad, I was to have such a happy Christmasing."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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### THE REMNANT OF A GREAT RACE.

BY HENRY WOLFF.

MODERN History is, in its rapid march onward, making sad havoc of old races. New nations are rising up; but only like new banks and headlands on our coast, by the accumulation of drifted shingle, which the very same tide is washing away from wasting older rocks. A generation or two hence, in the making of a new German people, the last remnant will have finally disappeared of an interesting race, which historians and archaeologists alike, to whom it is known, will be loath to miss. There are probably few Englishmen who have any very clear idea as to what and who the "Wends" or "Sorbs" are. Early in the last century, we read—I think it was in the year 1702—our Ambassador at Vienna, one Hales, travelling home by way of Bautzen, to his utter surprise found himself in that city in the midst of a crowd of people, strange of form, strange of speech, strange of garb—but unquestionably picturesque—such as he had never before seen or heard of. They are there still, wearing the same dress, using the same speech, looking as odd and outlandish as ever. We need not go back to the records of Alfred the Great, of Wulfstan and Other, to learn what a powerful nation the Wends, one of the principal branches of the great Slav family, were in times gone by. In the days when Wendish warriors, like King Niklot, were feared in battle, their ships went forth

across the sea, side by side with those of the Vikings, planting colonies on the Danish Isles, in Holland, in Spain—aye, very ambitious Slav historians will even have it that our own *Sorbidunum* (Salisbury) is "the town of the Sorbs," founded by Sorb settlers in 449, and that to the same settlers—also styled *Weleti* (Alfred the Great calls them *Vylte*)—do our "Wilton" and "Wiltshire" owe their names. On the Continent they once overspread nearly all Germany. Hanover has its "Wendland," Brunswick its "Wendish Gate." Franconia, when ruinously devastated by intestinal wars of German races, was, at Boniface's instance, recultivated by immigrant Wends, famous in his days, and after, for their husbandry. The entire North German population, from the Elbe eastward, and north of the Bavarian and Bohemian mountains, is in descent far more Wendish than German. Wendish names, Wendish customs, Wendish fragments of speech, bits of Wendish institutions, survive everywhere, to tell of past Slav occupation. Altenburg is Wendish to a man, the Mecklenburgs are to the present day ruled even by Wendish grand dukes. Berlin, Potsdam, Dresden, Lübeck, Leipzig, Schwerin, and many more German towns, still bear Wendish names.

There are now but a poor 150,000 or 160,000 left of this once numerous people. And that handful is dwindling fast.

Every year sees the tide of spreading Germanism making further inroad on the minute domain which the Germanized Wends have left to their parent race in that much disputed territory, the Lusatias. Prussian administration, Prussian education, Prussian pedantic suppression of everything which is not neo-German, are rapidly quenching the still smoking flax. It boots little that the Saxon Government, kinder in its own smaller province, has, very late in the day, changed its policy, and is now striving to preserve what is, at its lowest valuation, a most interesting little bit of ethnographic archæology. It is much too late to stop the march of Germanization, which has grown so rapidly that even in the same family you may now find parents still thoroughly Wendish, and priding themselves on their Wendish patronymics, and children wholly German, bearing newly-coined German names. Evidently the race is dying fast.

Its death was in truth prepared a long time ago. Once the Saxons had obtained the mastery, the poor Slavs were oppressed and persecuted in every way. They were forbidden to wear their own peculiar dress. They were forbidden to trade. The gates of their own towns were closed against them, or else opened only to admit them into a despised "ghetto." No man of culture dared to own himself a Wend. Accordingly, though they possess a language unique for its plasticity and pliancy, up to the time of the Reformation written literature they had none. For centuries their race has been identified with the lowest walks in life. They must have their own parsons, of course; but that was all. Otherwise, hewers of wood and drawers of water, toiling cultivators of the soil, they were doomed to remain—very "serfs," lending, it is said, in the north, a peculiar name to that servile station ("serfs," from "serbs"), just as in the south "Slav" became the distinctive term for "slave."

To the eye of the archæologist, all this hardship has secured one compensating advantage. It has left the Wends—in dress, in customs, in habits of mind, in songs and traditions—most interestingly primitive. Everything specifically Wendish bears the unmistakable stamp of national childhood, early thought, old-world life. There has been no development within the race, as among other Slavs.

There have been modern overlays, no doubt; but they are all foreign additions. The Wendish kernel has remained untouched, displaying with remarkable distinctness that peculiarly characteristic feature which runs through all the Slav kindred, at once uniting and separating various tribes, combining a curious unity of substructure with a striking variety of surface. Among the "Serbs," or "Sorbs,"—really "Srbs"—of Germany, occur names which reveal a close kinship with Russians, Bohemians, and Croats. By some strange common features their language links them plainly with the Old Bulgarians. Their national melodies exhibit a marked resemblance to those melancholy airs which charm English visitors in Russia. Yet a Pole, one of their nearest neighbors, is totally at sea among the Wends. His language is to them almost as unintelligible as that of their "dumb" neighbors on the opposite side, the *Njemski*—that is, the Germans. Even among themselves the Lusatians are divided in speech. In Lower Lusatia, for instance, where the population are descended from the ancient *Lusitschani*, if you want to ask a girl for a kiss, you must say: *gulitza, doj mi murki*. In Upper Lusatia, where dwell the *Miltischani*, the same request takes the shape of: *holitza, doj mi hupkuh*. It will terrify linguists among ourselves to be told that this Slav language—which the Germans despise as barbarous, which has scarcely any literature, and which is spoken by very few men of high education—possesses, in addition to our ordinary verbs, also verbs "neutro-passive," "inchoative," "durative," "momentaneous," and "iterative"; an aorist like Greek, and a preterit aorist of its own; a subjunctive pluperfect, and in declension seven cases, including a "sociative" case, and a "locative." The most remarkable characteristics of the language, however, are the richness of its vocalization, and its peculiar flexibility and pliancy, which enable those who speak it to coin new and very expressive words for distinct ideas almost at pleasure, yet subject to no misconstruction.

In outward appearance the Wends are throughout a powerful, healthy, and muscular race, whose men are coveted for the conscription. The first Napoleon's famous "Bouchers Saxons"—the Saxon

dragoons—were nearly all Wends. And in the present day, it is the Wends who contribute the lion's share of recruits to the Saxon household regiments. Their women are prized throughout Germany as nurses. They are all well-built, well-shaped, rich in muscle, and nimble in motion, like the Lacedæmonian women of old. Next to stature, the most distinctive external feature of the race is their national dress, which, as in most similar cases, survives longest, and in its most characteristic form, among women. As between different districts it varies very markedly, but throughout it has some common features. Short bright-colored skirts, with the hips preternaturally enlarged by artificial padding, and an unconscionable amount of starch put into the petticoats on Sundays; close-fitting bodices, under which in some districts, by an atrocious perversion of taste, are placed bits of stout cardboard, designed to compress a strongly developed bust to hideous flatness; small tight-fitting caps, into which is gathered all the hair, and which are often concealed under some bright-colored outer head-gear, with an abundance of ribbons dependent; and a goodly allowance of scrupulously clean collar, frill, and neckerchiefs, at any rate on Sundays; and, on festive occasions, stockings of the same irreproachable whiteness—these are, briefly put, the main characteristics of the women's dress. Oddly, the Roman Catholics, who elsewhere—in the Black Forest, for instance—affect the gayest colors, among the Wends show a partiality for the soberest of hues, more specifically brown and black. The men delight in big buttons, bright waistcoats, and high boots, long coats which pass on from father to son through generations, and either preternaturally stout hats of prehistoric mould, or else large blue caps with monster shades. Their peculiar customs are simply legion, and so are their traditions and superstitions. Their fairs are a thing to see. Old-fashioned as the Wends are, ordinary shopping has no attraction for them. But the merry fair, with its life and society, its exchange of gossip, its display of finery, its haggling and bargaining, its music and its dancing, is irresistibly alluring. At the great fair at Vetzschau in olden days you might see as many as a thousand Wendish girls, all dressed in their best, formally but merrily going

through their Wendish dances in the market-place. In matters of faith the Wends are all great believers in little superstitious formulas and observances, such as not turning a knife or a harrow edge or tine upward, lest the devil should sit down upon it. Their favorite devices for attracting a man's or a maiden's love are a little too artlessly natural to be fit for recital here. One great prevailing superstition is the belief in lucky stones—*kamushkks*. Stones, in truth, play a leading part in their traditions. They have a belief that stones went on growing, like plants, till the time of our Saviour's temptation, in the course of which, by an improvement upon the authorized text, they assert that he hurt his foot against one by accident. In punishment for having caused that pain, their growth is understood to have been stopped. They have other stones as well—"fright-stones" and "devil-stones," for instance. But the *kamushkks* are more valuable than all. They are handed on as precious heirlooms from parent to child, and often put down at a high value in the inventory of an estate. The supernatural world of the Wends is as densely peopled as any mythology ever yet heard of. There is the *pschesponiza*—the noon woman, to avoid whom women in pregnancy and after their confinement dare not go out of doors in the midday hours; there is the *smerkava*, or "dusk-woman," who is fatal to children; the *wichor*, or whirlwind; the *plon*, or dragon, who terrifies, but also brings treasure; the *bud*, or Will o'-the-Wisp; the *bubak*, or bogey; the nocturnal huntsman, *nocny hanik*; and the nocturnal carman, *nocny forman*; the *murava*, or nightmare; the *kobod* or *koblik*; the *chódota* (witch); the *buzawosj*, who frightens children; the *djas*, the *graby*, the *schyry zed*, the *kunkaz*, spirits "black" and "white," and any number more. Every mill has its peculiar *nykus* or *nyx*, who must be fed and propitiated. And then there are roguish sprites such as *Pumpot*, who is a sort of Wendish "bar-guest," doing kind turns as often as he plays mischievous pranks. All this curious Slav mythology alone is worth studying. If in a family children keep dying young, the remedy certain to be applied is, to christen the next born "Adam" or "Eve," according to its sex, which is thought absolutely to ensure its life. Like most much-believing races, the



Wends are remarkably simple-minded, trustful, leadable, and docile, free from that peculiar cunning and malice which is often charged, rightly or wrongly, to Slav races—not without fault, but in the main a race whom one grows fond of.

To see the Wends ethnographically at their best, you should seek them in their forest homes, all through that vast stretch of more or less pine-clad plain, mostly sand, extending northward from the last distant spurs of the "Riesengebirge" (which bounds at the same time Bohemia and Silesia), to the utmost limits of their territory in the March of Brandenburg, and much beyond that—or else in that uniquely beautiful Spreewald, some hundred of miles or so south of Berlin, a land of giant forest and water, an archipelago of turfy islets. That is the ancient headquarters of the Wendish nation, still peopled by a peculiar tribe, with peculiar, very quaint dress, with traditions and customs all their own, settled round the venerated site of their old kings' castle. It is all a land of mystic romance, sylvan silence, old-world usages, such as well become the supposed "Sacred Forest" of the ancient "Suevi." Alders and oaks—the former of a size met with nowhere else—cast a dense, black shade over the whole scene, which is in reality but one vast lake, on whose black and torpidly moving waters float wooded *kaupes* or isles, scattered upon which dwell in solitude and practical isolation the toilsome inhabitants, having no means of communication open to them except the myriads of arms of the sluggishly flowing Spree. A parish covers many square miles. Each little cottage, a picture by itself amid its bold forest surroundings, stands long distances away from its neighbors. The outskirts of the forest consist of wide tracts of wobbling meadow, a floating web of roots and herbage, over which one can scarcely move without sinking into water up to the hips. Were you to tread through, down you would go helplessly into the fathomless black swamp. On those vast meadows grow the heavy crops of sweet nutritious grass which make the Spreewald hay, valued at Berlin for its quality as is the hay of the Meuse at Paris. On their little islands, as in the *Hortilouages* of the Somme, the *kaupers* raise magnificent crops of vegetables (more particularly cucumbers, without which Berlin

would scarcely be itself), which, as on the Somme, they are constrained to carry to market by boat. Boats and skates, in fact, supply in that wooded Holland the only means of locomotion. And thanks to its canals and its water, all in it is so fresh, and so luxuriant, and so remarkably silent, that, while one is there, there seems no place like the Spreewald in which to be thoroughly alone with Nature. On a mound artificially raised upon one of these islands, at Burg, once stood the castle of the great Wendish kings, whose sceptre is supposed still to descend in secret from sire to son in a particular family, known only to the best initiated of Wends. To this country more specifically, together with some scores of distinct water sprites (each endowed with its own attribute), does Wendish mythology owe its numerous legends about snakes wearing precious crowns, which on occasion they will carelessly lay down on the grass, where, if luck should lead you that way, you may seize them and so ensure to yourself untold riches—provided that you can manage to get safely away.

In the mountainous country about Bautzen and Loebau in Saxony, where the scenery is fine, the air bracing, the soil mostly fat, nineteenth century levelling has been far too long at work for race customs to have maintained themselves altogether pure. There stand the ancient sacrificing places of the Wends, the Czorneboh, sacred to the "black god," the Bjeliboh, sacred to the "white" one—respectively, the Mounts Ebal and Gerizim of Wendland—and many more. Wendish traditions and Wendish speech are still very rife in those parts. And most of the brains of the race are to be found in that well-cultivated district—the "Wendish Schiller," the "Wendish Mozart," Im-misch, Hornigk, Pfuhl—all the literary coryphæi of the race. From Bautzen, certainly, it is quite impossible to dissociate Wendish traditions. That is to the Upper Lusatians what Cottbus is to the lower, *mjesto*, "the town," *par excellence*. There are very true Wends in those regions still. In a village near Hochkirch the community managed for a long time successfully to keep out Germans, refusing to sell any property otherwise than to a Wend. But under the influence of advancing civilization so many things externally peculiar to the race have disappeared

—their forests, and their wooden buildings, much of their ancient dress; they live so much in the great world, that they can scarcely be said to have kept up their peculiar race-life in perfect purity.

In the forest, on the other hand, where, in fact, dwell the bulk of the not yet denationalized race, you still see Wends as they were many centuries ago. It is a curious country, that easternmost stretch of what once was the great forest of Miriquidi, almost touching Bautzen, and Görlitz with its southernmost fringes, and extending northward far into the March of Brandenburg. At first glance you would take it to be intolerably prosaic. It spreads out at a dead level, flat as a rink, for miles and miles away, far as the eye can see, with nothing to break the straight skyline—except it be clouds of dust whirled up by the wind from the powdery surface of this German Sahara. The villages lie wide apart, divided by huge stretches of dark pine forest, much of it well-grown, not a little, however, crippled and stunted. The roads are often mere tracks of bottomless sand, along which toils the heavy coach at a foot pace, drawn by three horses at least, and shaking the passengers inside to bits by its rough motion across gnarled pine roots which in the dry sand will never rot. But look at it a little more closely, and you will find a peculiar kind of wild romance resting upon it. If you take the trouble to inquire, you will find that all this forest is peopled with elves. There are stories and legends and superstitions attaching to almost every point. Hid away among it are the sites of ancient Wendish villages—you may see where stood the houses, you may trace where were the ridged fields, you may feel, Wends will have it, by a creeping sensation coming over you as you pass, where were the ancient burial grounds. Here is an ancient haunted Celtic barrow. There is a cave in which are supposed to meet, at certain uncanny hours, the ghosts of cruel Swedish invaders, barbarously murdered in self-defence, or else Wendish warriors of much older time. Yonder, again, is a mound beneath which lies a treasure. Here “spooks” this spirit, there his fellow. By the Wends, the forest is regarded with peculiar awe. It is to them a personality, almost a deity, exacting, as they will have it, every year at least one victim as a tribute or sacrifice.

Every now and then you will come upon a heap of dry branches, on which you may observe that every passer-by religiously lays an additional stick. That is a “dead man,” a Wendish “cairn,” raised up in memory of some person who on that spot lost his life. Between the forest and dry fields picturesquely stretch out sheets of water, some of them of large size. And where there is water, the scenery at once assumes a hue of freshness and verdure which is most relieving. Dull and bare as this country generally is, no Switzer loves his own beautiful mountain home more fervently, or admires it with greater appreciation, than do the Wends their native patch of sand and peat and forest; nor does he miss it, when away, with more painful home-sickness.

In this flat tract of land you may see the German Slavs still living in their traditional timber or clay and wattle houses, built in the orthodox Wendish style—with a little round-roofed oven in front, and a draw-well surmounted by a tall slanting beam, with a little garden, the *Ausgedingehaus* for the pensioned-off late proprietor, the curious barge-board, ornamented at either end with some crudely fantastical carving (which was borrowed more than a thousand years ago from the early Saxons), and with that most characteristic mark of all, the heavy arched beam overshadowing the low windows. The house would be thatched, but that the Prussian government absolutely forbids thatch for new roofing. The entire settlement is laid out on the old nomad plan, reminding one of times when for security villagers had to dwell close together. In the middle of the village is the broad street or green, planted with high trees, which, by their contrast with the surrounding pine forest, indicate the site to the traveller a long way off. The Wends are devoted lovers of trees, and in every truly Wendish village you are sure to find a large lime tree, tall or stunted, but in every case spreading out its branches a long distance sideways, and overshadowing a goodly space. That tree has for generations back formed the centre of local life, and is venerated as becomes a “sacred tree” of ancient date. Here young and old are wont to assemble. Here on Saturday afternoons in spring-time, gather the young girls to blend their tuneful voices in sacred song heralding the advent of Easter. Here

used to meet the village council—which has in recent times, for reasons of practical convenience, removed to the public-house—the *gromada*, or *kromada*, summoned by means of a *kokula* or *hejka*, that is, “a crooked stick” or a hammer, sent round from house to house. Every householder, large or small, has a right to be present and to take his full part in the proceedings; for the Wends are no respecters of persons. In the centre sits the *solta*, as president, supported by his “sidesmen,” the *starski*. And there are discussed the affairs of the little community, heavily and solemnly at first, but with increasing animation as the *pálenza*, or *schnaps*, gets into people’s heads. The most interesting by far of these periodical meetings is the *gromada hoklapnica*, the “gromada of brawls,” that is, which is held in most villages on St. Thomas’ Day, in some on Epiphany Day, to transact, with much pomp and circumstance, the business which has reference to the whole year. The annual accounts are there settled. New members are received into the commune, and if any have married, the Wendish marriage tax is levied upon them. If there are any paupers in the parish, they are at that meeting billeted in regular succession upon parishioners. Another important matter to settle is the institution of paid parish officers, none of whom are appointed for more than a year at a time. Watchman, field-guard, blacksmith, road-mender, etc., all are expected to attend, cap in hand, making their obeisance as before a Czar, thanking the *gromada* for past favors, which have secured them infinitesimal pay, and humbly supplicating for new, which are, as a rule, granted with a rather pompous and condescending grace.

The village homesteads line the common or street on either side, standing gable outward, as every Wendish house ought to stand. From them radiate in long narrow strips the fields, as originally divided, when the settlers were still a semi-nomad race, when each member was scrupulously assigned his own share of loam, clay, high land, low land, peat, sand, meadow—not only in order that none might be better off than his neighbor, but also that the workers in the fields might at all times make sure of fellowship, to lighten their toil by chat and song, and by taking their meals in company. By intuitive instinct

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the Wends prefer cultivating light land, whereas the Germans give the preference to heavy. All their implements seem made for light soil. Such are their wooden spades, tastefully edged with steel, which, though not perhaps as useful as our all-steel implements, look incomparably more picturesque. And from light soil the Wends know better than any race how to raise remunerative crops. They understand heavy land, too, as witness their excellent tillage in Upper Lusatia, and above all in that German “Land of Goshen,” the Duchy of Altenburg. But on sand they are most at home. And in the poorest districts you may make sure that whenever you see a particularly fine patch of corn, or potatoes, or millet, or buckwheat, that patch is peasant’s land.

The church, as a rule, is placed right in the middle of the village. The Wends value their church. For all their stubborn paganism in early days, against which St. Columban, and St. Emmeran, and St. Rupert and St. Eckbert, all contended in vain, the Wends have always been a devoutly religious people, and at present—barring a little drinking and a little stealing (which latter, however, is strictly confined to fruit and timber, upon which two commodities they hold communistic opinions)—they are exemplary Christians. With their parsons they do not always get on well. But that is because some of the parsons, raised from peasant rank, are, or were—for things have altered by the introduction of fixed stipends—a little exacting in the matter of tithes and offerings, and the demand that there should be many sponsors to a christening, for the sake of the fees. There are some queer characters among that forest-clergy. One in my neighborhood was a good deal given to second-hand dealing. He attended every sale within an accessible radius, to bring home a couch, or a whip, or a pair of pole-chains, or a horse cloth, for re-sale. His vicarage was in truth a recognized second-hand goods store, in which every piece of furniture kept continually changing. Another was greedy enough to claim a seat at the Squire’s table, at the great dinners given in connection with the annual *battues*, as a matter of “prescription.” A third drank so hard that on one occasion he had to be propped up against the altar to enable him to go on with the service. The most curious of all, however,

was the "chaplain" of Muskau, who married his couples wholesale, on the Manchester "sort yourselves" principle. Sometimes, when things went a little slowly, and he grew impatient, it was he who "sorted" the couples, and then occasionally it would happen that, giving the word of command like a Prussian corporal, he would "sort" them wrongly. They were far too well drilled to discipline not to obey. But when the ceremony was over they would lag sheepishly behind, scratching their heads and saying: "*Knès duchowny*, I should have married that girl, and this girl should have married him." However, the Church had spoken, and the cause was finished. Married they were and married they must remain. Even to this the patient Wends submitted.

But all this has nothing to do with the Church proper, as distinct from the parson. Their religious instinct appears born with the Wends. Religion seems to be in all their thoughts and most of their acts. The invariable greeting given is "God be with you." They talk habitually of "God's rain," "God's sun," "God's crops," "God's bread,"—to them "every good gift and every perfect gift cometh from above." Worshippers returning from church are hailed with a "Welcome from God's Word." When the sun goes down, it is to "God" that it goes to rest. Whenever a bargain is struck, the appeal to the other party is "God has seen it," or "God has heard it." And although German jurisdiction, with its partiality for oaths slyly extracted after a statement, has imported here and there a little false swearing, in the main that ancient confirmation of the contract is still respected. In Wendland the churches are filled as nowhere else in Germany, and however prosily the parson may preach—as he generally does—nowhere is he more attentively and devoutly listened to. In Wendland alone of all Germany have I noticed that Protestants bow at the mention of the name of "Jesus." Barring some ten thousand Roman Catholics in Saxony, the Wends are all staunch Protestants of that nondescript Lutheran-Calvinist creed, which the kings of Prussia have imposed upon their country. But not a few of their beliefs and superstitions and legends hark back to older days. They still keep *Corpus Christi*. In their religious legends, which are of very an-

cient origin, the Virgin plays a prominent part—leading off, among other things, a nocturnal dance, in which the angels all join, clad in silken gowns with green wreaths on their heads, meeting for the purpose, of all unsuitable places, in the church, and carefully locking the door against human intruders. The Virgin spins; the Virgin sews shirts; the Virgin does all that Wendish women are taught to do. In Scripture-lore the Wends have their own localized versions of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah; of the fight of St. George and the Dragon; and an even more localized tale of the doings of King David. The archangel Michael is made to fight for Budyssin against the Germans. Judas Iscariot, according to their national tradition, comes to grief mainly through gambling. The Saviour gave him thirty pieces of silver to buy bread with. These he staked—tempted by Jews whom he saw gambling by the wayside—on an unlucky card; and to recover them it was that he sold his Master. To cap all this unorthodoxy, the Wends make the Creator call after Judas that he is forgiven. But remorse drives him to hang himself, notwithstanding. He tries a pine and a fir, but finds them too soft, so he selects an aspen tree—hence its perpetual agitation. One of their peculiar legendary saints is Diter Thomas, who was so holy that he could hang his clothes when going to bed—which he appears to have done in the daytime—on a sunbeam. One day, however, at church this devout man espied the Devil seated behind the altar, engaged in taking down on a fresh cowhide the names of all whom he saw sleeping in church. There must have been an unusually large number, for the cowhide proved too small, and Satan was fain to stretch it by holding one end with his teeth and pulling at the other with his hands. As it happened, his teeth let go, and back went his head against the wall, with a bang which woke up all the sleepers. This aroused in pious Thomas so much mirth that he forgot the respect due to the holy place, and laughed aloud—in punishment for which offence his grace departed from him, and he was reduced to the necessity of using pegs. For their regularity in attendance at church, I half suspect that the peculiar Wendish fondness for singing is, in not a small degree, accountable; and, it may be, also the at-



traction of a little gossip after service, and the excitement of an occasional little fair.

The Wends would indeed not be Slavs if they were not engrossingly fond of singing. Singing is, in fact, among young folk reckoned the principal accomplishment. And they have a rich store of songs, set to exceedingly melodious airs. They have them of all descriptions—legends and convivial songs, martial songs, sacred hymns, short *róncka* and *reje* for the dancing-room, and long elegies and ballads for the field, to shorten the long summer's day out at work. They have their own curious instruments, too, still in use—a three-stringed fiddle, a peculiar sort of hautboy, and bagpipes of two different sizes, the larger one invariably ornamented with a goat's head. To be a *kantorka* (presentress) in church, or even in a spinning-room, is a thing for a Wendish girl to be proud of, and to remember to her old age. What a Wendish village would in winter time be without those social spinning meetings it is difficult to imagine. To no race do conviviality, mirth, harmless but boisterous amusement, seem so much of a necessary of life. And none appears to be so thoroughly devoted to the practice of homely household virtues. Spinning, poultry-breeding, bee-keeping, gardening, coupled with singing, and nursing children, and making model housewives—these are the things which occupy girls' thoughts. At her very christening the baby-girl, borne back from church "as a Christian," is made to find a spindle and a broom carefully laid in the room, to act as charms in setting her infant thoughts in the right direction. Her "sponsor's letter" is sure to contain some symbolic grains of flax and millet. And a lover's principal gift to his sweetheart invariably consists of a carefully-turned and brightly-painted "*kriebatsche*," an antiquated spindle and distaff that is, which is held dear as a family Bible. Spinning, indeed, is among Wends a far more important occupation than elsewhere. For men and women alike wear by preference linen clothes, made of good, stout, substantial stuff, thick enough to keep out the cold. In rural Germany a peasant girl is expected as an indispensable preparative for marriage to knit her "tally" of stockings. In Wendland the *trousseau* consists all of spun linen. Servants invariably receive part of their wages

in flax. Spinning accordingly is about the most important work to be accomplished in a household. And as it lends itself capitally to sociability and mirth, the Wendish maidens take to it with peculiar zest. The date for beginning these gatherings throughout Lusatia is the 11th of October, St. Burkhard's Day in the Wendish calendar. On that day the young unmarried women tell themselves off into *psazas*, that is, spinning companies, consisting of twelve at the outside, all of them girls of unblemished character. Among no race on earth is purity more valued and insisted upon—in both sexes—than among these poor forest Wends. Wherever corruption has crept in, it is wholly due to the evil seductions of Germans, who have taken advantage of the helplessness of Wendish girls when away on service. In a Wendish village, to have made a *faux pas* deprives a young fellow and girl alike of their character for life. The girl must not sit with the other girls in church when the young are catechized; she must not walk up to the altar on high festivals; she must not join in the singing; and the spinning companies will not have her. In olden times she was not even allowed to dance. Young men going notoriously astray used to be punished in their own way.

Some time before the eventful eleventh, the *psaza* assemble to decide in whose house the spinning gatherings are to be held. In that house they meet throughout the winter, spinning industriously with wheel or with spindle from seven to ten, and requiting the housewife for her hospitality with welcome assistance in various kinds of domestic work. On the first evening the company quite expect to be treated to a good supper of roast goose. How all the spinners, with the resident family, and those young fellows who, of course, will from time to time pay the lasses a visit—either in disguise or in their own proper garb—manage to meet, and work, and lark, and dance, where they do, it is rather a problem to solve. For many of the rooms are not large. They are plain, of course, in their equipment, like all Wendish rooms (in which paint is allowed only on chairs; all the other wood-work being subject to the scrubbing-brush), but strikingly peculiar. Almost in one corner—but far enough away from the wall to leave space for a little, cosy nook

behind—stands the monster tile stove, very adequately heated with peat or wood, and showing, tolerably high up, a little open fireplace, in which burns a bright little wood fire, rather to give light and look cheerful, than to diffuse warmth. That is the vestal hearth of the Wendish house, without which there would be no home. In another corner stands the solid, large deal table, with painted chairs around. The walls are all wainscoted with deal boards; and round the whole room runs a narrow bench, similar to the *murka*, a seat far more tempting, which encircles the stove. Nearly all the household implements in use are neatly ranged about the walls, or else placed on the floor—the *boberzge*, a peculiar plate rack; the *polca*, to hold pots and spoons; and the *standa*, for water. There are baskets, cans, tubs all round, and a towel hung up for show. This room grows tolerably lively when the spinning company assemble, telling their tales, playing their games, gossiping and chatting, but mostly singing. “Shall we have any new songs?” is the first question invariably asked when the *psaza* constitutes itself. And if there is a new girl come into the village, the inquiry at once passes round, “Does she know any new songs?” Indeed, the *psazas* serve as the principal singing classes for the young women in the village. They are kept up throughout the year as special choirs and sub-choirs, so to speak, singing together on all sacred and mundane occasions where singing is required. Whenever “the boys” look in, there is great fun. Sometimes one will dress up as a “bear,” in a “skin” made up of buckwheat straw; or else he will march in as a “stork,” which causes even greater amusement. Once at least in the season the funny man of the set makes his appearance transformed into what, by a very wild flight of imagination, may be taken for a pantomime horseman, with a horse made up of four big sieves, hung over with a white sheet. Before calling in a real, formal way, the boys are always careful to ask for leave, which means that they will bring *piwo* and *pálenza* (beer and spirits), the girls revenging themselves by providing cake and coffee; and then the entertainment will wind up with a merry dance. One very amusing occasion is the *dopalowak*, or *dolamowak*, that is, the last spinning evening before Christmas, when the boys

sit in judgment upon the girls, and, should they find one or the other guilty of idleness, condemn her to have her flax burned or else her spindle broken, which penalties are, of course, in every case commuted into a fine. This sort of thing goes on till Ash Wednesday, when the “Spinte” is formally executed by stabbing, an office which gives fresh scope to the facetiousness and agility of the funny man. The night before is the social evening *par excellence*. It is called *corny wecor*, “the black evening,” because girls and boys alike amuse themselves with blackening their faces like chimney-sweeps, and with the very same material. The boys are allowed to take off the girls’ caps and let down their hair—the one occasion on which it is permitted to hang loose. And there is rare merrymaking throughout the night. Indeed, all Shrovetide is kept with becoming spirit, perhaps more boisterously than among any other folk, and in true excitable Slav style. The boys go about a “zampering,” and collecting contributions; the girls bring out their little savings; and then the young people dance their fill, keeping it up throughout Lent. Indeed, they dance pretty well all the year round.

“Njemski rady rejwam,  
Serski hisce radsjo;”

which may be rendered thus:

“The German way I love to dance,  
But the Wendish dance I dote on.”

To witness the *serska reja*—the only truly national dance preserved among the Wends—at its best, you should see it danced on some festive occasion, when the blood is up, out in the open air, on the grass plot, where stands the sacred lime tree. There is plenty of room there. The very sight of the green—say of the young birches placed around for decoration at Whitsuntide or Midsummer—seems to fire the susceptible spirits. The dancers throw themselves into the performance with a degree of vigor and energy of which we Teutons have no notion. The *serska reja* is a pantomimic dance. Each couple has its own turn of leading. The cavalier places his partner in front of him, facing her, and while the band keeps playing, and the company singing one of those peculiarly stirring Wendish dance tunes, he sets about adjuring her to grant him his desire, and dance with him. She stands

stock still, her arms hanging down flop by her side. The cavalier capers about, shouts, strikes his hands against his thighs, kneels, touches his heart—with the more dramatic force the better. At length the lady gives way, and in token of consent raises her hand. Briskly do the two spin round now for the space of eight bars, after which for eight more they perform something like a cross between a *chassez-croisez* and a jig, and so on for a little while, after which the whole company joins in the same performance. As a finish the cavalier “stands” the band and his partner some liquor, and a merry round dance concludes his turn of leading, to the accompaniment of a tune and song, *rócnka*, selected by himself.

Lent is a season more particularly consecrated to song. Every Saturday afternoon, and on some other days, the girls of the various *psazas* assemble under the village lime tree, the seat around which is scrupulously reserved for them, to sing, amid the rapt attention of the whole village, some of their delightful sacred songs peculiar to the season. This singing reaches its climax on Easter night, when young fellows and girls march round the village in company, warbling in front of every door, in return for which they receive some refreshment. For a brief time only do they suspend their music to fetch “Easter water” from the brook, which must be done in perfect silence, and accordingly sets every mischief-maker at work, teasing and splashing, and playing all sorts of practical jokes, in order to extract a word of protest from the water-fetching maidens. As the clock strikes midnight the young women form in procession and march out to the fields, and all round the cultivated area, singing Easter hymns till sunrise. It produces a peculiarly stirring effect to hear all this solemn singing—may be the same tunes ringing across from an adjoining parish, as if echoed back by the woods—and to see those tall forms solemnly moving about in the early gloaming, like ancient priestesses of the goddess Ostara. While the girls are singing, the bell-ringers repair to the belfry (which in many villages stands beside the church) to greet the Easter sun with the traditional “Dreischlag,” the “three-stroke,” intended to indicate the Trinity.

I have no space here to refer to any-

thing like all the curious Wendish observances which ought to be of interest to folklorists: the lively *kokot*, or harvest home, the *kermusa*, the merry children's feast on May Day, the joyful observance of Whit Sunday and Midsummer, the peculiar children's games, and the rest of them. It is all so racy and peculiar, all so merry and yet so modest in the expenditure made upon it, it all shows the Wends so much to advantage as a contented, happy, cheerful people—perhaps a little thoughtless, but in any case making the best of things under all circumstances, and glad to show off their Slav finery and throw themselves into whatever enjoyment Providence has vouchsafed, with a zest and spirit which is not to be excelled, and which I for one should be sorry to see replaced by the more decorous, perhaps, but far less picturesque hilarity of the Germans. If only the Wends did not consume such unconscionable quantities of bad liquor! And if in their cups they did not fall a quarrelling quite so fiercely! It is all very well to say, with truthful pithiness, that “there is not a drop of spirit on which do not hang nine devils.” But their practice accords ill with this proverbial wisdom. The public-house is to them the centre of social life. Every newcomer is formally introduced and made to shake hands with the landlord. They have a good deal of tavern etiquette which is rigidly adhered to, and the object of which in all cases is, like George the Fourth's “whitewash,” to squeeze an additional glass of liquor into the day's allowance. Thus every guest is entitled to a help from the landlord's jug, but in return, from every glass served is the landlord entitled to the first sip. Thus again, after a night's carousal, the guests always expect to be treated by the host to a free liquor round, which is styled the *Swaty Jan*—that is, the Saint John—meaning “the Evangelist,” whose name is taken in vain because he is said to have drunk out of a poisoned cup without hurt. All the invocation in the world of the Saint will not, however, it is to be feared, make the wretched *pálenza* of the Wends—raw potato fusel—innocuous. It is true, their throats will stand a good deal. By way of experiment, I once gave an old woman a glass of raw spirit as it issued from the still, indicating about 82 per cent. of alcohol. She made a face certainly, but it did not hurt her; and she

would without much coaxing have taken another glass.

This article has already grown so long that of the many interesting customs connected with the burial of the dead and the honoring of their memory I can only refer to one very peculiar and picturesque rite. Having taken the dying man out of his bed, and placed him (for economy) on straw (which is afterward burned) to die, put him in his coffin, with whatever he is supposed to love best, to make him comfortable—and in addition a few bugs, to clear the house of them—the mourners carry him out of the house, taking care to bump him on the high threshold, and in due course the coffin is rested for part of the funeral service in front of the parsonage or the church. In providing for the comfort of the dead the survivors exercise some ingenuity. No male Wend is buried without his pipe, no married female without her bridal dress. Children are given toys, and eggs, and apples. Money used to be put into the coffin, but people found that it got stolen. So now the practice is restricted to the very few Jews living among the Wends, who, it is thought, cannot possibly be happy without money; and with a degree of consideration which to some people will appear excessive, some stones are added, in order that they may have them "to throw at the Saviour." In front of the church or parsonage the coffin is once more opened, and the mourners, all clad in white—which is the Wendish color for mourning—are invited to have a last look at the body. Then follows the *Dobra noc*, a quaint and strictly racial ceremony. The nearest relative of the dead, a young person, putting a dense white veil over his or her head and body, is placed at the back of the coffin, and from that place in brief words answers on behalf of the dead such questions as affection may prompt near friends and relatives to ask. That done, the whole company join in the melodious *Dobra noc*—wishing the dead one last "Good-night." After that, the lid is once more screwed down and the coffin is lowered into the grave.

There are few things more picturesque, I ought to say, than a funeral procession in the Spreewald, made up of boats gliding noiselessly along one of those dark forest canals, having the coffin hung with white, and all the mourners dressed in the same color, the women wearing the regu-

lation white handkerchief across their mouths. The gloom around is not the half-night of Styx; but the thought of Charon and his boat instinctively occurs to one. The whole seems rather like a melancholy vision, or dream, than a reality.

Hard pressed as I am for space, I must find some to say, at any rate, just a few words about Wendish marriage customs. For its gayety, and noise, and lavish hospitality, and protracted merriment, its finery and its curious ways, the Wendish wedding has become proverbial throughout Germany. Were I to detail all its quaint little touches, all its peculiar observances, each one pregnant with peculiar mystic meaning, all its humors and all its fun, I should have to give it an article by itself. It is a curious mixture of ancient and modern superstition and Christianity, diplomacy and warfare. The bride is still ostensibly carried off by force. Only a short time ago the bridegroom and his men were required to wear swords in token of this. But all the formal negotiation is done by diplomacy—very cautiously, very carefully, as if one were feeling his way. First comes an old woman, the *schotta*, to clear the ground. After that the *druzba*, the best man, appears on the scene—to inquire about pigs, or buckwheat, or millet, or whatever it may be, and incidentally also about the lovely Hilzicka, whom his friend Janko is rather thinking of paying his addresses to—the fact being all the while that long since Janko and Hilzicka have, on the sly, arranged between themselves that they are to be man and wife. But observe that in Wendland girls may propose as well as men; and that the bridegroom, like the bride, wears his "little wreath of rue"—if he be an honest man. The girl and her parents visit the suitor's house quite unexpectedly. And there and then only does the young lady openly decide. If she sits down in the house, it means "Yes." And forthwith preparations are busily set on foot. Custom requires that the bride should give up dancing and gayety and all that, leave off wearing red, and stitch away at her *trousseau*, while her parents kill the fatted calf. Starve themselves as they will at other times, at a wedding they must be liberal like *parvenus*. Toward this hospitality, it is true, their friends and neighbors contribute, sending butter and milk, and the like, just before the wedding, as well as



making presents of money and other articles to the young people at the feast itself. But we have not yet got to that by a long way. The young man, too, has his preparations to make. He has to send out the *braska*, the "bidder," in his gay dress, to deliver invitations. How people would stare in this country, were they to see a *braska* making his rounds, with a wreath on his hat, one or two colored handkerchiefs dangling showily from different parts of his coat, besides any quantity of gay ribbons and tinsel, and a herald's staff covered with diminutive bunting! Then there are the banns to be published, and on the Sunday of the second time of asking, the bride and bridegroom alike are expected to attend the Holy Communion, and afterward to undergo a regular examination—in Bible, in Catechism, in reading—at the hands of the parson. By preference the latter makes them read aloud the seventh chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. At the wedding itself, the ceremonial is so complicated that the *braska*, the master of ceremonies, has to be specially trained for his duties. There is a little farce first at the bride's house. The family pretend to know nothing of what is coming; their doors and windows are all closely barred, and the *braska* is made to knock a long time before the door is cautiously opened, with a gruff greeting which bids him go away and not trouble peaceable folk. His demand for "a little shelter" is only granted after much further parleying and incredulous inquiry about the respectability of the intruding persons. When the bride is asked for, an old woman is produced in her stead, next a little girl, then one or two wrong persons more, till at last the true bride is brought forth in all the splendor of a costume to which it is scarcely possible to do justice in writing. As much cloth as will make up four ordinary gowns is folded into one huge skirt. On the bride's neck hangs all conceivable finery of pearls, and ribbons, and necklaces, and strings of silver coins—as much, in fact, as the neck will carry. There is any amount of starched frilling and collar above the shoulders; a close-fitting blue silk bodice below; and a high cap, something like a conjuror's—the *borta*, or bride's cap—upon her head. Even her stockings are not of the ordinary make, but knitted particularly large so as

to have to be laid in folds. The wedding party driving off to church, preceded by at least six outriders, make as big a clatter as pistol-firing, singing, shouting, thumping with sticks, and discordant trumpeting will produce. On the road, and in church, a number of little observances are prescribed. At the feast the bride has her male attendants, *swats*, like the bridegroom, whose duty it is, above all things, to dance with her, should she want a partner. For this is the last day of her dancing for life, except on Shrove Tuesdays, and, in some Prussian parishes, by express order of the Government, on the Emperor's birthday, and the anniversary of Sedan. The bridegroom, on the other hand, must not dance at the wedding, though he may afterward. Like the bride, he has his own *slonka*—his "old lady," that is—to serve him as guide, philosopher and friend. Hospitality flows in unstinted streams. Sometimes as many as two hundred persons sit down to the meals, and keep it up, eating, drinking and dancing, for three days at least, sometimes for a whole week. It would be a gross breach of etiquette to leave anything of the large portions served out on the table. Whatever cannot be eaten must be carried home. Hence those waterproof pockets of phenomenal size which, in olden days, Wendish parsons used to wear under their long coat-tails, and into which, at gentlemen's houses, they used to deposit a goodly store of various meats, poultry, pudding and *méringues*, to be finally christened—surreptitiously, of course—with rather incongruous affusions of gravy or soup, administered by the mischievous young gentlemen of "the House" for the benefit of Frau Pastorin and her children at home. Sunday and Tuesday are favorite days for a wedding. Thursday is rigorously avoided. For two days the company feast at the bride's house. Taking her to bed on the first night is a peculiar ceremony. The young girls crowd around her in a close circle, and refuse to let her go. The young lads do the same by the bridegroom. When, at last, the two force an exit, they are formally received into similar circles of married men and women severally. The bride is bereft of her *borta*, and receives a *cjepe*, a married woman's cap, in its place. After some more hoens-pocus, the two are accompanied severally by the *braska* and the

bride's *slonka* into the bridal chamber, the bride protesting all the time that she is "not yet her bridegroom's wife." The *braska* serves as valet to the bridegroom, the *slonka* undresses the bride. Then the *braska* formally blesses the marriage-bed, and out walk the two attendants to leave the young folk by themselves. Next morning the bride appears as "wife," looking very demure, in a married woman's garb. On that day the presents are given, amid many jokes—especially when it comes to a cradle, or a baby's bath—from the *braska* and the *zwada*—the latter a sort of clown specially retained to amuse the bride, who is expected to be terribly sad throughout. The sadder she is at the wedding, the merrier, it is said, will she be in married life. There is any amount of rather rough fun. On the third day, the company adjourn to the house of the bridegroom's parents, where, according to an ancient custom, the bride ought to go at once into the cowhouse, and upset a can of water, "for luck," her husband standing by, and waiting upon her. That ac-

complished, she should carry a portion of meat to the poorest person in the village. A week later, the young couple visit the bride's parents, and have a "young wedding" *en famille*.

I have said enough, I hope, to show what an interestingly childlike, happily disposed, curious and contented race those few surviving Wends are. And they are so peaceful and loyal. Pan-slavist agitators have tried their wicked arts upon them all in vain. Surely these quiet, harmless folk, fathers as they are of the North German race, might have been spared that uncalled-for nagging and worrying with which they have been persecuted from Berlin, and allowed to die in peace. Death no doubt is bound to come. It cannot be averted. But it is a death which one may well view with regret. For with the Wends will die a faithfully preserved specimen of very ancient Slav life, quite unique in its way, as interesting a piece of history, archæology and folklore as ever was met with on the surface of the globe.—*Westminster Review*.

## THE DIVINATION-STONE OF KÂLI.

### LOVE AND CRIME IN INDIA.

#### CHAPTER I.

AUGUST in Bengal! A time of steamy heat and lassitude! The brazen sky of fiery summer is hid beneath a leaden pall of autumn cloud stretching from hill to hill across the Indian continent. The rain falls relentlessly, filling river-bed and runnel with brown spates, which bubble down the broad green plains to swell the giant flood of distant Ganges. The thunder has crashed and rattled all day long, the damp wind meanwhile tearing and tossing the broad leaves of the sturdy teak-trees which crown the hill-tops far and near. Here at the foot of the slopes the air is dead and sweltering, and the forests rest, while a thin steam rises from the hot soaked earth, which has drunk in the warm rain till it can drink no more. Night falls fast, and low on the horizon the sullen lightning shows where the storm is raging yet.

The flickering flashes light up long lines of rails, which curve in and out among the undulations of the ground. Half hidden

behind a woody hill the station lamps begin to glimmer and twinkle through the thick rain. Out here in the open, a huge red danger-signal hangs in mid-air, throwing a weird light on a dense clump of giant aloes by the railroad side. Within this thorny retreat two men lie curled up beneath their sopping blankets, careless of the rain, muttering at intervals to each other in a barbarous Hindce dialect. One of them is Tantu, and the other is Bbika. They are both Bhils—black, wiry, little aborigines—and both are valued members of Ramnarayan's band of outlaws. They are here in furtherance of a scheme which their chief relies upon to make his fortune, a matter very near to his heart. It is not altogether for lucre's sake that Ramnarayan so earnestly longs to amass wealth. The fact is that, as in the case of so many a Western swain, the want of money is the one and insuperable obstacle between him and his heart's desire.

For Ramnarayan is in love; and the object of his affection is Sita, who is jeal-

ously guarded by her father, old Sheonarayan, a rich tradesman of Kheri, a town some hundred and fifty miles away in one of the western divisions of Bengal. Sita is barely fifteen, yet for five years has been a widow! Fortunately for her she is not of high caste, and instead of being doomed to lifelong widowhood and drudgery, as so many of her miserable countrywomen are, she may marry again. But the poor child does not recognize any special good fortune in this fact just at the present moment.

Sita is tall, willowy, and very fair—as Orientals reckon fairness—and through her olive-tawny skin can be seen at times a dusky flush. Her face is oval and delicate-featured, her teeth round and pearly white, while her carefully tended hair, soft as silk, lies in thick jetty coils on the back of a shapely well-poised head, which is kept churlishly hidden beneath the folds of a white linen hood. Her figure is perfection, and her carriage undeniable. In short, Sita is a beauty, and she knows it. She is also a woman—notwithstanding that she is of an age at which English girls are, or should be, restricted to the schoolroom—and a self-willed young woman to boot. And Sita is in love with her cousin Ramnarayan, who is unfortunately a scapegrace, but yet as handsome and stalwart a young ne'er-do-weel as ever broke a mother's heart or drew down an unappreciative father's curse upon his head.

Now Sheonarayan has ordered his fair daughter to marry his old friend Purrus Ram, who is in trade in a considerable way in the city of Burhi, three days' journey from Kheri. But Purrus Ram, who is worthy, wealthy, and altogether desirable as a son-in-law, does not appear in poor Sita's eyes to be equally suitable as a husband to so young and pretty a girl as herself. To begin with, he is an old school-fellow of her father, and consequently years and years too old for her. Then he is ugly, and carries a ridiculously round paunch, which is most aggressively perceptible in the classic demi toilet affected by the Hindoo shopkeeper in warm weather. Further, he is stupid and matter-of-fact—in short, he is all that a fresh and romantic girl chiefly dislikes in a *fiancé*. Worse than all, he is not Ramnarayan, her high-spirited lover; and so Sita, who has no alternative but to obey her father, hates him, and thinks Sheona-

rayen a heartless tyrant, and has succeeded in working herself up into as pretty a state of misery as any thwarted damsel could well do under similar provocation.

Really, however, Sheonarayan was not much to blame. Sita was getting on in life, and it was an imperative caste necessity that she should get settled without delay, and with the exception of Purrus Ram there was at the time no other eligible man to whom Sita could be given. Sheonarayan was quite aware of the feeling which existed between his daughter and Ramnarayan, but the idea of their marriage could not be seriously entertained for an instant. Not that Sheonarayan had any particular objection to Ramnarayan, save as a son-in-law. Indeed he liked the young fellow well, and admired his pluck and address. But, as might be inferred from what we have seen, young Ramnarayan, instead of minding his ancestral business, had early fallen into bad company with the usual result, and was now obliged to absent himself from the neighborhood of Kheri, where he was very particularly wanted by the police.

It was generally understood that the young man was at the present moment hiding, in a state of penury bordering on starvation, among the distant hills, which, being roadless and almost entirely covered with rocks and thick undergrowth, were the favorite refuge of leopards, wolves, proscribed criminals, and other predatory animals. Only Sita knew that her lover was far away in another direction, engaged on some business, of the nature of which she was ignorant, which they both confidently hoped would soon enrich Ramnarayan to such an extent as to justify him in coming forward openly to demand Sita's hand. They considered, not without reason perhaps, that if Ramnarayan could prove to Sheonarayan that he was in as good a position to support a wife as Purrus Ram was, the elder lover would be sent about his business, and the young people's patience would be rewarded. Five or six months had passed since Ramnarayan had informed Sita, in very general terms, of his new hopes, and the poor girl had received no tidings of him since. She was becoming very anxious about him, and was fretting for news of him. By this time, however, Ramnarayan's plans were complete, and everything was progressing favorably.

The scene of his bold stroke for wealth was Luchmiserai, the nearest railway station to his hills of refuge ; indeed the station lay nestled among the outlying spurs of the range. On fixed dates, once a month, large amounts of railway earnings were sent down in silver from this place to the metropolis, the money being collected here from the lines to the north and the east, for Luchmiserai was an important junction. The cash, so long as it was deposited in the station, was very securely guarded, and Ramnarayen had satisfied himself by cautious inquiry that it could not be touched during the process of collection. But for some unknown reason, while the money was in course of transport to Calcutta, no special safeguards were employed to prevent robbery in the train, it being simply locked into safes and stowed as ordinary luggage in the guard's van. Ramnarayen had ascertained, months ago, that on a certain day a much larger sum than usual would be sent to Calcutta, as receipts would be greatly increased owing to an enormous pilgrim traffic which was expected. And Ramnarayen had resolved to make all this money his own.

He had carefully prepared a plan of action, omitting no precaution calculated to ensure success. He had taken up his residence in a hamlet close to the Luchmiserai railway station, and, disguised as a trader and money-lender, had formed the acquaintance of the treasurer in charge at the station, and most of the railway staff. Tantú and others of his gang were scattered about the various hamlets in the vicinity of the station, and had been busy ingratiating themselves with the railway servants. In this Tantú had been specially successful, and now he occasionally took a friend's tour of duty at night, surreptitiously assuming the railway livery, unknown to the superior authorities of the station.

The eventful morning dawned heavily ; a storm had raged all day ; the night promised to be thick and dark ; and everything augured well for success. In due time the brake-van, which was to contain the money, was brought up to a side platform, and there the safes, filled with silver, were laboriously loaded on it. There were twelve of them, each containing cash to the value of about £500 ster-

ling. When all were deposited, the doors were locked with an ordinary key, and the van was shunted on to a siding to await the arrival of the mail-train, to which it was to be attached. There it was left alone and unguarded, and as soon as it became sufficiently dark Ramnarayen opened the door with a key which he had contrived to obtain some time before, and slipped unperceived into the carriage. He took with him a sledge-hammer and a large crowbar. With the former he intended to stun the guard, and with the latter he would slide the heavy safes out of the door when the guard had been overpowered. It was not without satisfaction that he remembered, as he closed the door of the van cautiously behind him, that the guard on duty would be a puny Eurasian called Rozario, whom he would easily master.

It soon grew quite dark, and the rain fell more heavily than ever. Tantú and his friend Bhika began to stir ; the former produced the blouse and the blue-and-white head-dress of a railway servant—for he had arranged to take a friend's duty to-night—and hastily putting them on, walked away toward the station, where a little bustle denoted the approach of working hours once more. Bhika stole across in the darkness to the van in which his chief was hidden, and tapping gently on the side, whispered to Ramnarayen to ascertain if all were well, wished him good luck, and then, turning his back on the station lights, began to plough his way doggedly through the mud at the side of the railway track to his appointed place some three or four miles down the line. There Tantú would join him after his work was over at the station. Their duty would be to open the safes thrown out from the train by Ramnarayen, and for this purpose Bhika carried a couple of stout hammers and cold chisels, concealed under the coarse brown blanket which he wore, twisted up in some peculiar fashion so as to form a sort of pent-roof over his head—a capital protection from the rain. Every three or four hundred yards for some few miles along the line beyond Bhika's post, members of Ramnarayen's gang were stationed to force open the safes which would be rolled out of the van at intervals of two or three minutes. In the meantime, Tantú reached the railway plat-



form, and took up his place as a railway servant, doing unobtrusively whatever was required of him.

At last the mail-train, with its huge red eyes all bleared with rain, drifted into the station, and then a scene of wondrous noise and confusion began. There were all the third-class native passengers for the east to drag out of their pens like unwilling sheep, and all the new third-class passengers for the south to coax and bully into their places. The first and second-class passengers—white monarchs of the world—rushed hither and thither in search of refreshments, impatiently elbowing out of their way the streams of bewildered natives who drifted aimlessly about the platform. Two hideous bull-terriers, the property of a British subaltern on his way to the metropolis to learn the vernacular, broke away from their keeper, and proceeded to hunt and demolish a vile and mangy pariah dog which had long infested the station, and which, from the outbreak of hostilities onward, screamed and yelped in the most craven and ear-piercing manner. Each lamp in each carriage composing the long mail-train had to be noisily pulled out of its resting-place, perfunctorily looked at, and then hurled with a crash back into its place. Each axle and each wheel had to be examined *vivâ voce* with the aid of a sledge-hammer. Each native railway official, and each head of a traveling family, kept up a *fortissimo* conversation with his fellow at the other end of the platform. Then the suddenly discovered absence of one of the water-carriers on duty caused loud volleys of imprecations to arise from each of the many thirsty Hindoos in the train.

In the midst of this deafening banging, yelling, and indescribable uproar, the old brake-van was removed, and the new one containing the money—and Ramnarayan—was put on, the engine being at the same time changed. At this juncture Tantû, with the instinctive foresight which marks a great mind, made himself particularly useful in a most undemonstrative way. It was necessary before starting to attach the signal-string, connecting the engine with the guard's van, to the engine bell. This Tantû did with ostentation; but just before the whistle for starting sounded, he took advantage of the general excitement surrounding the last moments of the pariah dog to detach the string from the bell, and

to tie it firmly to the buffer of the tender. He had barely completed his task when the train started with a wailing shriek, which made the superstitious Bhil's heart quake. Stepping back quickly, he slipped, and fell over the still quivering body of the dog—another bad omen! But last, and most inauspicious sign of all, as Tantû picked himself up he saw a huge form swing itself into the guard's van as it passed by, and hang out of it for a moment waving a white light to the driver! The guard, then, was not the puny Rozario after all, but John Hewson, a huge north-countryman lately out from home, the champion wrestler and weight-thrower from one end of the line to the other!

Poor Ramnarayan, crouching like a hare in his form of small parcels and money-chests, felt his heart sink within him when this apparition came in view! He was well aware of Hewson's prowess as a wrestler, having witnessed it himself. A match had been made up between him and the pride of a neighboring sporting Rajah's establishment of athletes—a man from the Punjab, deep-chested and huge-limbed as a bison, and lithe as a tiger. Hewson, after a quarter of an hour's fencing, got a good hold, and deliberately shaking his adversary silly, threw him over his hip, where he fell, stunned with a dislocated shoulder.

However, Ramnarayan was a stout-hearted fellow, and had long ago made up his mind to do or die in this adventure for Sita's sake. So he waited, feeling choked and breathless, until the train slipped along the smooth wet rails fairly fast, when Hewson sat down on a box and began by the light of his flickering lamp to check and fill in the needful details of his way and parcels bills. This was Ramnarayan's opportunity; slipping off his coarse brown blanket, he rose rapidly, all oiled and naked, and noiselessly stepping across the unsteady floor of the carriage, aimed a tremendous blow with his heavy sledge-hammer at the back of Hewson's head, who all unsuspecting was bearding down in the dim light trying to decipher the hastily scrawled document on his knee. Down came the huge hammer with a cruel hum through the air, but alas for Ramnarayan's hopes and Sita's tender heart! Kālî, the dread goddess of murder and blood, was unpropitious—perhaps she could not endure to see so grand an

instrument as Hewson might become in her hands destroyed. For just as the blow fell which should have crushed in Hewson's hard skull like an empty egg-shell, the van gave a lurch, and instead of coming down full on the back of his head, the hammer fell to one side, merely grazing the head—inflicting, it is true, a hideous wound—and spent its force on Hewson's right shoulder, which cracked beneath the blow. Hewson fell to the floor covered with blood, and lay there one moment half-stunned; but before Ramnarayan could repeat the blow, Hewson had seized his ankle with his huge left hand, and, aided by the unsteadiness of the carriage, thrown him down.

Then began a terrible struggle. Ramnarayan twisted round instantly like a snake, and seized Hewson by the throat, and tried to choke him. Hewson gave up his hold on Ramnarayan's ankle, and endeavored to beat him off with his mighty left fist. But he was nearly blinded with blood and giddy with the shock of the blow, which had half-crippled him. Ramnarayan, though a mere feather-weight, was wonderfully lithe and wiry, and found it easy to avoid Hewson's blows without for a moment losing his grip of his throat. Hewson began to feel faint and suffocated (as he said afterward), and finding that in his battered state he could not overpower his active adversary, who clung to him as closely as the bull-terriers had done to their victim, made one last desperate effort to shake him off. Succeeding at length in this, he rose as rapidly as he could to his feet, and pulling for one second vigorously at the signal-line—the other end of which, unfortunately for him, had been securely tied by Tantu to the tender's buffer—prepared to fall upon and crush his slender antagonist under his huge bulk, intending to hold him down until the train should be stopped in obedience to his signal, and succor should arrive. But Ramnarayan was too quick for him. As Hewson pulled the signal-rope, he stooped and regained the hammer which had fallen from his grasp; and then dodging rapidly as thought on one side, he avoided Hewson's tremendous onslaught, and raised the hammer once more to deal a blow which he determined should be conclusive. At the same moment Hewson caught in his left hand the thick top-knot which was twisted tightly up, after the

manner of his caste, on the top of Ramnarayan's otherwise smoothly shaven head, and began to shake him, trying to force him down on the floor once more. But Hewson's strength was waning fast: his right arm hung helpless by his side; and he was panting, almost sobbing, with weakness, for the blood was all this time pouring from the wound in his head. Ramnarayan's poised hammer fell at last on Hewson's face with a thud; luckily the blow did not get home with full force, or Hewson's days had been numbered. But the guard fell, mangled and stunned, still keeping his hold on Ramnarayan's hair. The Indian staggered like an overburdened child under the crushing weight of the falling guard, attempted to recover himself, and at the same time tried to swing back the great hammer for a final blow. But once more the carriage gave a heavy lurch, and Ramnarayan, losing his balance altogether, was hurled violently out of the open door. For one moment he hung over the foot-board, and then fell like a log to the sodden ground, and lay motionless out in the black night, leaving his top-knot with a great part of his scalp in Hewson's nerveless hands, while the busy train sped merrily on to the next station.

#### CHAPTER II.

MORE than six weeks passed after the failure of Ramnarayan's bold scheme, and still poor Sita received no tidings of her lover. It was hard to keep up appearances and to go on hoping, when day after day went by without any sign from Ramnarayan. The rainy season was well-nigh over, and the sun shone between the infrequent showers with a deadly fervor which warmed the soaked earth until it steamed again, and drew forth deadly vapors from the rank rotting vegetation. Sita, worn with waiting and heart-sickness, grew pale and wan in the still air of the unwholesome town Kheri. Her father, attributing her indisposition to the demon of fever, which was as usual terribly active at this time of the year, sent her away for a change of air to her old aunt Bhima, who lived in an unpretending village called Poori, some few miles away to the west.

Bhima was the eldest sister of Sita's mother, who had died years ago, and being childless and almost friendless herself, doted on her pretty niece as the daughter of her own old age, and suffered

herself to be tyrannized over by her in a way eminently satisfactory to both Sita and herself. Of course she knew of the girl's love for her scapegrace cousin, and though she could not approve of the affair, she was much too pliable and fond of Sita, and too much of a woman not to further it in every way she could. Many therefore had been the meetings between the lovers when, in the old days, Sita had stayed with her aunt, and the mere prospect of a visit to Poori was cheering to the motherless girl.

Unlovely and squalid as the hamlet is, its surroundings have a charm of their own. The country is gently undulating, and well covered with large trees, which in spring are gorgeous with blossom. Just at this season the ground is mostly green with thick jungle-growth, but this has been cleared away here and there in preparation for the winter crops, which will soon show, bright and fresh, through the rich moist earth. Just on the outskirts of the village lies Bhima's house, and some two or three hundred yards away from it, on the bank of a sand-choked water-course, stands sentry-wise a huge "pipal" tree, just where the uncertain stream gains breadth to form a shallow pool. A narrow trail leads from the village, past the "pipal" down to the pool, and thence, half mire, half dust, falters up the steep bank opposite. This is crowned by a noble clump of tall bamboos, whose feathery crests stand out in bold relief against the cloud-flecked sky.

Half hidden among the polished stems of the graceful bamboos, there stands an ill-kept shrine, sacred to Kâli, savage goddess of murder and rapine. Through the open doorway can be seen the grinning idol, all fouled with blood, perched on a high carved dais. Across her knees lies a keen-edged sacrificial knife; and let into her breast is a large green stone marked with blood-red splashes, fit type of ferocious Kâli's heart of adamant. The shrine is shabby and evil-odored, yet it bears a high reputation for sanctity throughout the province, chiefly because of the stone, which is generally believed to be a stone of divination. Legend relates that it was used for many ages by the Wise Men of the South; that then it came into the possession of the Queen of Sheba, who presented it to King Solomon, who continually consulted it. That it was stolen from

him by one of his wives, who sent it away to her own country. There the stone disappeared, and was not heard of for many years, when it came to light again in Arabia, where it was seized by Mohammed the False Prophet, who, after testing its virtues, threw it away, and destroyed all record of the spells and incantations needful for its proper use. Thence, after adventures enough to fill a volume, it found a resting-place in Kâli's breast, where it lay long unused.

All through the close September evening there squats at the idol's feet a half-clad Brahmin, weaving white garlands for the grotesque deity. A fair-skinned, handsome man of middle age, whose high forehead and clean-cut face show signs of breeding and of talent. But the close set flashing eyes and square jaw betray unscrupulous will and evil temper. He mutters to himself as he deftly strings the sweet-scented flowers for the idol's neck, and from time to time smiles complacently as he glances at the stone of divination, and thence at an ancient parchment scroll before him.

The distant brush-clad hills still quiver in a thin heat-haze, for the sun has but just now set behind them, and the day has been close and hot. From the dark river-bed a gray mist slowly rises as the evening air grows chill. The faint breeze dies away; the fringed fronds of the bamboos seem to sleep; each shining leaf of the sacred "pipal" drops listlessly, keeping careless ward over the red-daubed emblem at its foot, which, all gross and commonplace, ranks equal with the pure and noble tree in the poor villagers' rude superstition. As the short twilight fades, and the stars appear, the village women saunter down to the pool "singing sad-cadenced songs in a strange minor key"—all about the preposterous adventures of the Hindoo Love-god,—and fill their pitchers for the night at the muddy stream. One or two of the younger girls cross the stream and lay a humble offering of flowers or fruit at the temple door. The elder women mostly patronize the emblem under the tree, which they entreat to grant them sons. But Sita laid a marigold or two on the temple step, with a silent prayer to Kâli, the outlaw's friend, for Ramnarayen's safety and success. As she did so her eyes met those of the Brahmin fixed stealthily upon her. She started as she

saw him, for she recognized in him her father's "family priest," whom she disliked instinctively, and whom she believed to be at Kheri.

The Brahmin was a frequent visitor at her father's house, and Sita had often seen him there. He sometimes deigned to speak to her, an act of graciousness she by no means relished. The priest had obtained a singularly powerful influence over her father; and Sita, while really hating the man, could not but recognize some subtle fascination in him which overcame her to some extent while she was actually in his presence, though when he went away the old feeling of fear and dislike returned. This strange attraction she again experienced on meeting him thus; but shaking it quickly off, she raised her pitcher to her hip, and hurried away to overtake her young friends, some of whom were half-way home, chattering and laughing as they picked their steps along the dirty path.

Sita was fleet of foot, and soon caught them up; but sad at heart she did not join in her merry companions' talk. The sight of the Brahmin brought memories of Ramnarayan vividly back to her, for the priest had never failed to inquire after the young man when he visited Sheonarayan. Her father had little knowledge of her lover's doings, but the Brahmin used to ply him with indirect questions with a pertinacity which alarmed the girl. But Sita was weary of sad thoughts about her lover, and she soon fell to thinking of the happy days when their love affair was young.

It was now some three or four years since Ramnarayan had been attracted by her beauty, and had come forward as a suitor for her hand. It was a mark of Sheonarayan's good will toward his young kinsman that, although declining to give his daughter to him then and there, he did not immediately set about finding himself a more suitable son-in-law. But as time went on, and Sita was still unprovided for, Sheonarayan thought it right to put an end to the uncertainty, and arranged the marriage with his friend Purus Ram, abhorred of Sita.

Some time ago the family priest had been called in to fix the wedding-day; but the stars were unpropitious, and he had pronounced himself unable to name a date for the marriage. Hence Sita had obtained

a considerable respite. But in the meantime the wily Brahmin had set himself to work to gain influence over the old father and the pretty daughter, and had succeeded to the degree already described. To carry out his scheme, he had been obliged to frequent Sheonarayan's house to an extent very unusual in a man of his high caste, which caused the neighbors to whisper and shake their heads whenever they passed poor Sita. Sheonarayan was quite ignorant of all this, and the Brahmin being a Brahmin, no man dared say anything openly against him. But Sita was very quick-witted, and felt her position keenly, and hailed every opportunity of getting to her old aunt Bhima's house, away from the sharp looks and tongues of the Kheri folk, and from the unwelcome attentions of the family priest. No wonder then that the girl was thoughtful as she walked home from the well. It is true that she thought more of Ramnarayan than of the priest's arrival; but the mere fact of his presence near the hamlet was enough to make her uncomfortable, and give an undercurrent of seriousness to her thoughts. She decided not to say anything to her aunt that night about the Brahmin, and coiled herself down as usual in a corner of the common sleeping-room by her aunt's side, and sobbed herself to sleep.

As the night wore on, Sita became restless, but her old aunt slept peacefully. Soon the girl moaned, and then half raised herself from her pallet, staring vacantly round with wide-open, expressionless eyes. After a moment she fell back again with a stifled moan, and lay still, muttering thickly to herself. In a few minutes she raised herself again. This time her face was pale with horror; her sightless eyeballs rolled from side to side, and with outspread arms she beat the air, as if fighting off some baleful phantom. Her mouth was half open and her lips moved convulsively, but no sound came. Then once more she fell back. Again and again she rose unwillingly, as if dragged upward in spite of herself by some occult power. Again and again, after a desperate struggle, she vanquished her unseen opponent and lay down. At last, however, her resistance appeared to grow more feeble, and she was forced slowly upward; first to a sitting posture leaning on one arm; then to her knees; finally, resisting no



more, she rose to her feet, and stood irresolute, her hands held up in mute entreaty.

A waning moon shone behind the drifting clouds, and a fitful ray of sickly light was thrown through the narrow window full upon her. She looked like some unsubstantial spirit as she stood one moment there above her sleeping aunt, her graceful form thinly clad in diaphanous white, her hands raised, her long hair dishevelled, her vacant eyes fixed on space, her pallid features rigid with terror. Then she stepped slowly forward into the darkness, and faltering for a brief space near the doorway, glided silently through it, crossed the inner court of the little house, opened the main door, and so gained the road.

Stealthily Sita slipped through a gap in the prickly-pear hedge which girdled the village, and moved swiftly along the track leading to the sacred tree. As she passed from under its dark shadow the moon shone faintly out again, showing her white-clad form with eerie indistinctness. A gaunt hyena which mouthed a bone under the tree was startled by her approach, and taking flight, rustled through the undergrowth, uttering a succession of its blood-curdling semi-human yells. But Sita never heeded it. She moved onward, drawn by the unseen power, with staring eyes and rigid face, across the thin stream, past the pool and up the bank. She neither faltered nor turned aside until she stumbled, breathless, over the threshold of the shrine, and fell at the feet of the flower-decked idol.

"Kâli, great goddess Kâli, I have come!" she moaned, as she fell half-senseless on the polished floor. But the cold image made no responsive sign—only the blood-stains on the divination-stone glowed deeper red in the dim light of the feeble lamp which ever burned in one corner of the squalid shrine.

Sita lay panting on the floor a little while. Then, struggling violently against the unseen influence, she gained her feet, and a faint gleam of sense came back to her stony eyes. But as she rose, there also rose the tall figure of the Brahmin, who with flashing eye and stern-set jaw motioned her to silence and obedience. Down, down she slowly crouched, submissive to his will, until she lay all along under the carved throne of the motionless idol. Swiftly the Brahmin advanced, and bending over the senseless girl, made quick

passes before her pale face, muttering strange spells the while. Slowly the filmy eyes closed, slower and slower came her breath, slowly the outstretched arms dropped to her sides, till at last she lay with jaw relaxed, to all appearance dead.

Then the Brahmin rose and burned some incense in a censer, waving it before the idol over the prostrate girl. Suddenly the whole shrine was filled with pungent fumes, through which the stone glowed more redly than before; while—was it fancy?—the features of the goddess seemed to twitch in a ghastly smile, and its lurid eyes to dance with devilish joy. Then the Brahmin turned, and lifting the girl, carefully drew her toward the idol till her head lay in its lap. Next he threw a garland of white-scented flowers round her death-cold neck. Then with the sacrificial knife he drew a few drops of blood from her breast, and smeared some on the idol's lips. Then, throwing himself on the ground before the goddess, he cried—"Behold the victim, dread Kâli! whom I promised thee; a foretaste of whose life-blood I have given thee. I swear once more by thy holy name and by thy victim's blood that if thou wilt grant my wish, I will offer her life a sacrifice to thee. Show me, I pray thee, if my prayer is heard!"

Again he waved the censer, backward and forward, over the lifeless girl. Suddenly, through the thick smoke, the idol appeared instinct with life. With blazing eyes it seemed to nod its ghastly head and to lay a cruel hand on Sita's tender throat. The Brahmin turned ashy pale, and swiftly as a darting snake, seized Sita and lifted her down, gently enough, until she lay once more prostrate at the idol's feet, crying as he did so—"Enough, enough, dread goddess! I see thou dost accept my gift; but spare her now, for I have need of her!"

Then he reached upward and reverently detached the stone from the idol's breast. Touching Sita's forehead and mouth with it, he finally placed it carefully in her bosom over her heart, repeating as he did so a potent spell. Then a wondrous change took place in the girl. Gradually she became full of life and warmth again; but her face and form were beautified and ennobled almost beyond recognition, while her eyes glowed with the divine intelligence of an inspired prophetess.

During a short minute of surprise the Brahmin's hard face relaxed into a softer expression. He approached her irresolutely, and knelt beside her for a while with kindling eye and flushing cheek. Suddenly he drew back, still, however, looking with admiration at the lovely form before him.

"Arise, Sita!" he cried at last in a commanding voice. "Arise and hear me! Let your eyes gaze into the past, and tell me all I wish to know. Tell me of Ramnarayen. Where has he been and what has he done?"

After a moment's pause, Sita raised herself on her left arm and looked round with eyes that seemed to pierce the very walls of the shrine. Suddenly she pointed to the east, where a faint light already heralded the coming day.

"I see him there, there in the east, my glorious Rama!" cried Sita, in a full round voice. "The one I love toils there for me and for the great goddess Kâli. Hark! I hear a rush and roar as of ten thousand cataracts! I see a huge monster with red-bleared eyes rush through the stormy night! And with my loved one I see a terrible Englishman, one of the nation of madmen. Hark! they fight! I hear the crash of blows, and the quick panting of hot breath. And behold! there is blood, the blood of the sacrilegious Englishman, the blood of the devourer of the Sacred Cow! And see, there is the prize, the prize for which they fight, huge store of silver! wealth that will buy my hand! But, O gods! my lover falls, spurned by the rushing monster; he falls, bleeding and torn, out into the black night, into the furious storm! O Kâli, spare him!"

Her voice died away in a despairing sob, but once more the Brahmin came near her and cried harshly—"Look again, O Sita; do not weep, but look into space with undimmed eyes. Where is your lover now? Does he live?"

"Ah yes, he lives!" she went on sadly, resting her hot head on her trembling hands, "Kâli be thanked, he lives yet! But he is racked with pain and weakness; his long hair is gone; his battered face and wounded head are swathed in ghastly blood-stained cloths. There he lies, almost alone, among yonder brush-clad hills, in the tiger's lair, close where

the Gunda Nulla rises. O holy Kâli, spare thy servant's life!"

She ceased, for the Brahmin had been told all he wished to know. He had heard of the attempted robbery of the train, and had suspected that Ramnarayen was concerned in it. Accustomed as he was to Eastern imagery, he soon perceived that Sita's revelation had reference to that or some other similar act of violence. Ramnarayen's present place of hiding was very clearly intimated. He had sufficient faith in the virtue of the stone and the efficacy of his incantations, which he had learned from an ancient scroll recently unearthed by him from the treasures of an antiquary's store at Benares, to feel no doubt that he could find Ramnarayen whenever he wanted him. So he motioned Sita to silence, and, obedient to his unexpressed command, she lay down once more. For a moment the priest looked longingly at the wondrous beauty of the girl, then stooping down he drew the stone gently from her bosom.

The glow faded out of Sita's face, and once more she lay like a dead girl below the hideous idol, out of whose eyes a baleful light still seemed to flow. Then the Brahmin waved his hands before her face, muttering a spell, and she slowly rose to her feet with a shuddering sob, and walked wearily out of the shrine. As she had come, so she went, mechanically following the path which led to her aunt's house. Noiselessly she re-entered the courtyard through the unlatched door, and as she reached the threshold of the sleeping-room, she fell to the ground in a death-like swoon. And there she lay, her face all drawn and livid, while the shadow of night slowly gave place to the gray light of dawn.

### CHAPTER III.

NEXT day the Brahmin left Poori, and lost no time in putting the machinery of the law in motion to achieve the arrest of Ramnarayen. Although he would not communicate the source of his information, nor allow his name to be brought forward in any way, he found little difficulty in persuading the local police magistrate, a native of the country, to take action. Both the Government and the railway administration had offered considerable rewards for the arrest of the per-

petrator of the outrage on the guard, and this fact was a great stimulus to the greedy official. Moreover, Ramnarayan was "wanted" in any case by the police, and he had baffled them for a long time past. Hewson's description, too, of his assailant tallied fairly well with Ramnarayan's appearance. So it was decided to attempt his capture without delay. A small police expedition was rapidly organized, and by nightfall of the same day a cordon of police was drawn round the place indicated by Sita. At daybreak they closed upon it, and captured him; and weak and ill though he was, they bound him hand and foot, and carried him off to jail. Hewson swore to him at once, and, indeed, his bald skull and damaged head gave convincing proof of his identity with the man who had fallen out of the train. The young fellow was convicted and sentenced to transportation for a very long period indeed, and was duly lodged in the central jail to await his turn for removal to the convict settlement in the Andaman Islands.

When he had been in jail a few weeks a new warder was appointed, whom to his delight and amazement he recognized as no other than Tantû, his faithful follower, who had escaped capture when Ramnarayan was taken. It would prolong this story too much to explain how the bold little fellow had managed to obtain this coveted appointment. Briefly, it was done by the aid of false references, forged certificates, large bribes, and lies innumerable. And now, having braved and bamboozled the authorities, Tantû stood, with his own head in the lion's mouth, by his old leader's side, seeking for some chance of aiding him to escape.

But he found such chances rare indeed. In many little ways he could make Ramnarayan's position more tolerable, but he could neither find nor make him any loophole for escape. The jail was too well guarded for that. Tantû had been in his new appointment but a very short time when he was dismayed to hear that Ramnarayan was to be one of the next batch of prisoners for the Andamans, and would start within a month. As soon as he could do so, he communicated the fact to Ramnarayan, whose only thought was of Sita. He begged Tantû to go to her at once, and bid her adieu from him forever. He despaired of seeing her again, for it was generally understood that escape from the

Andamans was impossible. He could only wish her farewell, and bid her to be of good courage, and to think of him sometimes.

So as soon as Ramnarayan had started, Tantû threw up his appointment, and went to Sita, and gave her her lover's adieux and messages. It was a mournful errand enough for him, for Ramnarayan held the warmest place in the little savage's heart; but as for poor Sita, when she heard of her lover's fate she felt she had nothing left to live for on earth. She had to hide her misery, and meet her father as if nothing had happened, and to endure in silence the crushing monotony of daily life. But Tantû went back to his old wild life among the hills.

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A group of fair green islands sleeps in the starlight, lapped in the treacherous bosom of the Bay of Bengal. From north to south of the isles run high wooded hills, around whose feet an oily sea rises and falls, the white spray shining with phosphoric light as the smooth sullen rollers break upon the rough black rocks. Facing the east, where a faint silvery streak already presages the fierce sun, a broad harbor lies, where the wavelets dance to the soft night breeze under the great flashing stars, while the ghostly fish glide luminous among their coral gardens in the cool depths below. A brown island covered with white buildings closes half the harbor-mouth. The emerald water runs far inland among the hills like a West Highland loch, an islet dotted here and there. The hills themselves are richly clad with English-looking woods, where thick among the huge "padouks" the gray-stemmed "gurjuns" gleam like spectres through the waning night. Here and there the slopes are scarred by young plantations—cocoa-palm and tea. A few neat bungalows nestle among the breezy hills; and on the plain on every side are barracks, prisons, guards. It is the convict settlement, Port Blair: a demon-haunted paradise, where the offscourings of the Indian jails are sent to exile and to toil.

Early as it is, a large boat manned by eight stalwart hang-dog convicts lies off one of the many piers along the shores. In the stern sits the warder, a convict like the crew, while on the jetty steps, talking to a policeman, stands a familiar figure, Ramnarayan! By good luck and good

behavior he has risen rapidly to be "orderly" to one of the English assistant commissioners of the settlement.

This official is a keen sportsman, and having some time before noticed Ramnarayen's activity and knowledge of woodcraft, chose him to act as his "orderly" or outdoor factotum. Ramnarayen and the policeman are to go this morning in charge of guns, stores, and fishing-tackle to a neighboring island, where the young officer intends to spend a day or two, fishing and shooting. The Englishman will follow later in the day in a lighter boat, so as to arrive in the cool of the evening. They are all now waiting for a servant (convict, of course) who is to bring a forgotten bag of meal from his master's house.

Ramnarayen has not been all these months in the settlement without casting about for some means of escape. He knows every man in his crew to be staunch. The warder is a Rajput, formerly one of the leading spirits of his band, who was captured and sentenced to transportation before the Luchmiserai escapade. All have sworn long ago to do or die whenever Ramnarayen gives the word. And last night he warned them that the hour has come.

There has been little time allowed Ramnarayen to mature his plans, as the Englishman made up his mind to start on this expedition only the afternoon before. Ramnarayen's orders are to start at sunrise, shortly after the sailing of the fishing-parties, which were despatched daily into the sheltered straits between the neighboring islands to catch fresh fish for the British soldiers' rations. Had these orders been carried out, Ramnarayen and his crew would have been all day under the observation of at least two of the fishing-boats, whose guards would have raised the alarm had any attempt been made to escape by the open sea. While to get rid of the policeman after landing and to take to the woods would mean certain recapture, sooner or later, at the hands of the half-tamed, naked aborigines.

Ramnarayen has therefore decided that they shall start before dawn, and has bribed the policeman in charge of the boat to allow them to do so. He hopes in this way to get clear off to sea before the fishing boats go out, to seize an opportune moment for putting the policeman quietly

out of the way, and then to run south before the wind, which will blow merrily after the sun has risen. After that, they must trust to their luck for reaching some land on which the British flag does not fly.

Everything looked well for their chance. All was ready for the start, and not a fishing-boat was stirring yet, when suddenly the whole plan seemed ruined. The rations for the crew had not been brought down to the boat! This disappointment was the policeman's own counter-plot.

He was willing enough to accept any amount of bribes, but he was far too old a hand to allow himself to be decoyed out of sight of witnesses by a number of desperate convicts. He insisted on a servant being sent to fetch the bag of meal which he had hidden, and it was useless and impossible to object.

It was well over a mile of steep hill to the Assistant Commissioner's house, where the bag had been left; the meal was heavy, and the night hot. The silver light in the east was already glowing into a warm orange before Ramnarayen's quick ear caught the sound of the returning convict's steps. Alas! by this time more than one of the fishing-boats were under way, and Ramnarayen ground his teeth with rage as he saw his chance slipping through his fingers. In the gray twilight the convict ran quickly and quietly through the wicket leading on to the pier, unchallenged by the sentry who was posted there. Ramnarayen instantly noticed the irregularity, and his heart gave one great bound, and his brain reeled at the fresh hope of liberty, and in the twinkling of an eye he formed a new and desperate plan of escape. The policeman noticed the sentry's delinquency too, for as he turned to get into the boat, after one more glance at the now distant fishing-parties, he said, with a lazy chuckle: "The sentry and guard are all asleep! Get in quietly, and shove off."

The next moment he lay stark and lifeless in the shallow water at the foot of the jetty steps, his head battered in by a huge stone, which Ramnarayen wrenched with one convulsive effort from the wall and dashed against him with desperate force. The liberty of all the crew depended on that blow; and it went straight home, killing the unfortunate guard before he could utter even a stifled moan. In an in-



stant Ramnarayan stood over him, stripping off his clothes and belts, while the Rajput made fast the fatal stone round the dead man's waist. In two minutes Ramnarayan scrambled into the boat, dripping wet, but correctly dressed in the policeman's uniform. They shoved the boat off noiselessly, and gave way with a will, towing the submerged body carefully out into deep water, when they cut it adrift to sink to the bottom among the sharks and devil-fish.

Day dawned apace while the Rajput sat steering, and Ramnarayan lolled in the stern, boldly waving to the guards on the piers as they passed by, and joked the sleepy sentries at their posts. And soon they reached the shallows which stretch across the harbor-mouth, where the water gleams green and blue above the coral-reefs. The crew, drunk with their first draught of liberty, beat the waves like giants with their oars, and soon they passed a fishing-party, whose guard hailed Ramnarayan with, "What a hurry you are in, brother! Where are you taking those bags and guns?"

"The Assistant Commissioner goes shooting on the South Island," cried he, "and I am taking it out of these clumsy brutes. See how wet I am! They let me fall into the water at starting!"

"Good-bye, brother!" shouted the guard; and "Good-bye," returned Ramnarayan, adding "forever" under his breath!

The red sun leaped from the sea; the bugles rang the Rouse across the smiling bay; freeman and captive, high and low, all went forth to toil each in his own place. But the harbor fish made merry over a fresh victim lying fathoms deep among the bright coral flowers, while a white-sailed boat flew southward, faster and ever faster out of sight, before the freshening gale.

#### CHAPTER IV.

AFTER her lover was removed to Port Blair, Sita drooped and pined. Ever since her adventure in Kâli's temple she had been nervous and irritable, and now her new sorrow told further on her health. Not many months passed before changes took place in Kheri affecting the poor girl nearly. It had been an unhealthy year, and cholera had been unusually rife. One of the victims was old Sheonarayan, who

had died with appalling suddenness one dank autumn day. The Brahmin, it was afterward remembered, was paying him a visit when he was taken ill, and administered to him the dubious consolations of the orthodox Hindoo religion, and was with him when he died. He seemed much affected by his old friend's death, and took great interest in the settlement of his affairs. A curious will was found, which bequeathed most of Sheonarayan's riches to the Brahmin, while Sita was left nearly penniless. The town wondered a little and suspected more; but it was no new thing for a sonless man to purchase future happiness by gifts to the Brahmins, and no man dared to raise his voice in Sita's behalf.

To his everlasting honor be it recorded that Purus Ram offered to take Sita home at once without dower. But, as before, the Brahmin discovered that the time was unpropitious. So Sita was left without a protector, and she gladly accepted the offer of a home with her aunt Bhima at Poori, which was just what the Brahmin wanted.

Very shortly after Sita moved to her aunt's house, the Brahmin took up his quarters permanently in the little shrine. Thus he had many opportunities of meeting Sita, of which he made the most. Before long his pertinacity grew to be a very grave source of anxiety to Bhima, and the cause of positive anguish to Sita, who in no way shared the feeling of pride common to many girls of inferior caste at being honored by the attentions of men of priestly rank.

One evening, some eighteen months after Ramnarayan's capture, Sita came home from the dipping-well in torrents of angry tears. Her aunt soothed and coaxed her, but could get nothing from her but incoherent ravings against the Brahmin and his insolence, and piteous appeals to the absent Ramnarayan. The old lady could guess only too accurately what had happened to aggrrieve the poor defenceless widow, and after long thought determined that next day she would lay Sita's sad case clearly before Purus Ram, and entreat him to defy the stars and take Sita home, and to free her once and for all from the molestation of the odious priest.

But she never did so. While she sadly pondered her plan, the Brahmin was plotting in the little shrine. He had repented

him of his oath to offer Sita up as a sacrifice to Kâli the moment he had seen how beautiful she became when possessed by the spirit of divination. He had always admired the girl, and for years past had cast longing eyes upon her. Her manifest love for Ramnarayen had filled him with jealous hatred of the young man, whom for other reasons he had long disliked. Gradually this hatred became far stronger than his selfish passion for the girl. The merest chance had made him master of the secret of the magic stone, which, when duly exercised with certain spells, gave its holder power to see all that concerned the one most dear to him or her, no matter where the loved one might chance to be. But since the bloodthirsty Kâli had obtained the stone its usefulness was gone; for she neutralized its power by requiring the blood of the instrument through whom the far-seeing virtues of the charm were exercised.

Sita had used the stone, so Sita's life was forfeit to the goddess; but the Brahmin could not bring himself to offer up the sacrifice. Still the deed had to be done, unless Kâli were to be defied and cheated of her victim. There was no hurry—at least the Brahmin tried to persuade himself that the goddess could wait—and in the meantime there could be no particular harm in pursuing Sita with his unwelcome attentions.

Finding her adamant even to the persuasive powers of high rank and caste, he determined to remove her from her aunt's protection, for while she was at liberty in Poori she still had power to resist him. Moreover, some such course as this was absolutely necessary if Kâli were to have her due. The murder of any person, however degraded in position, in a village like Poori, where all men's affairs were common property, was sure to become widely known, and to attract the attention of the British Government. But the mere abduction of a low-caste girl by a priestly Brahmin was too small a thing to cause much stir. Only let it be understood that Sita had been removed by priests to Benares or any other holy centre of Hindooism, and none would dare to raise a question about her. She would disappear forever from the knowledge of all her former friends; and once safely housed in a temple at Benares, she would be at the mercy of the Brahmin, body and soul.

When he tired of her she could be put quietly out of the way without any suspicion being aroused, and thus his oath would be fulfilled.

So the Brahmin lay in the little shrine among the bamboo stems all day. At sunset he arose and performed the usual services before the idol. Then, as the moon began to turn the polished leaves of the holy tree opposite to silver and to bleach the turbid ripples of the pool, he placed a chafing-dish on a low tripod before the goddess, and laid the sacrificial knife upon her blood-stained lap. Then he heaped the dish with frankincense, and lighting it, began to mutter spells over the thin smoke that curled slowly upward. When the whole shrine was filled with the drowsy fumes, he sat down cross-legged on the floor beside the tripod, his brows knit, his gaze fixed downward, his hands clenched; his whole mind and will evidently resolutely bent on some definite purpose. There he sat motionless as the evening fell, and the shadows deepened in the dimly lighted shrine. More than one worshipper came to the door with some humble offering, and, peeping in, shrank back in awe from the silent figure of the priest, who seemed so deeply wrapped in pious contemplation.

Gradually night closed in, and the breeze dropped. All sound of life was hushed, save when the small gray owl chattered to his mate, or the slinking jackals bayed in discordant chorus in the distant fields. The lamp burned dim, and the close smell of incense had nearly died away, when suddenly the Brahmin rose to his feet with a gasp of exhaustion, and dashing the big beads of sweat from his brow, turned with widespread hands to the idol, crying, "She comes, O Kâli! thy victim comes! I thank thee that thou hast brought her to me!" Almost as he spoke the door creaked on its rusty hinges, and Sita, all pale and deathly, wrapped in scant white drapery, walked slowly into the shrine. Once more she fell moaning before the hideous idol, and once more the Brahmin darted out upon her like some stealthy beast of prey upon his victim. Again he made swift passes before her pallid face, until again she fell back paralyzed in a death like trance.

Then he threw fresh incense on the glowing embers, and as the smoke rose up he turned to the goddess.

"Hear me, O goddess Kâli!" he cried; "again is thy victim here before thee. Aid me now to take her to thy chief shrine in the Holy City, and there I swear to give her life an offering to thee. But grant me first one boon! Give me once more the sacred stone, and let me hear my enemy is dead!"

Now the Brahmin had made arrangements to take Sita from her friends this very night. At the same time he had resolved to seize the magic stone which added so greatly to Sita's charms. Without Kâli's consent the stone could not be removed from the idol's breast; but having once got it in his possession, he meant to keep it, so as to have the power of making Sita beautiful as a goddess at his will. All was ready for Sita's removal, and nothing now remained but to obtain the talisman.

No sooner had the Brahmin uttered his prayer than the idol seemed to smile consent. He reached forward and snatched the stone from her cold breast, and bowed low before the goddess to conceal a smile of triumph. Once more he turned to Sita, intending to make her follow him to where a mile or more away he had men and a covered cart ready to take to a distant town the victim he had lured so skillfully. But as he looked at her his mind went longingly back to that strange night when he had watched the deathly trance give way to more than lifelike beauty, and his whole soul yearned to see the wondrous sight once more. For an instant he stood irresolute; then with a sudden impulse he bent over the senseless girl and placed the charm tenderly in her still bosom. Then he turned to the brasier, and fanning the smouldering embers till they flamed, muttered swiftly the necessary incantation.

As before, the pink flush of warmth dawned in the girl's face, and life and animation returned to her. Her beauty ripened and glowed until once more she lay like some divine revelation of loveliness. Then he sprang erect with flaming eyes, forgetful of the presence of the dread Kâli, and cried out in triumphant tones of command, "Arise, O Sita! come to me; and let your heart fill with love toward me!"

In obedience to his will, she rose and slowly advanced toward him, her whole face transfigured and shining with the happy light of love. The Brahmin flung

away the reserve habitual to his face, and rushed forward to embrace her. As he did so his foot caught in the tripod, and in a moment the burning incense was thrown out upon her transparent robe. Instantly it ignited, and with a cry of horror the Brahmin threw himself upon her to put out the flame. Sita in her exaltation felt no pain; she could recognize no sensation but in obedience to the Brahmin's dominating will. She smiled a welcome as his arms enfolded her, but he had no time to notice this. With all his might he strove to extinguish the fire, tearing her robe to strips as he did so. Above the struggling pair the hideous idol frowned, and its malevolent eyes seemed to flash in answer to the flames below.

Just as the Brahmin had extinguished all that remained of the burning garment, by some chance Sita's head touched the idol's knee. Suddenly as a lightning-flash the smile of love faded out of her face, and the spirit of Kâli, of bloodshed and of murder, possessed her soul, driving away before it with resistless force the Brahmin's softer influence. By some means she became possessed of the keen sacrificial knife which lay in the idol's lap. Laughing wildly, she plunged it up to the hilt into the Brahmin's breast. With a muffled groan he fell dead at her feet.

At the same moment two figures, wrapped in dark blankets, leaped into the temple, too late to stop the avenging blow. Poor Sita! no longer inspired by contact with Kâli's image, and freed from the Brahmin's mastering influence, she, who the evening before had peacefully laid herself down to sleep beside her homely aunt, woke suddenly, racked with the pain of burning, to find herself standing nude in the dim shrine, a reeking knife in her hand, a ghastly corpse at her feet, and two strange men gazing with horror at her! Dropping the knife with a clang upon the floor, she screamed and fainted dead away.

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Ramnarayan had prospered since his escape from Fort Blair. After he passed the last of the fishing-boats the wind rose considerably, and blew in strong squalls from the north. The boat, running before the gale, soon passed out of sight of the Settlement Island, and by sheer luck, not seamanship, he kept her clear of the Nicobars, where the guard-ship happened

to be. Once past Camorta he was safe from pursuit; and so long as squally weather continued, the crew were in no real danger from want of water. Food they had in abundance.

In less than a week Ramnarayen and his party landed, much worn but quite sound in health, on the north of Sumatra, where, after a few minor adventures, they joined the rebel Achinese against the Dutch. Here Ramnarayen found a legitimate outlet for his turbulent spirit, and speedily distinguished himself in his new sphere. He undertook and skilfully carried out to a successful issue a dangerous and important enterprise, aided only by his convict crew. This success led to the discomfiture of the Dutch troops in a considerable engagement. Very shortly after this Ramnarayen accepted an important appointment in the rebel army. He lost no time in writing to Tantu, begging him to bring Sita out to him at once; hinting that if persuasion would not suffice, force should be used!

In obedience to his chief's wishes, Tantu came to Poori, bringing with him Bhika to aid him in his enterprise. As they passed the temple they noticed shadows moving within, and looking to ascertain the cause, they found Sita struggling in the Brahmin's arms, and rushed to her rescue just as the fatal blow was given. They recognized the girl at once, and grasped the situation with a quickness acquired during a life of violence. Whether Sita wished it or not, it was now clearly necessary that she should leave the place at once for fear she should fall into the hands of the law. So they wrapped the poor burned girl carefully in a blanket, and carried her home through the early dawn, fortunately unobserved. Briefly explaining matters to the horrified Bhima, they impressed upon her the absolute necessity for flight. At first the old lady refused to leave Poori, so the two resolute little Bhils made ready to remove Sita alone. She was still insensible, and Bhima proved too soft of heart to remain behind when the sick girl was taken away. She relented, and the strangely assorted quartette started for the coast as soon as Sita had recovered a little from her burns, and the excitement caused by the discovery of the Brahmin's murder had subsided. They reached Calcutta safely, though poor Sita's mind wandered sadly, and she was hardly

accountable for her actions. In a few days more they found themselves on board a native craft dropping down the Hooghly bound for Tavoy, whence, they had ascertained, they could get put across to Achin. In due course the party reached their destination, and in a few days more the lovers met. It was a happy meeting, and we may hope that it will prove to be the commencement of many happy years for Sita and Ramnarayen.

In conclusion, it may be added that Ramnarayen has gone in, heart and soul, for his new profession, in which he has risen to eminence already. He hopes to rise to the highest point attainable. He has entirely given up his evil habits, and is a strict disciplinarian, setting his face resolutely against everything which savors in any degree of dishonesty. He has been put in possession of the facts of the Brahmin's death as far as the Bhils themselves are aware of them; and he thinks all the higher of his Sita, because he believes she took the law into her own hands to defend her fair name.

Sita gradually recovered her health of mind and body, and though she has never been quite so light-hearted as she was before her terrible adventure in Kālī's shrine, she has lived to be a happy wife and mother. To this day she wears round her neck the magic stone, which Bhika gave her on her marriage-day. He had picked it up in the temple that night. She has never learned what the ornament is, nor will she ever know how important a part it has played in her history.

Poor old Bhima did not long survive her transportation to the new country. During her life she was made much of and looked up to as a lady of rank by the Achinese.

The two Bhils, however, thrived amazingly, and accounted for many a pretty young fellow among the Dutch before anything like order was restored. They both hold considerable rank in the Achin army, and would rise still higher if they possessed any education. As it is, they can afford to support quite a respectable number of wives apiece, and have altogether identified themselves with their new country.

The mystery of the Brahmin's death was never solved by the police of Poori, although his fellow-priests offered fabulously large rewards for the apprehension



of the murderer. With the loss of the divination-stone Kâli's shrine has fallen into disrepute, and the idol has fallen from its throne. The building is now a ruin, and the bamboo clump a mere wilderness, haunted, as the credulous villagers aver, by a grisly shape, the unquiet spirit of the murdered Brahmin.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

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"THE THINGS THAT ARE MORE EXCELLENT."

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

As we wax older on this earth,  
Till many a toy that charmed us seems  
Emptied of beauty, stripped of worth,  
And mean as dust and vain as dreams—  
For gauds that perished, shows that passed,  
Some recompense the Fates have sent :  
Thrice lovelier shine the things that last,  
The things that are more excellent.

Tired of the Senate's barren brawl,  
An hour with silence we prefer,  
Where statelier rise the woods than all  
Yon towers of talk at Westminster.  
Let this man prate and that man plot,  
On fame or place or title bent :  
The votes of veering crowds are not  
The things that are more excellent.

Shall we perturb and vex our soul  
For "wrongs" which no true freedom mar,  
Which no man's upright walk control,  
And from no guiltless deed debar ?  
What odds, though tonguesters heal, or leave  
Unhealed, the grievance they invent ?  
To things, not phantoms, let us cleave—  
The things that are more excellent.

Nought nobler is than to be free :  
The stars of heaven are free because  
In amplitude of liberty  
Their joy is to obey the laws.  
From servitude to freedom's name  
Free thou thy mind in bondage pent ;  
Depose the fetish, and proclaim  
The things that are more excellent.

And in appropriate dust be hurled  
That dull, punctilious god whom they  
That call their tiny clan the World  
Serve and obsequiously obey :  
Who con their ritual of Routine,  
With minds to one dead likeness blent,  
And never ev'n in dreams have seen  
The things that are more excellent.

To dress, to call, to dine, to break  
 No canon of the social code,  
 The little laws that lacqueys make,  
 The futile decalogue of Mode,—  
 How many a soul for these things lives,  
 With pious passion, grave intent !  
 While Nature careless-handed gives  
 The things that are more excellent.

To hug the wealth ye cannot use,  
 And lack the riches all may gain ;—  
 O blind, and wanting wit to choose,  
 Who house the chaff and burn the grain !  
 And still doth life with starry towers  
 Lure to the bright, divine ascent !—  
 Be yours the things ye would : be ours  
 The things that are more excellent.

The grace of friendship—mind and heart  
 Linked with their fellow heart and mind ;  
 The gains of science, gifts of art ;  
 The sense of oneness with our kind ;  
 The thirst to know and understand—  
 A large and liberal discontent :  
 These are the goods in life's rich hand,  
 The things that are more excellent.

In faultless rhythm the ocean rolls,  
 A rapturous silence thrills the skies ;  
 And on this earth are lovely souls,  
 That softly look with aidful eyes.  
 Though dark, O God, Thy course and track,  
 I think Thou must at least have meant  
 That nought which lives should wholly lack  
 The things that are more excellent.

—Spectator.

#### JUPITER'S SATELLITES.

GALILEO'S "Medicean stars," designated, since Kepler introduced the term, the *satellites* of Jupiter, were the first-fruits of telescopic discovery. Yet two of them were almost certainly known to the Chinese and Japanese long before the "Tuscan artist" heard of the Dutchman's invention ; and Arago found by experiment that a telescope without magnifying power, and hence effective only in stripping bright images of some of the false light surrounding them to ordinary unaided vision, showed these small objects quite easily. Some eyes, indeed, are so happily constituted by nature as to need no such remedy. Wrangel tells of a Siberian hunter who, having evidently watched the satellite-eclipse, exclaimed, pointing to

Jupiter, "I have just seen that big star swallow a little one and vomit it again !" Then there was Schön, the tailor of Breslau, who, put through his facings pretty strictly by the astronomer Boguslawski in 1820, could admittedly discern the first and third Jovian moons when suitably situated. This exceptional power, which had been the chief distinction of his life (for we are uninformed as to the cut of his coats), left him, however, to his deep concern, several years before his death in 1837. Nor have there been wanting pretenders to its possession, two sisters having been detected at Hamburg in this curious species of imposture by their invariable adherence to the inverted configurations given in the Ephemerides for

the convenience of telescopic observers. Mr. Denning is one of the few living astronomers who can boast a genuine performance of the kind, although several of Jupiter's attendants were visible, with remarkable distinctness, to ordinary spectators, in twilight on April 21, 1859, immediately before the kindling of a crimson aurora. This is not the only instance of improvement in seeing facilities through auroral influences.

Jupiter's moons would be easy objects to the naked eye if Jupiter himself, with his glaring disc, were out of the way. All except No. IV. (erewhile called Calypso), which, even then, would task the best eyesight, unless it happened to be in one of its phases of conspicuousness; for it shines with a far from equable lustre. Now, when we remember that these bodies are visible merely by reflecting sunlight, and that sunlight reaches them enfeebled to one-twenty-seventh of the intensity with which it strikes the earth; moreover, that the return-journey to ourselves of this attenuated, intercepted radiance amounts at an average opposition to nearly four hundred millions of miles, we can at once infer their considerable dimensions. The smallest of them, Europa, the second in distance from Jupiter, is, in fact, just the size of our moon. It is 2100 miles in diameter; while the largest (No. III., *alias* Gany-mede) measures 3500 miles. All, however, must be much less dense than the moon. Nos. I. and IV. are believed to be as bulky, relative to mass, as the huge globe of Jupiter, the mean specific gravity of which is only one and a quarter that of water; and Nos. II. and III. do not seem to be greatly more condensed. None of them, accordingly, can resemble in physical constitution our decrepit celestial companion; they are likely to be at an earlier stage of existence, with a more promising future before them. The analogy that they unexpectedly present is rather to their great primary, whose organization is admittedly rudimentary. Vogel derived from them spectroscopic signs of their possession of atmospheres similar to that of Jupiter; their surfaces are diversified, like his, with dusky markings, and they probably fluctuate in aspect still more widely than he does. Indeed, they do not always appear even of the same size or shape; and their variations in brightness—due, presumably, to atmospheric proc-

esses—are instructively illustrated by the phenomena of their transits.

The Jovian system presents observers with a most animated scene. Occurrences of interest are continually going forward within its precincts. There are eclipses by the vast shadow-cone of Jupiter, which the three inner satellites are compelled to plunge through at each revolution; there are occultations behind the actual body of the planet; there are transits across his disc, during which the projected body is commonly dogged by its ink-black shadow. The eclipses, by their alternate retardations and accelerations, as the earth retreated from and approached the scene of their occurrence, furnished Olaus Roemer, in 1675, with the first proof of the finite velocity of light, and the "equation of light," thus determined, served, until recently, as the only measure of that velocity. Further, the total disappearance of eclipsed satellites shows conclusively that they borrow all their brightness from the sun, and are indebted for none of it to their immediate superior. Jupiter is then a dark body, although he may be a powerful source of obscure heat.

The transits of his satellites are still better worth watching—at least from the physical point of view—than their eclipses. The effects attending some of them have all the charm of surprise, since their production depends upon no readily assignable principle. Normally, the transiting object shows bright at ingress and egress, but vanishes during its progress over the central portions of the belted disc behind it. These, indeed, are many times more brilliant than the encompassing margins; so that the fading out and re-emergence of the contrast-effect is quite intelligible. What is astonishing is the implied equality, as regards reflective power, between the more lustrous sections of Jupiter's surface and the comparatively minute surfaces of his moons. Taken as a whole, the great planet reflects sixty-two per cent of the light impinging upon it; white paper reflects seventy per cent.; it is, then, an understatement to say that the blank parts of the diversified Jovian disc are as brilliant as white paper. And this is nothing extraordinary, if, as is practically certain, they represent the shining of an impervious envelope of clouds. It could not, indeed, have been anticipated that secondary bodies should prove to be

similarly endowed; yet the disappearance of Jupiter's satellites, when thrown upon the dazzling screen of his surface, goes a long way toward proving that they, too, owe their vividness to their cloud-coverings.

They do not, however, always disappear. The third and fourth satellites especially have often, from their jetty aspect in mid-transit, been mistaken for their own shadows. So long ago as September 2, 1665, Domenico Cassini observed one of these "black transits," which until lately were regarded as events of extreme rarity. Since they have been attentively looked for, however, they are found to present themselves pretty freely, though with the utmost irregularity. They seem to be entirely capricious in their occurrence. And for this reason, if for no other, the attempt to explain the varied phenomena of transits on a bare principle of contrast can scarcely be deemed successful. For, if the *quality* of a transit depended merely upon the duskiest or brilliancy of the part of the disc traversed, it could be determined beforehand. Observers would be prepared for the peculiar appearances, which, nevertheless, always take them by surprise.

Besides, the satellites themselves display significant peculiarities. They are very far from presenting the stereotyped immobility of the "wan face" with which our moon "climbs the sky." Galileo was struck from the outset with the inconstancy of their light. Herschel attributed their obscurations to the spotted condition of their globes, which, indeed, have often appeared deformed from the unreflective nature of large sections of their surfaces. But it is improbable that these markings are permanent, like the dim lunar "maria," or the gray-green seas of Mars. They are rather, it must be supposed, of atmospheric origin, like the belts and spots of Jupiter himself. Effects in transit must then depend mainly upon the state of the visible surface of the projected body.

Careful and continuous observations of the third satellite by Messrs. Schaeberle and Campbell with the Lick thirty-six inch refractor, leave little or no doubt that its surface—reduced by distance though it be, to the apparent size of a glove-button nearly half a mile away—is diversified with approximately parallel, streaky shad-

ings, fading off toward each limb in a manner suggestive of atmospheric action. Rotation on an axis perpendicular to the line of the markings could be inferred, and there were strong indications that it was executed, as Herschel had supposed, in an identical period with that of the satellite's revolution round Jupiter—that is, in seven days and four hours.

The first satellite certainly conforms to this rule, obeyed wherever tidal friction is strong enough to enforce it. In September 1890, during one of its dark transits, Professor Barnard of Lick saw No. 1 (Io) apparently double, as the effect, it would seem, of a bright belt cutting in two, so to speak, an egg-shaped body. He made, at any rate, quite sure of its elongation, August 8, 1891; a fact promptly confirmed by Messrs. Schaeberle and Campbell. They further ascertained that the longer axis of the oval points toward Jupiter's centre, as theory requires that it should. The elongation, indeed, represents neither more nor less than a permanent tidal wave, by the frictional power of which the rotation of the satellite relative to its primary was, ages ago, brought to a standstill. The probability is great that the same law of isochronous rotation and revolution governs the movements of the second and fourth, as well as of the first and third satellites.

The surmised habitability of the Jovian moons is thus rendered highly problematical. Their primary, it has often been suggested, might be efficient enough as a heat-source to make up for the scantiness of sun-given warmth, and so to promote the flourishing of a fauna and flora on each of these subordinate worlds. But if, in consequence of their mode of rotation, this genial influence be poured upon one hemisphere only, it can be of little or no use for the purpose in question. Besides, it is far from certain that any one of the satellites is sufficiently advanced in solidification to be the seat of even the lowliest forms of life. Their small mean density, their fluctuations of aspect, their high reflective power, and the indications of cloud-markings on their surfaces, hint rather at a chaotic stage of existence, not far removed from that ascribed to their imposing primary. This intimation is one of the most curious and unexpected results of their scrutiny with the great telescopes of modern times.



One other has now to be recorded. Jupiter shines just now with remarkable brilliancy. In the absence of the moon, he completely dominates the nocturnal sky. He is visible in strong twilight before he has cleared the mists of the eastern horizon. The perspective effects of the earth's motion keep him lingering in the northern sign of Pisces, so that he attains a fine altitude. Moreover, at his approaching opposition, or midnight culmination, on October 12, his distance from the earth, though not small—367 millions of miles—will be very nearly the least possible. All which advantages, diligently reckoned up and calculated, have caused the opposition of 1892 to be anticipated as a harvest-time for students of the "Mundus Jovialis." Yet the first sheaf gathered, early in September, was certainly of a nature to create surprise.

Jupiter and his four moons form a system so complete in itself, so symmetrical, and bound together by such peculiar dynamical relations, that the presence of an extra member seems positively intrusive. It has, nevertheless, been certified by Professor Barnard, whose skill and acuteness as an observer, to say nothing of the unequalled qualities of the instrument at his disposal, leave no reasonable doubt as to the genuineness of the discovery. It was so difficult to make, that one cannot wonder that it has been so long postponed. The fifth moon appears as a very minute point of light, of the thirteenth stellar magnitude, circulating in seventeen and a half hours quite close to the big body of

Jupiter. Its distance from his centre of 112,000 miles leaves an interval of only 26,000 to his surface, and the new satellite must accordingly spend most of its time either on or behind the splendid disc, from under cover of which it peeps out for a brief space once in about nine hours. The disparity of seven magnitudes between it and its next neighbor, Io, means that it sends us six to seven hundred times less light. Its reflecting surface, accordingly, if equally brilliant, must be smaller in the same proportion, which would give it a diameter one twenty-fifth of that of the larger body, or of about one hundred miles. If, however, as seems probable, its surface be more absorptive of light than the changing cloud-envelopes of the larger satellites, then this estimate of its dimensions should be proportionately augmented. At any rate, it is an insignificant body—a mere grain of dust beside a majestic cannon-ball. And its insignificance suggests that it may not be solitary. It may have hundreds of companions defying, by their smallness, the possibility of detection. Conceivably, it may be nothing more than a specimen of the pulverulent materials of an abortive full-sized satellite. Its presence and situation, however they may be interpreted, are of unmistakable significance as regards the genesis of systems, and afford one more instance of that growth in the visible complexity of their structure which steadily accompanies the progress of research.—*Saturday Review*.

#### A WOMAN AND HER MONEY.

ONE of the commonest forms of male conceit is its utter disbelief in the existence of any female capacity for the care of property. "A woman," says this bland superiority, "is essentially unbusinesslike. She cannot calculate, and is incapable of the simplest addition. She habitually confounds interest with principal, and is ignorant of the commonest terms that relate to the handling of money. So careless is she of that latter commodity, that she can hardly be trusted even with the custody of her own purse. Sooner or later she is sure to lose it, with all its con-

tents." The reproach is a very old one, so old that it has come to be accepted even by women themselves without question or demur. But is it a well-founded one? We should doubt it very much. Indeed, we believe that, in the matter of thrift, if it were possible to weigh the rival claims of men and women, the latter would be found to be the more saving and the more careful. Still, legend will have them otherwise, and in support of that legend man triumphantly points to the fact that women lose their purses. They do lose their purses,—the fact must be admitted ;

but it is just possible that, did man carry his own money after so perilous a fashion, he might lose it also. These reflections are suggested to us by a story that found its way into the columns of a daily paper a few days ago. A lady, it was said, went to Scotland Yard to recover an umbrella which she had lost, or, rather, which she had left behind her in a cab. The umbrella was duly identified and presented to her, and she departed with it, but left behind her another umbrella with which she had arrived, and a brown-paper parcel which she had been carrying. "So like a woman," was the general comment; but why was it any more like a woman than a man? Even the wisest of men are subject to an occasional absence of mind, which blots out from their memory their immediate surroundings and purposes. No doubt the good lady who left more property behind her than she had recovered, was deeply engaged in debating some question relative to the comfort of an unworthy husband, who had allowed her to go by herself to Scotland Yard in search of her lost property. However that might have been, the story was immediately followed up by several similar tales from other correspondents, who all averred that a woman and her purse, her umbrella, her parcels, and everything that is hers, are continually being parted through want of common care on the part of the former. Indeed, one gentleman went so far as to assert that he himself had picked up in the streets of London five feminine purses in the course of as many years, some of them containing quite considerable sums: surely a very exceptional run of luck, for this witness says nothing of having returned the treasure-trove to its original owners.

Well, it would be useless to deny that women lose their purses, for probably there has hardly lived a woman who has not lost at least two or three in the course of her life-time; but these small losses are occasioned, as a rule, not by want of care, but by excess of care. A man does not lose his purse, because he rarely carries one. He prefers to have his money loose in his waistcoat-pockets, where he can get at it with less trouble, and where, he will assure you, it is infinitely more safe than in any separate receptacle. Notwithstanding this assurance, he does lose it—perhaps not unfrequently; but when

he loses it, he wisely holds his tongue, and no one but himself knows of his own carelessness. Hence it is that even though men lost the contents of their pockets as frequently as women did, they would still appear, by reason of their silence, more fortunate. Still, as we have already said, we must confess the women do lose their money in this way more frequently than men do, and the reason is not far to seek. Consider the case of a fashionably dressed lady of the day. She has no waistcoat-pockets such as her husband delights in; the fit of her dress does not admit of them. Even if she had such pockets, she would still cling to the use of a purse, for she considers the loose carriage of gold and silver to be almost criminally careless. She will not be satisfied until she has put it in a purse—which already contains, perhaps, her latch-key, sundry postage-stamps, and some tightly-folded letters—and when she has put it in her purse, she has nowhere to put the purse itself. The exigencies of her dress and her own prudence cause her to carry it in her hand, so that her sense of touch may always assure or remind her of its possession. Unfortunately, she cannot always devote a hand entirely to that service, and the moment must come, sooner or later, when she is obliged to ease it of its burden while she turns it to some other use. Then it is that forgetfulness comes between, and causes her to leave her charge behind her, or that dishonesty steps in and carries off the unguarded treasure. While engaged in shopping, for instance, and intent upon examining with both hands the goods submitted to her inspection, she is obliged to lay all her belongings on the counter—her umbrella, her purse, her card case, and her parcels—and it can hardly be wondered at that she sometimes leaves some of them behind her. Hence has arisen the theory that woman is a pocketless creature, destined by Nature to carry her purse in her hand, and only sometimes to remember it. And as one theory attracts others, there have arisen about her quite a host of beliefs in her innate imprudence and negligence of her belongings. Even as she loses her purse, so she is supposed to lose her fortune, and to be absolutely incapable, by herself, of devising any safeguard for it. And yet we should still be disposed to say that the average woman

can be better trusted with the care of property than can the average man,—always excepting such cases as those in which she is betrayed into throwing it away through goodness of heart. A woman's affection is, of course, her weakest point, and when attacked upon that side, it is not difficult to rob her; attacked upon any other side, she may be trusted to make as good a defence as the man who finds it so easy to laugh at her. In the first place, she is naturally more cautious than her male critic; her very timidity adds to her prudence, and she is far more likely to err on the side of caution than of temerity, being painfully anxious-minded and long-sighted in the matter of possible consequences. Left to herself, she would rather invest all her money in Consols, and live a pinched life of security, than enjoy an interest of 6 per cent., with precarious luxury. She is quick to imagine disaster, and slow to recognize any mean between absolute safety and reckless speculation. And if she can be trusted to be more careful than man in the guardianship of her capital, she is infinitely more careful in the expenditure of her income. It may be true that she is weak in arithmetic, and rarely can add up a line of figures three times without bringing out three different results; still, for all that, she will keep a careful account of her expenditure long after her husband has given up his own private account in despair. Really, when one comes to consider the question, the ingratitude of man in this matter is almost insolent. In nine cases out of ten, he leaves the whole expenditure of his household in his wife's hands; it is the woman who has the responsibility of spending or saving, and whom he delegates as sole guardian of the fortune which he has made, or is making; and yet he has the calm pretension to sneer at her want of businesslike qualities. He eats his dinner, without the least idea of its cost; is waited upon by servants, whose wages are unknown to him; and lights his candle without caring to ask himself whether that illumination will cost him twopence or a shilling. If he has to save money, he is dependent upon a woman to tell him where it can best be saved, for the simple reason that he knows nothing of the details of his expenditure, and she does. One would not find fault with this arrange-

ment, which, after all, is but a very fair division of labor; one would only wish to remind the man that it is unfair to put all the responsibility upon the woman's shoulders, and then ignore the weight. A man's account of his domestic exchequer is generally to this effect: "I make all the money, my wife spends it all; if it were not for me, she would probably spend more than all; but then, poor thing, she is so unbusinesslike." And with this view of the case he is quite content, and—what is more curious—his wife seems to be quite content too. Really, the magnanimity of woman is sometimes as great as it is unexpected.

In the mere matter of thrift, there is not a shadow of doubt as to which of the two sexes is the more saving and more anxious to get a fair value for expenditure. It is the women who are the chief supporters of co-operative stores and other wholesale institutions, and the most resolute opponents of the "middleman." They will travel from one end of London to the other in order to get some article at a cheaper rate than that at which it is sold in their neighborhood; and will sternly deny to the cabman the extra sixpence which weak man so easily bestows upon him. All to no purpose; for though a woman may save him hundreds a year in the strict management of his household, and render to him the most exact and faithful account of her stewardship, it counts for nothing in the sight of man beside the one fact—that she loses her purse. She loses her purse; she cannot add up a column of figures without inking her fingers and giving herself a headache; and the jargon of the Stock Exchange is simply Greek to her. From the height of his superiority man contemplates these weaknesses with scorn; scorn which is very often accentuated by the uncomfortable suspicion that he is not very much better versed in such matters than she is. Is it not almost time that man should abandon this attitude of patronizing contempt, and seek for some other and more certain basis upon which to found his claim to superiority? In the narrow sphere of domestic economy it is only too obvious upon which side the business-like qualities lie; even in the wider field of commercial enterprise, woman has, before now, been known to hold her own. It is certain that she occa-

sionally loses her purse and drops her parcels, it is possible that she may sometimes be so ignorant of finance as to imagine a balance at her banker's as long as there are blank checks in her check-book ; but with

all that, we would take the light and constant hold of a woman's fingers as a better guard upon the money-bags than the tight, but easily relaxed, grasp of a man's fist.—*Spectator*.

#### THE STORAGE OF THE NILE FLOOD.

THE question of the irrigation of Lower Egypt is now, owing to the high Nile, attracting increasing attention. Under these circumstances it can hardly fail to interest our readers to have recalled to their minds the theory connected with the name of Mr. Cope Whitehouse as to the locality of Lake Mæris. Briefly, this was described by Herodotus, who wrote, moreover, of what he had himself seen, as a lake not far from Memphis (Cairo), some 450 miles in circumference, and fifty fathoms deep, full of fish of twenty-two species, used as a receptacle for the surplus waters of the Nile in flood, whence, when the Nile was low, sufficient water could be drawn to raise the river level again to the height required for the continued supply of Lower Egypt. Of this marvel of human ingenuity and industry Herodotus could find no words adequate to express his admiration, excelling, as it did, in his opinion, the Labyrinth, which again excelled all the Pyramids together, though any one of these was a match for the greatest works of Greece. Diodorus Siculus described the lake in almost similar terms, and Strabo, Pliny, and Mutianus all testified to its existence, while the Ptolemaic map gives a representation of it, not, indeed, indicating such enormous dimensions, but still indicating a vast body of water to the south and west of the Fayoum. Careful collation of all the old accounts enabled Mr. Whitehouse, as he thought, to fix the latitude and longitude of this abyss before he ever set foot in Egypt, and whether or not what he found was the site of the ancient Lake Mæris, this much is incontestable—namely, that he found a vast depression in the hills toward the Libyan desert, the depth and extent of which had never been suspected even by those who had tracked across it. This depression is known as the Wady Raiyan, and lies to the south and west of the mod-

ern province known as the Fayoum, from which it is separated by a narrow ridge. Herodotus described Lake Mæris as having its greatest length from north to south. This would be true of either the Fayoum or the Wady Raiyan separately (this latter having a singular prong of great length, called the Wady Muellah, stretching away toward the south-east), and it would be equally true if, as is probable from the dimensions given, the lake covered both the Fayoum and Wady Raiyan together. If the entrance from the Nile Valley at El Lahun is not altogether artificial, the whole double basin was probably originally a great natural backwater for the water of the Nile in high flood. Mr. Whitehouse considers that the Fayoum was in great measure reclaimed when the Bahr Jusuf was made and dams erected at El Lahun, presumably between B.C. 1500 and 1830, and certainly not later than the Hyksos period ; and in the name Bahr Jusuf, or Canal of Joseph, and the persistent Mahomedan tradition that the canal was made by the patriarch Joseph, he sees evidence that these great reclamation works were carried on during Joseph's premiership, and very likely in the main by the Israelites. There can be little doubt that Goshen, where they dwelt, was this district. It would be nothing strange if Herodotus, a thousand years later, saw the Fayoum as again a sheet of water, though no longer a useless one, but used as a reservoir, with regulating gates and canals. It might have been flooded again as the result of neglect, of accident, or of design ; this last either from the inhabitants of Upper Egypt desiring to relieve their lands of inundation water, or, as was proposed to Mehemet Ali in recent times, as a deliberate sacrifice of the Fayoum for the benefit of Egypt generally. Be this as it may, the Fayoum, if it ever had been re-flooded, must have been again reclaimed



six hundred years later, and consequently the Ptolemaic map represents the Lacus Mœris as a piece of water in shape and size corresponding in a most singular manner to the present Raiyan basin. The so-called identifications of Lake Mœris by the Prussian Jomard and the Frenchman Linant de Bellefonds need only be mentioned to be dismissed. The former thought he saw it in the Birket-el-Qerun, a lake at the north-west corner of the Fayoum, formed by the surplus irrigation water of the Fayoum draining down to it, whence the water could by no possibility be returned to the Nile Valley, and being (see Sir G. Wilkinson) under 30 miles long, only about 7 miles wide in its widest part, and with a maximum depth of about 28 feet, while the latter saw it in a shallow tank between El Lahun and Medinet; if indeed, the dykes, which he traced and considered the walls of the reservoir, were not rather walls for keeping out the water from a newly reclaimed or threatened district. But neither of these bodies of water could have been used for the grand utilitarian purposes to which, according to the unanimous testimony of the ancient writers, Lake Mœris was put, and neither could bear the faintest resemblance to the vast lake, 450 miles round and 300 feet deep, which Strabo described as, in size and color, like the sea itself.

After all, however, the practical question at the present day is whether the Raiyan basin can be utilized in the manner in which Lake Mœris, wherever and whatever it was, was undoubtedly utilized. It is known from history that most of the Delta was at one time cultivated. This can only have been through its being possible to control the Nile, by being able to divert a dangerous head of flood water, and to serve it out again, as wanted, during low Nile, to districts which the flood would have devastated. It is possible that the former is the more valuable power, for famines have more often arisen in Egypt from an excess than from a deficiency of water. The changes of level which seem to be gradually taking place to the elevation of the Red Sea bed near Suez, and the depression of the Mediterranean shore, may possibly make the details of necessary works in the Delta more difficult than they were in ancient days, but the general problem remains now as in the days of the

Pharaohs. Now, lying ready to our hand, we have in the Wady Raiyan, an enormous uninhabited sandhole, the bottom of which is more than 100 feet below the sea-level, bounded by steep cliffs rising to from 100 to 300 feet above sea-level, and having (to quote from a report by Lieutenant-Colonel Western, R.E.) at 25 metres above that level an area of about 924,000,000 metres and a content of 28,965,000,000 cubic metres, and at 30 metres an area of about 1,001,000,000 metres (over 240,000 acres) with a content of about 33,777,000,000 cubic metres; a figure too vast to convey much impression to the mind, and still more staggering if expressed in English gallons, of which 220 go to the cubic metre. It is estimated that the increased irrigation of lower Egypt requires that 10,000,000 cubic metres of water should be given back daily to the Nile during 100 days of low Nile, and Colonel Western's Report (in fact, founded on reports by Colonel Ardagh, R.E., Major Conyers Surtees, of the Coldstream Guards, Captain Brown, R.E., and other experts detailed expressly for the investigation) seems conclusive that, as regards levels and volume, this can be effected by the utilization of the Raiyan depression. It also appears that this can be filled to the required height without any danger to the Fayoum, on the erection of banks across two small passes which, at a level of 26 metres, connect the Fayoum and Raiyan basins. As the Raiyan would not be filled beyond 30 metres, these banks, of only 3 to 4 metres in height, present no difficulty or danger.

Probably few of our readers realize what is meant to Egypt by carrying out such a scheme as this. According to the official report the area cultivated in Lower Egypt is 2,500,000 feddans (a feddan may be taken as equal to an acre), and the area cultivable or reclaimable if floods could be averted and a steady supply of water could be ensured is 2,300,000 feddans. Inferior land is subject to a tax of 10s. a feddan, and good land to one of 30s. a feddan. Therefore, bringing 2,300,000 feddans into permanent cultivation means an increased revenue of over £1,000,000 sterling at the lowest estimate, while the cost of the far from difficult works necessary is variously estimated at from £800,000 to £1,600,000—a mere nothing, if

we regard only the net increase of revenue which might be anticipated. But if we take also into account the benefits resulting from the improvement in the conditions of life on what would be the shores of this new freshwater sea, from the saving of the heavy cost annually incurred in taking precautions against an excessive Nile, from increased feeling of security, and from the benefit to the health not only of Cairo, but of the Delta, where swamps would be replaced by fertile fields, the total value of having some such reservoir can hardly be appraised. Of course the clear, blue water issuing from the Raiyan basin would not have all the fertilizing properties of the red water of the flood Nile, but it would have the same properties as rainwater; and a lowering of the death-rate in Cairo and the villages below it would immediately attend the delivery of pure water instead of, or in dilution of, the putrid liquid with which they at present have too generally to put up during low Nile. It is much to be regretted that England has been so dilatory in taking this matter up. A boon, such as this, conferred on Egypt would compensate her for the wrongs which she has had to suffer at the hands of one Power after another for ages past, and should secure to the Power which conferred it an admitted right to continue its beneficent control. Other schemes have been suggested; but all, we believe, involve the erection of dams somewhere or other across the Nile, at points high up on its course. One scheme, advocated by Mr. Willcocks (any scheme emanating from whom deserves respectful consideration), involves the submergence for several months in the year of the celebrated and magnificent ruins of the temple of Philæ. He thinks that the water would be clear and still, and so damage nothing but the paint; but it is evident that the water would be clear, not when the Nile first rose, but after it had stood and deposited its burden of mud, and each reappearance of the ruins would show them coated with a goodly deposit

of slime. Then he urges that, if so, the ruins might be sold piecemeal to European museums, and the proceeds applied in part payment of the cost of making the reservoir. We are sure that all of our readers who have seen, or even read of, these ruins will cordially agree with Sir Colon Scott-Moncrieff and Colonel Ross in their opposition to any such scheme. But there seem to be grave objections to all the schemes which depend upon the erection of dams across the higher and narrower parts of the Nile valley. It would be easy enough to dam back sufficient water to supply the daily 10,000,000 cubic metres required to supplement low Nile; but this is a very small portion of the flood-water which has to be guarded against, and which may be guided into safety, but certainly could not be dammed back with safety. Any reservoir so created means the expropriation of the population now living on the site, and there would always be the terrible danger of the dam or barrage—to use the technical term—giving way or being intentionally destroyed by enemies of the country. Hardly a year passes without the record of some appalling disaster from the bursting of a reservoir; but these would be insignificant compared with the ruin which the bursting of such a Nile reservoir would entail. The rush of this solid wall of water down the narrow Nile valley would probably mean the annihilation of all the population and of every human work between the reservoir and the head of the Delta. The arguments for and against the various schemes will, however, be thoroughly weighed by the members of the Commission. We do not commit ourselves to an approval, which can only be accorded by experts, of Mr. Whitehouse's scheme as against all others, and, if we have dwelt most on that one, it is simply from the singular historical and antiquarian interest connected with it, and from the fascination of an idea at once so simple and so grand.—*Saturday Review*.

## WHERE DID COLUMBUS FIRST LAND IN 1492?

BY SIR HENRY A. BLAKE.

It will probably be conceded that the most important event that has taken place for eighteen centuries was the discovery of the New World by Christopher Columbus. I say the discovery, although it is now well known that Columbus was not the first inhabitant of the Old World who set foot upon the Western shores. Putting aside the manifold evidences in Central America—the pyramids of Chiapa, and those mysterious cities of Palenque, and Copal, and Uxmal, with their Cyclopean architecture and hieroglyphic symbols, which point almost irresistibly to some connection in the dim forgotten past with a civilization similar to that of Egypt—we have the tradition of the voyage of St. Brendan in the fifth century from the coast of Kerry to some Western lands; and in more than one old Norse Saga we have the history of the voyages of Biorne, and Lief, and Thorwald; the two latter following in the wake of Biorne, who in 986 appears to have sailed down the Straits of Belle Isle and settled for a time either in Nova Scotia or New Brunswick.

But these discoveries led to no practical result. There was not then the combination of propitious circumstances that we find five hundred years later. In 1492 the war waged against the Moors by Ferdinand and Isabella had just been brought to a conclusion by the capture of Grenada and the complete triumph over the last of the caliphs, Abdullah.

That war tested the endurance of the Spanish nation, and teemed with incidents of romantic and chivalrous bravery. Its triumphant conclusion left the Spanish people in a state of patriotic and religious exaltation. It was not alone the triumph over a rival nation. It was the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent, the Christian over the Moslem, and thousands of trained and valorous soldiers, who for years had been subjected to all the hardships of the soldier's life on active service, were ready to join in any adventure that promised booty, and glory, and the propagation of the faith.

When, therefore, the first glowing accounts of the discoveries of Columbus were brought back there was no lack of

this splendid fighting material, and great numbers started from Spain, each returning ship bearing tidings of fresh discoveries. Reverses there were, and disappointments from time to time, but in the main the stream of adventurers flowed on, until within forty years the great and wealthy nations of the Aztecs of Mexico and the Incas of Peru had crumbled to dust before the invincible valor of Cortez and Pizarro, and the Spanish flag waved over the whole of Central America and the two thousand miles of South American coast from Panama to Potosi.

It is not necessary to pursue further the career of Spain in the Southern continent, or to follow the fortunes of France or England in that of North America; it is enough to realize that the discovery of America changed the centre of commercial activity from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, gave to Spain for fifty years the command of the sea, and transformed the mysterious boundary of the Old World into the most frequented of all the ocean tracks. It was the immediate cause of the growth of England as a maritime power, for it was not until the predatory instincts of the West Country heroes led them to the Spanish Main that the sons of England began to figure as sea rovers. Hawkins, Frobisher, Davis, Drake, and Cavendish all operated in the Western and Southern seas. Frobisher and Davis began by looking for a north-west passage to the Indies, that they now knew must lie beyond America; but in those days all sea courses of adventurous English sailors led sooner or later to the Spanish Main, where, with or without letters of marque, they sallied forth to gather property, like the Scandinavian Vikings of a thousand years before.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the struggle for the New World was a leading cause in every great European war, and the ultimate outcome of the discovery is that, after the lapse of four centuries, ninety-six millions of people, the majority of whom are of European descent, are settled in the two American continents, while from a comparatively small European state England has grown

into the greatest empire of the world, holding one-fifth of its area, ruling over one-fifth of its population, and passing through her ports more than one-fourth of the entire volume of its trade.

Discoveries of unknown lands have been made in many different ways. By accident, like that of the Northman Bionne, who, voyaging from Iceland to the settlement of Greenland, was driven by stress of weather to the south-west until he reached the American shore. By the march of a conqueror, as Alexander the Great marched away into Asia two thousand two hundred years ago with his twelve thousand Macedonians, and conquered the Kingdom of Darius, forcing his way through Persia and Afghanistan into India, where he fought Porus upon the very ground where Lord Gough fought the Sikhs at Chillianwallah. By travellers like Marco Polo, who was in the thirteenth century employed by Kublai Khan the Tartar, and sent on various missions through what we now know as the Chinese Empire, and whose descriptions of Cipango and Cathay influenced all later explorers. By voyagers like Bartolomeo Diaz, who, creeping along the inhospitable shores of West Africa, at length discovered the Cape of Good Hope, which he named Cape Stormy. But Columbus was the first man, so far as we know, who, having patiently accumulated facts and examined probabilities, came to the conclusion that about three thousand miles to the westward lay Cipango and Cathay, with all their treasures and wealth of silks and spices, and in pursuance of that conclusion was prepared to launch out boldly into the deep, and to sail away over that mysterious boundary of the Old World into the dark and vast unknown.

The evidence that there was land to the westward was certainly very strong. Four hundred and fifty leagues westward of Cape St. Vincent Martin Vincente had found a piece of wood curiously wrought. Pedro Correa, the husband of the sister of Columbus's wife, had found a similar piece off Puerto Santo, as well as some large bamboo canes. At the Azores trees had drifted on shore unlike any which grow in Europe, and at Flores the bodies of two men had been washed ashore whose features and complexions were not those of Europeans, Moors, or Negroes; two canoes had also been cast ashore there.

Besides these facts there was an assumption that the countries of Cathay and Cipango extended farther round by the east than their real position. The history of the voyage of St. Brendan was probably known all along the west coast of Europe, and it may be assumed that on his visit to Iceland the inquiring mind of Columbus did not neglect to examine the statements in Snorro Sturlsen's "Heimskringla," not alone of the voyages of Lief and his countrymen, but also the tradition that fishermen from "Limeric" on the coast of Ireland had been driven to the west, where they found a great land, whence they returned in safety.

It is unnecessary now to enter into the details of all the difficulties with which Columbus had to contend before he finally succeeded in obtaining a Royal commission and Royal favor, without which it was useless for him to attempt to induce any person to assist in the preparation of an expedition. Refused by King John of Portugal, and his offer declined by Henry the Seventh of England, he spent seven long years in trying to obtain a hearing at the Spanish Court, and his ultimate success was due to the action of Queen Isabella, who remained to the day of her death his patroness and steadfast friend.

Columbus sailed from Palos, a port on the south-eastern coast of Spain, on Friday, the 3d of August, 1492, with three ships, the "Santa Maria," the "Pinta," and the "Nina," of which one only, the "Santa Maria," was decked. He arrived at the Canaries on the 12th, where he remained to refit and take in provisions, until the 6th of September, on which day he set sail from the island of Gomera, but was becalmed until the 8th, when he met the trade winds and steered west. At first all went well and cheerily, but as day followed day without a sight of land the hearts of the sailors began to sink. For days they ploughed through the thick mass of golden weed that fills the Sargasso sea, spreading far as eye can reach like a field of ripe grain. Away beyond it, with the steady trade wind filling his sails, and the blue waters of these southern seas dancing in the sunlight. But sunlight and blue water would not satisfy the crew, who daily murmured more and more.

And now what must have seemed to them a horrible portent was discovered. The needle no longer pointed steadily, but



day by day shifted its position unaccountably, so that, abandoned by the hitherto faithful compass, they felt that they were being hurried to some terrible doom, and implored that an attempt so palpably impossible should be relinquished. Columbus persuaded and commanded by turns. He concealed the real distance run day after day, that they might not feel themselves so far from home, while he held out to them rich promises of the golden store that awaited them. On the 10th of October his journal says the crew murmured loudly and declared that they could stand it no longer; but the stout admiral encouraged them as usual, and he added at the same time that it was useless to murmur, because he had come to find the Indies, and was going to continue until he found them, with God's help.

This was the last of his trials, for on the 11th indications of land began to appear. They saw a sea bird, and floating by the vessel they saw a green rush. They also found floating a piece of carved wood and a little stick loaded with dog-roses. At ten o'clock that night the admiral saw, or thought he saw, a light. He called the attention of two people to it, one of whom saw it, the other did not. It is described in the journal as like a small candle that was being hoisted and lowered. This would go to show that the light was not on land. I do not think that any great importance ought to be attached to that light, even though the admiral thought he saw it twice. In those seas a floating medusa, or a flying-fish, as it leaps from the water, or falls back on the completion of its flight, would produce, in certain conditions of the sea, a phosphorescent light that would rise and fall with the wave, and might be mistaken for the light of a candle by a man looking out so eagerly as the admiral must have looked after the indications of the day; and the fact that the ships did not lay-to until daylight proves that Columbus could not have been very certain of it.

However, four hours afterward, at two o'clock on the morning of Friday, the 12th of October, Roderigo de Triana, a sailor on board the "Pinta," sighted land about two leagues off, and, gazing as I have gazed upon that very strand, glittering white in the bright southern moonlight, I have pictured to myself with what gratitude and joy the sailors and their

great leader saw before them the prize for which they had adventured so much.

The foregoing is a short statement of the events that led up to the discovery. The admiral spent all that day on shore, where he found many natives, friendly and trusting, who flocked to the shore to see the white-winged ships and these gorgeously attired men, who had evidently floated down from the clouds or up from the under world—in either case, heavenly visitors to be received with trusting confidence. These people were the Lucayans. They were finely formed and of a gentle and trustful nature. Their ultimate fate was a sad one. For the present they were safe. They had neither gold nor precious stones to tempt the cupidity of the newcomers, and the intercourse was of the most friendly nature. But eight years afterward Bobadilla was sent to Hispaniola to supersede Columbus, and the following year he was in turn superseded by Ovando, whose cruelty to the native races was terrible. Having worked to death in the gold mines almost the entire population of Hispaniola, in an evil moment he be-thought him of the Lucayans, and having obtained permission from Spain, he despatched ships to these islands to obtain labor. These ships reappeared in the Lucayos seventeen years after the first discovery. They assured the natives that they had come direct from heaven, where they had left all the parents and friends who had gone before, and who only required the presence of those remaining to be perfectly happy. They then offered to convey any person who was willing to take passage with them, and thus enable them to rejoin their lost friends without having to pass through the gates of death. A leading trait in the character of the Lucayans was an abiding affection for their departed parents and friends. Such an opportunity was too good to be lost, and thousands flocked to the ships.

When the Spaniards had thus entrapped as many as possible, the remainder were taken by force, being even hunted down by dogs, until the entire population was transported to misery and death. Las Casas writes:—

I have found many dead in the road; others gasping under the trees in the pangs of death, faintly crying "Hunger, hunger;"

and Peter Martyr describes them as escaping to the northern coast,

where they continue for hour after hour, until nature becomes utterly exhausted, when, stretching out their arms toward the ocean, as if to take a last embrace of their distant country, they sink down and expire without a groan.

That is a touching picture of those poor people, whose very race is now an unsolved ethnological problem. Like the Beothuks of Newfoundland, they have been absolutely swept away, and probably for a hundred years the Bahama Islands were uninhabited except when the pirates who soon infested the Spanish Main took possession of one or two harbors, from which they sallied out to prey upon the Spanish galleons, returning from the Gulf of Mexico with cargoes of gold and silver and pearls.

It is evident that this entire destruction of the inhabitants of the Lucayos seriously adds to the difficulty of deciding upon which island Columbus landed. No vestige of tradition remains, and the landfall is still a matter in dispute. The island has been variously identified, with Mayaguana, by Varnhagen in 1864; with Samana, by Fox in 1880; with Turks Island, by Navarrete in 1825; with Cat Island, by Washington Irving in 1828, and by Humboldt, who accepted Irving's conclusions in 1836; and with Watling's Island, by Munoz in 1798, by Becher in 1856, by Peschell in 1857, and by Major in 1871.

The celebration of the fourth centenary of the discovery of the West Indies by Columbus lends additional interest to the vexed question of the real landfall, as among the proceedings of the celebration will probably be included a visit to the spot by the ships of war of Spain, England, France, the United States, and other countries interested in the North and South American continents. In dealing with the question I can neither lay claim to the nautical knowledge of one class of the writers quoted above, nor the literary acumen of the other; but while, with the exception of Captain Fox, none of those who have written so fully of the landfall of Columbus have ever visited the Bahamas, I have sailed about those islands with the diary of Columbus in my hands, endeavoring to arrive at a conclusion as to his courses, and to identify from his descriptions the places mentioned by him. During the three years of my residence in

the Bahamas I made careful inquiries about the tides and currents, that make the Bahama Banks even now the most dangerous portion of the Western Atlantic, and I think that I have satisfactory grounds for the conclusion at which I have arrived, that the Guanahani upon which Columbus landed is Watling's Island.

There are three methods by which we can attempt to solve the question of the landfall: by following the course and distance sailed from the Canaries across the Atlantic, and on from Guanahani day by day to Cuba; by tracing backward from a known port in Cuba to Guanahani; or by identifying that island by its physical aspects as described by Columbus.

The first of these methods is the one adopted by the various writers referred to. Probably, if the original diary of Columbus could be found, this method would be satisfactory; but some important details must have been omitted by Las Casas, whose abridged copy of the original diary is the most reliable record now within our reach, for there are very great difficulties in verifying the courses as laid down from any one of the five islands mentioned as the landfall. The most exhaustive work written on this subject is that published by the United States Government in the report by Captain Fox, of the United States Navy, in 1880, for the Coast and Geodetic Survey Department. That report contains the diary from the 11th of October to the 28th of October, in parallel columns—the original Spanish in one, with the translation in the other—and Captain Fox follows with a consideration of the tracks as laid down by Navarrete from Grand Turk, by Irving from Cat, by Varnhagen from Mayaguana, and by Becher from Watling's, giving in each case his arguments against that particular track. He goes further, and lays down a track from Samana, which he adopts as the landfall, and, to be consistent, he gives three discrepancies. At p. 57 of the report he says:—

From end to end of the Samana track there are but three discrepancies. At the third island (visited by Columbus) two leagues ought to be two miles. At the fourth island twelve leagues ought to be twelve miles. The bearing between the third and fourth islands is not quite as the chart has it, nor does it agree with the course he steered.

The difficulties that Captain Fox found

in fitting in the courses and distances given by Las Casas in the abridged diary with the various islands whose position is now so clearly chartered is the difficulty with which every inquirer into the question of the landfall of Columbus has been confronted, and which no inquirer has yet surmounted. The courses mentioned by Columbus begin where, in the diary of the 13th of October, he writes that he "determined to wait until to-morrow evening, and then to sail for the south-west," having gathered from the inhabitants of Guanahani that on an island to the southward there was a king who had large gold vessels and gold in abundance. On the 15th he mentions that having set sail on the 14th he came to an island "five leagues distant, or rather seven," which ran north and south five leagues, and east and west ten leagues. Further on he notes that he set sail for another large island that appeared in the west, which was distant from Santa Maria nine leagues, which in the diary of next day he reduces to eight leagues. Having sailed to the north-west of this island, named Fernandina, until he discovered a harbor, which he describes, he went about and sailed all night, steering sometimes east and sometimes south-east, which brought him to the south-east cape, an island, next morning (diary, 17th). On the 19th the Admiral set sail to the south-east, and in three hours he saw an island to the east, which he reached at its northern extremity before midday. From this point he saw a cape, the position of which is thus placed in the diary of the 19th:—

The coast ran from the rocky islet to the westward, and there was in it twelve leagues as far as a cape which I called Cape Beautiful.

He visited this cape between the 19th and 23d, on which day (diary, 24th) he set sail for Cuba from the rocky islet. He writes:—

At midnight I weighed anchor from the island of Isabela, the cape of the rocky islet. . . . I sailed until day to the west-south west, and at dawn the wind calmed and it rained, and so almost all night; and I remained with little wind until after midday, and then the wind began to blow very lovely, and I carried all the sails of the ship: the mainsail, two bonnets, the foresail, the sprit-sail, and the mizzen and the maintopsail, and the boat astern. Thus I followed my course until nightfall, and then Cape Verde of the island of Fernandina, which is toward the

south, toward the west, remained to the north-west of me, and there was from me to it seven leagues.

From a point to the south of this, where he had drifted during the night, having lowered his sails lest he should find himself too close to the coast of Cuba before morning, he sailed next day west-south-west for five leagues, then changed his course to the west for ten leagues, when at one o'clock P.M. he had gone forty-four miles, and he then sighted land, commonly assumed to be the Ragged Islands.

This is all the information in our possession as to the courses of Columbus in the Bahamas. Now, take the chart and fit in these courses with Navarrete from Turks Island, with Varnhagen from Mayaguana, with Fox from Samana, with Becher from Watling's Island, and with Washington Irving from Cat Island. To realize the difficulties fully it is necessary to know these islands. Columbus named four islands—San Salvador, Santa Maria de la Concepcion, Fernandina, and Isabela, and a small island close to the latter he called the Rocky Islet. It is almost inconceivable that he passed any considerable island without naming it, and indeed he mentions in the diary of the 15th, as his reason for anchoring at the cape of the island of Santa Maria de la Concepcion, "it was my desire not to pass any island without taking possession of it," yet Becher makes him pass the island now called Rum Cay and give his first name to the northern end of Long Island. The difficulty has been to find on Fernandina the harbor described by Columbus. Were there such a harbor between the north-east point of Long Island and Clarence harbor, about forty miles to the south, there would have been no necessity to group together two islands twenty-seven miles apart, even though we find a colorable support for his assumption in the expression used in the diary of the 16th, "the islands of Santa Maria de la Concepcion." Navarrete makes Columbus sail north-west instead of south-west, and creates one island out of the entire Caicos group. He then leaves him sixty miles from the next island, which Columbus himself, after having sailed the distance, states was eight leagues. He then boldly inserts courses and distances which are not to be found in the diary.

Varnhagen starts Columbus from Mayaguana by steering north of west for an

island forty miles away, ignoring the statement in the diary that the second island was distant from Guanahani seven leagues, or 22.3 nautical miles.

Fox makes Samana the landfall; he carries his course in the proper direction, and the distance named, to the group formed by Acklin, Crooked Island, and Fortune Island. But here a difficulty at once presents itself. He anchors the Admiral at the western cape, which he assumes is the cape of the island of Santa Maria de la Concepcion, and he, as also Varnhagen, takes him back on the 19th to this very cape, which Columbus does not recognize, but re-names Cape Beautiful! This is attempted to be explained by saying that he saw different sides of the cape on the two occasions; but to any person who has visited the place the weakness of this explanation is apparent. In the first place, he could not at any time have landed except to the south of Bird Rock, which is a very prominent feature from either the western or northern shore. But beyond this, he describes an expedition made up a "river" during his stay at the Rocky Islet, which clearly marks the north-west point of Crooked Island as Cape Beautiful. It was not a river, but a deep creek, extending from the south of Crooked Island nearly up to the Cape. I have pulled up this creek, which might well be described as a river, being about sixty feet wide, with high banks that present all the aspects of river scenery. This is the only creek of the kind in any of the Bahamas, except Freshwater Creek on the island of Andros, two hundred and forty miles to the north-west, and entirely outside the possible courses of Columbus. Therefore the account of his visit to it conclusively marks the north-west of Crooked Island as Cape Beautiful, and it is more than improbable that Columbus could have within five days from his visit to the island of Santa Maria de la Concepcion so entirely forgotten it as he must have, if Captain Fox's landfall of Samana be the true one.

Again, Captain Fox makes his course on the 16th take him to "Fernandina" at Cape Verde, which is at the southern extremity of Long Island, due west from Bird Rock on Crooked Island; but Columbus writes on the 17th: "My wish was to follow the coast of the island ["Fernandina"] where I was, to the south-east, because it all runs to the north-

north-west and south-south-east." Therefore there must have been land to the south of him.

Washington Irving sends him to the south-east instead of south-west, and assumes that Concepcion Island, two and three-quarter miles long and one and three-quarters broad, is the island described by Columbus. It is just possible, but highly improbable, that this island might in 1492 have covered the extreme limit of the reef that now surrounds it. Had it done so it would have been eight miles from north to south, and five from east to west. He then, to get the Admiral to Exuma, shapes a course taking him past the high land of the north of Long Island, which he ignores, and from Exuma boldly sends him over a portion of the Bahama Bank, not navigable even for boats.

There are four places described by Columbus which, granting the truth of the descriptions, ought to be recognizable to-day. They are Guanahani, the harbor on Fernandina, Cape Beautiful, and the Rocky Islet. There is another point in the diary that ought to be easily determined, that is the point of departure at nightfall on the 24th. This is the description in the diary of how Columbus arrived there:—

At midnight we weighed anchor from the island of Isabela, the cape of the Rocky Islet, which is on the northern side, where I was lying, in order to go to Cuba. . . . I sailed until day to the west-south-west, and at dawn the wind calmed and it rained, and so almost all night; and I remained with little wind until after midday, and then the wind began to blow very lovely, and I carried all the sails of the ship: the mainsail, two bonnets, the foresail, the spritsail, and the mizzen and the maintopsail, and the boat astern. Thus I followed my course until nightfall, and then Cape Verde of the island of Fernandina, which is toward the south toward the west, remained to the north-west of me, and there was from me to it seven leagues.

Granting the position of Cape Verde, this point of departure seems to be the most accurate position named in the diary. Becher and Fox accept it, and Varnhagen places it a few miles to the north. Suppose we give the Admiral's ship three knots an hour from midnight until dawn (say 6 A.M.), "when the wind calmed," and eight knots from midday, when "the wind began to blow very lovely," and he carried all his sails until nightfall; this will give us eighteen knots to dawn, and forty-eight knots from midday to night-



fall, in all sixty-six nautical miles. Now the distance from the Rocky Islet, assuming that it is the north end of Fortune Island, to the point seven leagues south-east of Cape Verde is about fourteen miles, that from Cape Beautiful or Bird Rock is twenty miles. Nay more, there is not among all the islands of the Bahamas a spot bearing twenty-two miles south-east of any island, and from fifty to sixty-six miles west-south-west of any other island, except a point south-east of the southern end of Acklin Island, from which Mayaguana would bear about east-north-east from sixty to seventy miles. But no writer has ever suggested that Cape Beautiful or Rocky Islet was on Mayaguana, and there are no places on that island that would answer the description.

Before I leave the subject of the courses of Columbus, which present such difficulties, I would call attention to one term in the diary that seems to a certain extent to support the theory of Becher and Washington Irving—that he did visit Exuma, which was the Fernandina of his diary. The following passage will be noticed by those who read the diary of the 15th:—

and, being in the *gulf* [the italics are mine], midway between these two islands, namely, that of Santa Maria and this large one, to which I give the name of *Fernandina*.

Now, any person examining the chart will see that by no stretch of the imagination could the sea between Rum Cay and Long Island, or between Fortune Island and Long Island, be called a gulf. A gulf is a partially land-locked sea, and no sailor would describe a portion of the sea as a gulf if it were not partially land locked. This is exactly what that deep gulf called Exuma Sound is. It is one of the two great gulfs that sweep into the great Bahama Bank. Exuma Sound is a gulf of about one thousand fathoms in depth, which runs up to the north-west for over one hundred miles, with an average breadth of thirty miles. The northern mouth of the gulf is formed by the south shore of Cat Island, the southern by the north shore of Long Island. From this point to Exuma the bank sweeps round in a curve, the edge being, like all the edges of the bank, dotted here and there with rocks. It would be impossible to sail from Long Island to Exuma without remarking this curve, with the sudden and striking change from the deep blue of the

waters of the Exuma Sound to the light aquamarine of the water over the shallow banks—from two to four fathoms over white coral sand. Therefore it appears to me that the term is significant, and, bearing in mind that the island of Great Exuma contains such a harbor as he described, it is worth considering whether, putting aside the difficulty of following his courses, these two facts do not afford some presumptive evidence of his having visited Exuma. Captain Fox strongly denies the possibility of his having sailed from Exuma round by the north of Long Island, and down to Cape Verde on the night of the 17th, as a course sometimes east, sometimes south-east, would hardly clear the north of Long Island. But at certain times of the moon a very strong easterly current runs off the banks. I have in my possession an account written by the Hon. J. Webb, of Nassau, who, when Inspector of Schools in 1864, left Port Howe, on the south side of Cat Island, on a Saturday night, with a light north-westerly wind blowing, and steered south-south-east for Great Harbor in Long Island, seventy miles away. At daylight next morning they found themselves swept by a strong easterly current to the north of Rum Cay. On the other hand, when Columbus anchored next morning he evidently thought that he was anchored at the south-east point of Fernandina.

The outcome of every attempt hitherto made to solve the question by following the courses is that the problem is insoluble.

But happily there remains the description of Guanahani; and, putting courses aside, if we find in the Bahama group an island that answers that description, and if there is no other island in the group that will correspond with it, then, assuming that the landing was made on one of the islands north of Cuba, we may fairly accept that island so described as the land-fall.

Before we proceed to consider the natural features of these islands it will be well to bear in mind their peculiar formation. The colony of the Bahamas consists of twenty-nine islands, 661 cays, and 2387 rocks, the total area of which is 4466 square miles. The largest of these islands fringe the Great and Little Bahama Banks, which are in reality the flat tops of two submarine mountains 12,000 feet high.

The area of these two flat mountain summits is about 43,000 square miles, and, except where the islands and rocks crop up, the banks are covered with water from half a fathom to five fathoms in depth. The Great Bank is pierced by two deep inlets, the tongue of the ocean from the north, and Exuma Sound from the south-east. Each inlet or gulf has an average depth of about one thousand fathoms.

On the eastern edge of the bank are three of the principal islands of the group, Eleuthera, Cat Island, and Long Island, and from the northern point of the latter the bank sweeps round by the Exuma Cays, which with Great and Little Exuma islands form the western bank of the Exuma Sound. The seaward or eastern side of Exuma, Cat Island, and Long Island is so precipitous that at the distance of one mile from the shore the soundings give two thousand fathoms. The small islands to the eastward—Concepcion, Watling's Island, Rum Cay, Samana, etc.—are all the tops of isolated mountains with the same precipitous sides, as all around them is found the same profound ocean depths. There is no evidence of any subsidence having taken place in these islands; but granting the most rapid subsidence known to geological research within the very short period of four centuries, the area could not have been materially greater than it is to-day. I have examined the soundings on the banks noted in the Admiralty charts of fifty years ago, and they are not different from the present soundings, and any argument based upon assumed physical changes of magnitude since the discovery cannot stand. I assume that in the main the islands now present the same appearance that they did in 1492, with the exception that the trees were larger then, the forests thicker, and possibly fresh water was more abundant.

The following observations from the diary are all the facts that we possess bearing upon the description of Guanahani. On the 13th Columbus writes:—

I determined to wait until to-morrow evening, and then to sail for the south-west, for many of them told me that there was land to the south and south west, and to the north-west, and that those from the north-west came frequently to fight with them, and so go to the south-west to get gold and precious stones. This island is very large and very level, and has very green trees and abundance of water, and a very large lagoon in the middle, with-

out any mountains; and all is covered with verdure most pleasing to the eye.

And on the 14th he writes:—

At dawn I ordered the boat of the ship and the boats of the caravels to be got ready, and went along the island in a north-north-easterly direction to see the other side, which was the other side of the east, and also to see the villages; and saw two or three, and their inhabitants coming to the shore calling on us and praising God; some brought us water, some eatables. A crowd of men and women came, each bringing something, giving thanks to God, throwing themselves down and lifting their hands to heaven and entreating us to land there; but I was afraid of a reef of rocks which entirely surrounded that island, although there is within it depth enough and ample harbor for all the vessels of Christendom, but the entrance is very narrow. It is true that the interior of that belt contains some rocks, but the sea there is as still as water in a well; and in order to see all this I moved this morning, and also to see where a fort could be built, and found a piece of land like an island, although it is not one, which in two days could be cut off and converted into an island. I observed all that harbor, and afterward I returned to the ship and set sail, and saw so many islands that I could not decide to which one I should go first, and the men that I had taken made signs that they were innumerable. In consequence, I looked for the largest one and determined to make for it, and I am so doing, and it is probably distant five leagues from this of San Salvador. The others, some more, some less, and all are very level, without mountains and of great fertility, and all are inhabited, and they make war upon each other, although these are very simple-hearted and very finely-formed men.

Now we must see that, written as all this was on the 14th, the statements as to the other islands are simply his interpretation of the signs made by the natives. The *facts* are that Guanahani was a large and populous, therefore fertile island, with a large lake or lagoon in the centre, that it was surrounded by a reef, and to the north a very large harbor within the reef, and a peninsula that was almost an island; that he was able to proceed from his anchorage in his boats round the north north-east point to observe all this, and return the same day to the ships so early that, having set sail for the south-west, he saw an island which was about twenty miles from Guanahani, to which he had now given the name of San Salvador.

Let us now examine the five islands named by various writers as the landfall.

Turks Island is six miles long from north to south, and three miles from east to west. It is perfectly flat, and would

not support two hundred inhabitants, except for its trade in salt, which is produced in large quantities from the extensive salinas. There is no fresh water except what is caught in tanks. There is no reef or reef harbor anywhere such as is described by Columbus.

Mayaguana lies west-north-west and east-south-east. Its length from east to west is twenty-four miles, its width from north to south ten miles. There is no point from which Columbus could have gone in his boats to the north-north-east "to see the other side of the east." Had he anchored at the south-east point he would have been obliged to pull away to the west-north-west for thirty-five miles to reach the reef harbor that is at the north-west point, which he could not have done and got back to his ships the same day. There is no spot answering the other descriptions, and there is no lagoon such as he describes.

Samana is the most desolate and barren rock in the entire Bahama group. It is a mere strip of an islet running ten miles east and west, and one and a half miles north and south at its broadest part. I walked over a great portion of it, and found it almost absolutely devoid of soil. So desolate is it that not an acre of Crown land has ever been sold upon it. Captain Fox assumes that a portion of the easternmost end of the island has since 1492 been worn away by the action of the sea. The island shows signs of upheaval at some remote period, like the upheaved beach at the north end of Long Island, but there is no reason to assume that the island has either subsided or been worn away to such an extent as Captain Fox assumes. But granting any amount of land that could be built up within the reef, it would be impossible to make an island answering even remotely to the description given by Columbus.

Cat Island, or San Salvador, the landfall adopted by Washington Irving, is an island forty-five miles in length from north-west to south-east, and fifteen miles from the south point to the west. On the south shore there are two reef harbors, but *there are no reef harbors at any other part of the island.* It is not flat; on the contrary, the highest hill in the Bahama group is found in the southern portion of the island. There is no point from which Columbus could have gone in boats to the north-

north-east, and had he gone along the eastern shore to the north-west, he would have found no harbor such as he describes; nor would he have found the island surrounded by a reef; nor, indeed, would he have found any reef from "Columbus Point" on the south-east until he had pulled for thirty-three miles to the north-west. In fact, there is not a sentence in his description of Guanahani that would answer for Cat Island. Had he penetrated about a mile and a half inland from the south shore he might have seen a lake, but it is not probable that he would have left the protection of his ships and marched into an unknown country.

Cat Island has been accepted by a portion of the public as the landfall, mainly on account of its modern name, "San Salvador." The fact is that the name was first given by the Church authorities when dedicating the various parishes. In 1802 the Bahamas Parochial Act (43 Geo. III. cap. 2), defining the limits of parishes, defines Cat Island as "the Island of St. Salvador, commonly called Cat Island." The parish of Watling's Island was at the same time dedicated to St. Christopher.

I searched the records in Nassau, and find that down to 1795 the island was always known as Cat Island. The last grant of land in the eighteenth century was made on the 10th of June, 1790, when it was made out for Cat Island. In 1795 John Mulryn Tatnall was returned as member for Cat Island. The first grant of land after the close of the century was on the 20th of September, 1803, to John McQueen, of "San Salvador." The name therefore cannot be allowed to carry any weight in this inquiry.

By the process of exhaustion we now come to Watling's Island, which is the only island of the five left for comparison. Let us see what kind of an island this is, and how it agrees with the description.

Watling's Island is about thirteen miles long and eight wide. About one-third of its area is occupied by a lake or lagoon of brackish water. It is very fertile, and capable of supporting a large population—so much so, that in the days of slavery, when cultivation was systematic, it was called the garden of the Bahamas. It is almost entirely surrounded by a reef. About ten miles from the anchorage on the south-east side, proceeding to the north-north-east for six miles, and then

north-west, we come to Graham's Harbor, formed by a great sweep of the reef, and seven miles long by four miles wide, with a narrow entrance, and close by a promontory attached to the mainland by a very narrow neck. If we call to mind the short description of the diary, we see how completely this island, and this island only, tallies with it. Twenty miles to the south-west lies Rum Cay, and from a position about three miles north of it I have seen from the rigging Concepcion Island to the north-west, while to the west and south-west the tops of the hills of Long Island rose like numerous islands of various sizes and shapes, one long hill about ten or fifteen miles from the north end looking like the largest of the islands.

But while I agree with Captain Becher that Watling's Island is the Guanahani of Columbus, I do not agree with him in the anchorage assigned to the Admiral. Becher places the anchorage at the easternmost point of the island, and about eight miles from its south-eastern extremity. Had he visited the island he would have seen how very unlikely a place that would have been for Columbus to have anchored. It is immediately off the high hill on which the lighthouse now stands, and the approach to the shore through the reef, which is awash, would have been difficult. Nor would he have been from that position obliged to proceed in his boats to the north-north-east "to see the other side, which is the other side of the east," as from this point the land trends north-west to Graham's Harbor, and south-south-west to the south-eastern point of the island, now called Hinchinbrook Rocks. The ship at anchor would thus have commanded both sides of the east. It is assumed by every writer but Becher that Columbus made the island in the morning, and anchored in a strong easterly or north-easterly breeze. There is nothing in the diary to show this. No doubt he carried a strong easterly wind with him the day before, but in the vicinity of the Bahamas the wind is very capricious; for instance, in the diary of the 24th we see that the wind calmed at dawn, and he remained with little wind until after midday. We have absolutely nothing to guide us in forming an opinion as to where the wind came from, or if there was any wind at all between the night of the 11th and the evening of the 14th. Watling's Island

lies outside the tropics, and in October, as a rule, the wind is not from the east. It certainly was not so on the 15th, when he was making the second island. Had it been, he could not have found the difficulty in getting to the westward that he mentions, as, although he was standing off and on during the night, he did not reach the island until noon on the 15th. On the 16th the wind was south-east inclining to south; on the 17th it was south-west and south, and in the afternoon it ceased and sprang up from the west-north-west; while on the 19th the wind was north. Therefore there is no ground for the assumption that the eastern shore of Watling's Island was the weather shore, either when Columbus anchored or during the three days of his stay.

There is, then, no guide to show where he anchored, except the statement of the direction taken by the boats from the ships when he went to see the other side of the east. He could not have taken that direction of north-north-east from any spot on the western shore. There the usual anchorage is Riding Rocks; but to go to Graham's Harbor he would have been obliged to pull due north and then round the reef to the east, and he could not have seen anything of the north-eastern shore and got back again to the ships the same day.

When I visited Watling's Island in January, 1886, the master of the schooner anchored at the point marked on the chart facing page 543, just south of Fortune Hill, and that anchorage, which I afterward named Columbus Bight, is, in my opinion, the anchorage of Columbus. It is on the south-east coast, and the direction to the northernmost point—to be seen from the anchorage—is north-north-east. The land then trends to the north-west. Here, too, a creamy coral strand is backed by white sandhills about fifty feet high, which were clearly visible at six miles distance in the bright moonlight of the 12th of October, 1492. From the top of these low hills the Admiral could see an extensive lagoon, which he could not see from any part of the coast north of the eastern point, as it would be hidden by the high ground.

The anchorage is protected from all but easterly winds, and there is ample room for anchoring and swinging between the coral "heads." The island was large,



level, fertile, populous, with a large lagoon in the middle: "to see the other side of the east" a boat from Columbus Bight must pull to the north-north-east round a point beyond which the coral heads become a regular reef, through the tortuous openings of which no stranger would willingly venture, past a promontory or "piece of land like an island, although it is not one," until it entered into the spacious Graham's Harbor, which was, and is, large enough to fairly justify the figure of speech that it was "ample harbor for all the ships of Christendom."

Place Columbus where we like, at any island on the fringes of the Great and Lit-

tle Bahama Banks, the Turks and Caicos group, or the outlying islands, and with one exception there is not, from Florida to Hayti, any island that answers to his description of Guanabani. That exception is Watling's Island, or San Salvador, which answers the description to the minutest particular; and for the reasons stated I am myself satisfied, and submit for the consideration of the thinking public, that on the coral strands of Columbus Bight, on the south-eastern coast of that island, the royal standard of Spain was first unfurled and the New World opened to modern civilization.—*Nineteenth Century*.

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### THE LIFE-MASK OF KEATS.\*

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

POET to poet gave this mask, of him  
 Who sang the song of Rapture and Despair;  
 Who to the Nightingale was kin; aware  
 Of all the Night's enamoring—the dim  
 Strange ecstasy of light at the moon's rim;  
 The unheard melodies that subtly snare  
 The listening soul—Pan's wayward pipes that dare  
 To conjure shapes now beautiful, now grim.

He who this life mask prized so tenderly  
 Might not behold the semblance that it wore,  
 The charm ineffable—now sweet, now sad:  
 But well he knew what loveliness must be  
 Upon the face of Keats for evermore,  
 And with his spirit's gaze saw and was glad.

—*Academy*.

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### ON THE ESSENTIAL CHARACTERISTIC OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

BY FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.

To attempt to express and to sum up in a word the essential characteristic of a great literature, so varied and so rich as the French, which dates back eight or nine hundred years, seems at first sight a rash, imprudent, and altogether chimerical undertaking. What connection can be discovered between a romance of the Round Table, such as *Le Chevalier au Lion*, by Crestien de Troyes, for instance,

and *Le Maître de Forges*, by M. Georges Ohnet, or *Doit-on le dire*, or *La Cagnotte*, or any other play you please, by Eugène Labiche, or Edmond Gondinet? Do not the authors, their subjects, their language, the times and the places in which they lived, all differ one from another? And if, in order to determine the essential characteristic of a literature, we begin by eliminating from its history all diversifying elements, what insignificant "precipitate," what literary or even historic fact is likely to be left? and what shall we,

\* Presented to the blind poet, Philip Bourke Marston, by Richard Watson Gilder.

who speciously pretended to characterize it, have done but attenuate the substance of our observations to vanishing-point?

This objection can easily be met. In the first place, even if it is not an absolute mathematical truth, verifiable at any given time, that a great literature is the complete expression of the genius of a race, and its annals the faithful summary of the whole history of a civilization, the contrary is still less true: and whatever differences an interval of six or seven hundred years—a long period in the life of a nation—may have effected between a *trouvère* of the twelfth century and a playwright or novelist of the Third Republic, yet, as they are both French, there must necessarily exist some relation between them. Observe again, how in this Europe of ours, in which so many different races, alien and hostile one to another, have been everywhere clashing and fighting and cutting one another's throats, mutual intercourse and understandings have been steadily on the increase. It was their literature that gave the great modern nationalities a point of union and concentration, through which they became conscious of themselves. Would united Italy exist if there had been nothing in common between Dante and Alfieri? Would Germany, if there had not been something of Luther in the soul of every German? And what finally justifies an inquiry into the essential characteristic of a literature, is the flood of light which this characteristic, once defined, throws upon the innermost history of that literature, enabling us to understand the slow succession of elements that have contributed to the creation of "the souls of nations."

Suppose, for instance, that the essential characteristic of the Italian is to be what I may call an artistic literature. This characteristic alone would at once differentiate it from all other modern literatures—French or German, Spanish or English. These latter are certainly not deficient in works of art, but none of them, so far as I know, makes art its chief aim; nor do their authors, like Ariosto or Tasso, propose, as their sole aim and object, to realize some purely poetic fantasy or dream of beauty. The close affinities which have always connected the literature of Italy with the other arts, especially with painting and music, are included in the enunciation of this characteristic. There is

something of Orcagna and of Fra Angelico in the *Divina Commedia*; and when we read the *Jerusalem* or the *Aminta*, does it not seem as though the transformation from the epic to the grand opera were taking place before our very eyes? This artistic character suffices also to explain the preponderating influence of Italian literature at the time of the Renaissance. The French, during the reigns of Francis I. and Henry II., and the English in Henry VIII.'s and Elizabeth's time, owed their first sensations of art to the Italians. The idea of the power of art, if it does not sum up the whole Renaissance, constitutes perhaps its most important feature. And who cannot perceive the intimate connection between this conception of a purely artistic literature and what the Italians have termed *virtù*, which certainly does not mean "virtue" (it may possess some of that quality, though the reverse has often been the case), but which is, in terms of logic, the genus of which "virtuosity" is only a species? Who does not see in what way the definition of the essential characteristic of a literature leads by easy steps to a knowledge of the soul of a people and a race?

To take another example. Let us suppose that the essential characteristic of the Spanish is to be a chivalrous literature. Are not all its annals illuminated by this definition as by a flash of light? We grasp immediately the relationship uniting works so different as the epic legends and songs of the *Romancero*; the stories of adventure and amorous pastorals in the style of the *Amadis* or the *Diana* of Montemayor; the dramas of Calderon and Lope de Vega, such as the *Physician of His Honor*, or *Mudarra the Bastard*; and mystic treatises and picaresque romances after the manner of the *Castle of the Soul* and *Lazarillo de Tormes*. We recognize in all these the family features, the hereditary something which bears eternal witness to their common origin, namely, that Castilian chivalry, which, in its sometimes sublime and sometimes grotesque exaggeration, seems according to occasion to lead indifferently to the extremes of devotion or folly. Then read *Don Quixote*. . . . If in this political and financial, industrial, utilitarian and positivist Europe, we have not yet quite lost the sense of the chivalrous, we owe it to the influence of Spanish literature. It could easily be proved that Spain has saved

and preserved for us whatever of the spirit of the Middle Ages deserved perchance not utterly to perish. And who will say that it is useless to take cognizance of this—useless, I mean, for a more accurate knowledge, for a more intimate understanding of Spanish literature, of its rôle in history, and of the genius of Spain herself?

The essential characteristic of French literature is more difficult to determine; not, I need scarcely say, because our national literature is more original than the others, or richer in masterpieces, or more resplendent with great names. Nothing could be more impertinent than to urge such a pretension—nothing more ridiculous than to believe it. If the Spaniards have not had a Voltaire, nor the Italians a Molière, we French have not had either a Dante or a Cervantes. But it may be said that the French is certainly the richest of all modern literatures. It is also the oldest; and we may here be permitted to recall what Dante, with whom Italian literature properly begins, and Chaucer, whose *Canterbury Tales* may be said to have inaugurated English literature, owed, the one to our troubadours and the other to the more or less anonymous authors of our old *fabliaux*. Again, has not French literature been the most ready in its recognition and welcome of others? Has it not always exhibited the keenest curiosity about foreign literatures; and has it not been most richly and liberally inspired by them? Is there any that has showed less scruple in converting the Italian and Spanish novels "into blood and nutriment" for its own purpose? Ronsard is almost an Italian poet when he sings of his *Cassandre*, his *Marie*, his *Hélène*, his "divers loves," with metaphors borrowed from Petrarch and Bembo. And is not Corneille himself, in spite of some Norman attributes, a kind of Spanish dramatist? When he does not derive his inspiration from Alarcon or Guillen de Castro, he seeks it in Seneca or Lucan, who were both natives of Cordova. We have prose-writers, too, like Diderot, about whom it is still a moot point, after the lapse of fully one hundred years, whether he was the most German or the most English of our Champenois. Why, if we are not careful, very soon no one at Paris will read any but Russian novelists, such as Goncharoff or Shchedrin, or play any but

Scandinavian melodramas, like *The Lady of the Sea* or *The Wild Duck*. I may add that, while French literature is international or cosmopolitan in this sense, it is still more so in that it can claim to have attracted more foreigners than any other. Thus Italians, such as Brunetto Latini, the master of Dante, down to Galiani, the friend of our encyclopedists; Englishmen, like Hamilton, Chesterfield, and Walpole; and Germans, like Leibnitz and Frederick the Great, all fell beneath its fascination. No doubt these circumstances combine to diversify our literature, but they also render it exceedingly difficult to characterize in one word.

If, however, it were to be said that over and above everything else, even above those qualities of order and clearness, logic and precision, elegance and politeness, which have almost become the *crambe repetita* of criticism—if it were to be said that the French is an essentially sociable or social literature, the definition would not perhaps express the entire truth, but it would not be much in error. From Crestien de Troyes, whom I mentioned above, down to M. François Coppée, the author of the *Humblés* and the *Intimités*, scarcely any French writer has written either in prose or in verse, except with a view to influence society. In the expression of their thought they always consider the public to whom they are addressing themselves, and consequently they have never differentiated the art of writing from that of pleasing, persuading, or convincing. No doctrine was ever more opposed to the practice of our great writers than that of "art for art's sake;" and in this connection I will quote a fine passage of Bossuet. "The poets of Greece," he says, "who were read by the common folk afforded them instruction even more than entertainment. The most renowned of conquerors regarded Homer as a master in the art of good government. That great poet likewise inculcated the virtue of obedience and good citizenship. He, and many other poets, whose works, though yielding pleasure, are none the less of serious import, celebrate those arts alone which are useful to human life. They aspire only to further the public weal, the good of their country and of society, and that admirable 'civility' which we have already explained." Why should we not believe that in thus defining Greek poetry

—which he has no doubt regarded from a rather ideal standpoint, and in which he has at any rate excluded from consideration some of Aristophanes' comedies, some epigrams of the Anthology—Bossuet was defining his own literary ideal? Certainly this criticism of Æschylus or Sophocles, the authors of the *Persæ* and the *Antigone*, holds perhaps even more true of Corneille or Voltaire, the authors of *Les Horaces* and *Zaire*; and, if there were still room to doubt that the desire of "celebrating the arts which are useful to human life" is really the guiding spirit of French literature, I should be convinced by the number and diversity of facts in the history of French literature which, it will be seen, this theory explains, and indeed can alone explain.

To begin with, all those qualities of order and clearness, logic and precision, which have been mentioned, refer back or, rather, are reducible to this principle, like a variety of effects to one and the same cause. Let us consider the point a little more closely. If, as the saying goes, "that which is not clear is not French," shall we credit this quality to a characteristic of the language, and to certain singular properties or virtues which Italian and Spanish do not possess, though sprung from the same origin? No; the reason is to be found solely in the way in which our writers have wrought at the language; and that work of theirs, which dates back eight or nine hundred years, did not, as in Spain and Italy, aim at enhancing the beauty or voluptuousness of the language, nor perhaps its logical quality, but solely and particularly its intelligibility. Rivarol makes an interesting remark in this regard in his famous *Discours sur l'Universalité de la Langue Française*. "Consider," he says, "some of the translations that have been made into most of the modern languages from the great classics, from Thucydides, for instance, or Tacitus. Thanks to the happy facility all but the French possess for modelling or moulding themselves on the Latin and Greek, they produce faithful imitations even of the obscurities of the originals. A French translation, on the contrary, is always to a certain extent an explanation of the text, if not an actual commentary." The fact could not be better put, and I am only astonished that Rivarol did not more acutely perceive the social reason for this clearness

of the French—that it is included in the conception our writers formed of their art. It was out of regard for the reader, and out of pure "civility," as Bossuet says, that the true French phrase freed itself in the seventeenth century from the Latin uses which had even till then hampered its natural development. Similarly, in the following century, it was out of pure "civility," if a greater intelligibility among the other European nations be included in that term, that the ample phrase of Pascal and Bossuet gave place to that of Voltaire which being less organic, was less beautiful, but at the same time more logical, more direct, and in especial more brief and therefore more easily understood. Lastly, when, in modern times, our romanticists claimed the use of a vocabulary fuller and richer in color, though less "noble" and less "select" than that of the classics, was it not again due to "civility" that they chiefly purposed to render their writings accessible to a new generation of readers, in themselves less "select" and consequently less "noble" than those of Voltaire or Pascal? The first and principal object of our writers, who aim at the practical in everything, and have always hankered after social influence, is, to be read. It is not the universality of the French tongue that has led to the universality of the literature; it is, on the contrary, the universality of the literature that has led to the universality of the language. Rabelais and Montaigne, Voltaire and Rousseau were not read because people knew French, but people learned French in order to be able to read *Le Contrat Social* and the *Essai sur les Mœurs* in the original. If, therefore, the French language has become more clear and logical, more precise and polished than any other, the credit is due to our writers, who have labored at the language with the deliberate intention and purpose of enabling it to fulfil the social mission which they had marked out for our literature.

This characteristic of sociability also explains the superiority of the French in what may be called the "common" kinds of literature—those which only exist with the complicity of the public, and, as it were, by the favor of its collaboration. There is no orator without an audience, no theatre without stalls and pit, no "correspondence," if there are not at least two parties to it, and no moralists without



salons. Take, for instance, the pulpit. If no literature can boast a preacher more eloquent than Bossuet, nor a moralist more sound than Bourdaloue, it is owing to the fact that no one ever understood better than they the social and political virtue of Christianity. If we turn to a very different and yet closely allied order of ideas, is it not the prime ambition of our dramatic authors to "correct" or to "direct" morality—e.g., Corneille and Molière, Voltaire and Destouches, Marivaux and Beaumarchais, Diderot and Mercier, Dumas and Hugo, the authors of the *Demi-monde* or of the *Lionnes Pauvres*? Racine and Regnard are, perhaps, exceptions; but then they, of all our dramatic authors, are those whom foreigners have always appreciated least. Consider again the masterpieces of the French novel, from the *Astrée* of Honoré d'Urfé down to the *Germinal* of M. Zola, and observe their nature. The great aim all through is not to analyze states of the soul, or to represent extraordinary situations, but to depict "morals," and especially "conditions." The good French novels mirror society. And what do not our great letter-writers, Mme. de Sévigné, Mme. de Maintenon, Mme. du Deffand, and Voltaire, owe to the same preoccupation about social usages? The feeling goes so far, that a really private correspondence, like that of Mlle. de Lespinasse, who only thought to express the depths of her passion, strikes a strangely discordant note in the history of our epistolary literature. But, without society and their absorbing interest in it, what would have become of our moralists, the authors of the *Maximes* and the *Caractères*, Vauvenargues and Duclos, Chamfort and Rivarol, Joubert and Stendhal? They did nothing but "give the public back what the public gave them," now in a bitter, now in a sprightly vein, according as their lives were passed in hardship or in pleasant places; but even in their satire they were always most sociable, since, had they lived apart from the society they criticised, they would have lost the very material of their observations.

The result of this manner of conceiving and handling literature was that the qualities peculiar to literary work were imperceptibly extended to subjects to which they seemed the least to lend themselves. Our great writers, merely by dint of placing themselves within range of almost

every kind of reader, were presently enabled to treat all sorts of subjects in a literary way. Themes the most abstract in their nature and intention, the furthest removed from common experience, have been inscribed among the masterpieces of the language, and are no less memorable in literature than the tragedies of Racine or the fables of La Fontaine. Take, for example, a theological pamphlet, like the *Provinciales*; a book of religious controversy, like the *Histoire des Variations des Eglises Protestantes*; a treatise of Cartesian astronomy, like the *Entretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes*; a compilation of universal and comparative jurisprudence, like the *Esprit des Lois*; and a pedagogic novel, like the *Emile*, which does not even read like a story—an advantage which the Greek *Cyropædia* possesses. How and why is this? We just now answered the question. Buffon said it before us, when he recommended a writer to express himself only in general terms. Those who have so often reproached him with this saying during the last hundred years do not understand that, by excluding technical terms from literary work, he won for the uninitiated, that is, for every intelligent man, access to sanctuaries which the pedantry of specialists of every order, theologians and jurists, scientists and philologists, had hitherto appropriated to themselves. The powers of an intelligent man only really fail him when the language of cipher is introduced, and he can understand everything provided only the trouble is taken to explain it.

We are touching here upon the principal reasons for the universality of the French language. Every one knows that at least twice in the course of their long and glorious career the French literature and language enjoyed a universality of power and influence throughout Europe, which other languages, perhaps more harmonious, and other literatures, in some respects more original, have never known. It was under a purely French form that our *Chansons de Geste*, our *Romans de la Table Ronde*, and our *fabliaux* allured, enchanted and conquered the imagination of the Middle Ages. The amorous languor and the subtlety of our *poésie courtoise* pervade the madrigals of Shakespeare no less than the sonnets of Petrarch, and, after the lapse of many years, we still discover traces of the old influence even in the

Wagnerian drama—e.g., *Lohengrin*, *Parzifal* and *Tristan und Isolde*. For one hundred and fifty years, and even a little longer, from the commencement of the seventeenth to the end of the eighteenth century, Europe followed classical models and French literature again reigned supreme in Italy and Spain, in England and Germany. Algarotti, Bettinelli, Beccaria, Filangieri, to say nothing of Galliani, are almost French names. Should I mention the famous Gottsched? Lessing himself only triumphed over Voltaire with the assistance of Diderot; and, who knows? perhaps the fact that Rivarol wrote his *Discours sur l'Universalité de la Langue Française* should be laid to the charge of our national vanity; for Rivarol was half Piedmontese, and it was the Berlin Academy that had announced the subject for competition.

Now, many reasons, statistical, geographical, political, and diplomatic, have been assigned to account for this universality of our literature. But the true and valid reason lies elsewhere—in the eminently social character of the literature itself. If, apart from mediæval times, our great writers were understood and enjoyed by the whole world in the eighteenth century, it was owing to the fact that they appealed to the whole world, or, to put it better, they spoke to the whole world of the interests of the whole world. Neither exceptions nor singularities attracted them. Their only wish was to treat of man in general, or, as we still say, universal man, bound by the social ties of the human race. Is not their very success a proof that, beneath every idiosyncrasy that distinguishes an Italian from a German, the universal man, whose existence has been so often called in question, continues to be, and to live, and to remain unaltered? Let me give some examples. Why has not the *Cid* of Guillen de Castro won the same European reputation as the *Cid* of Corneille? It is certainly a fine drama, in which one might, without much difficulty, select for praise more than one quality lacking in Corneille. The reason is that Guillen de Castro did not perceive latent in the subject what Corneille, on the other hand, knew so well to evolve from it—I mean the conflict between Rodrigue's passion and social law. Like a true Spaniard, De Castro treated exhaustively the heroic interest, while the human interest, properly

ly speaking, escaped him. See again how and in what sense Racine, in the composition of his *Phèdre*, transformed his material and endowed the Greek *Hippolytus* with a new interest. Again, what added effect did Voltaire seek to attain when he recast Shakespeare's *Othello* in *Zaire*? He, like Corneille, introduces a social conflict, the conflict of love with religion, and the eminently human interest of *Zaire's* hesitation between what she owes to her birth, on the one hand, and, on the other, what she longs to yield to her passion. Here, indeed, lies the reason of the universality of French literature. The questions which our writers discuss by preference are concerned with the essential interests of social man. The social institution being for them the most wonderful phenomenon in the world, all their thoughts are directed toward it, and that is why the expressions of their ideas concerning it cannot be indifferent to any one. What does it interest three quarters even of those who read the fact that the distance between the earth and the sun is not known within two or three millions of kilometres? But who would not be curious to know how far the claim of a country over its citizens extends? or that of a father over his children? or that of a husband over his wife? and how the many conflicts which daily arise between our different duties are to be decided? and by what method the needs of the individual and the rights of society are to be reconciled—under what higher principle they fall? French literature has acquired universality because it voluntarily directed its energies toward an examination of these social problems; because, as Voltaire said, it has always striven after that "humanity which should be the first characteristic of a thinking being"; because we never believed that talent or even genius excepted a man from association with his kind, or that his superiority over his fellow-men set him above the laws; and because our greatest writers feared nothing so much as to lose touch with public opinion, and to be alone in the right in the struggle with popular fallacies.

That other causes may, at the present time, have contributed to the diffusion of French ideas and literature, I do not care to deny. Our language doubtless did not suffer much injury through being the common tongue of a people which in the

eighteenth century represented about a fifth of the total population of civilized Europe. It may also be urged, and it has rightly been urged, that France occupied a privileged situation in the centre of the Europe of that time—at the confluence, as it were, of the literature of the North and South. Nor should we forget that under Louis XIV. and even under Louis XV. we had the good fortune to serve as “the glass of fashion and the mould of form” at the court of Charles II. of England and the great Catherine. But these are after all secondary or, rather, derivative reasons, which by themselves would have been inoperative, and none of which, at any rate, would have sufficed to ensure the universality of French literature, seeing that they did not ensure that of the Italian or the German literatures. What does it avail the Germans that they number to-day nearly 50,000,000 souls? Is their literature any the more widely read? are their novelists more fertile? are their dramatic authors more frequently played? As for seeking the causes of the universality of French literature in its political influence during three or four centuries, I might as well pretend to find the causes of Voltaire’s popularity in the *Bible expliquée par les aumôniers du roi de Pologne*, or the foundations of Hugo’s fame in his political opinions, in his *Châtiments* and *Napoléon le Petit*. Everybody knows that the real causes lie in the idea which these two authors conceived of their social mission, and, consequently, in the conformity of their ideal with that of French literature.

I will conclude by advancing another and not less convincing argument. The social characteristic is so inherent, innate, and completely adequate as a definition of French literature, that it explains its defects no less than its qualities. The long inferiority of our lyric poetry is an excellent instance. If the Pleiad miscarried of old in its generous enterprise—if Ronsard and his friends only left behind them from a literary standpoint an equivocal reputation, which is continually being assailed—if, for two hundred and fifty or three hundred years, up to the appearance of Lamartine and Hugo, there was nothing more empty, more cold, and more false than a French ode or elegy, it is absurd to reproach Boileau or Malherbe, as people do, for what is solely due to force of circumstances. And the reason of it is that, by

compelling literature to fulfil a social function, properly speaking, as we have just seen, by requiring the poet to subordinate his way of thinking and feeling to the common way of thinking and feeling, and by denying him the right to allow his own personality to appear in or to inform his work, the living sources of lyricism were necessarily dammed or rather dried up. French literature has thus paid for its superiority in the “common” kinds by its too unmistakable inferiority in the personal kinds of art. For, no sooner was accessibility to everybody the object aimed at, than it became at once necessary to restrain the expression of feelings—I do not mean the rarer or the more exceptional, but the too personal and individual feelings. Similarly, our writers had to sacrifice all the peculiar and intimate feeling that local detail lends to the expression of general sentiments, through fear of including in the analysis or description elements that might not be true of every time and every place. Thus the predominance of the social characteristic over all others reduced the manifestation of the poet’s personality to the modicum allowed in Horace’s *proprie communia dicere*, and although we have had more than one Æschylus and Sophocles, more than one Cicero and Horace, we have had no Pindar, nor even a Petrarch or a Tasso. . . . It would be more difficult to say why we have not had either a Homer or a Dante, an Ariosto or a Milton.

Is that, perhaps, why French literature has been sometimes blamed for lack of depth and originality? We will accept the reproach, seeing therein but one more proof of the eminently social character of our literature, without inquiring, in this connection, whether some of our accusers may not have confounded depth with obscurity; or whether, again, our great writers may not have sometimes indulged in the courtier-like sprightliness of men of the world when they wished to express profound truths in lucid language. Thus, few of our writers have examined the problem of the relativity of knowledge, or the identity of contradictories, because few writers have attached any interest to it outside the schools. However it may be with the categories of the understanding or the modes of thought, we in France have decided that social life has little or nothing to do with the problem of the

temporification of space or the spatialization of time. We have likewise come to the conclusion that, as the questions of religious toleration or popular sovereignty have only a very remote connection with that of knowing "how the Ego and the Non-Ego, posited in the Ego by the Ego, limit one another reciprocally," a true philosopher might do well to examine the latter question *en passant*, but should by no means become so deeply absorbed in it as to forget the two first. Further, it seems to us that if, before dealing with practical questions, we have to wait for the elucidation of the deeper problems, which definition cannot solve, and which turn upon the unknowable, we may have to wait a long time :—

"Vivendi qui recte prorogat horam,  
Rusticus expectat dum defluat annis : at ille  
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis aevum."

Let us, therefore, organize social life, to begin with. We may then, if there is time, inquire into its metaphysical basis. Is not this the visible and actual order of phenomena? The German metaphysics of the nineteenth century were only made possible by the French literature of the eighteenth. French literature, in fact, has only lacked depth through a superabundance, as it were, of practical spirit. Kant is not more profound than Pascal, nor Fichte than Rousseau. The sole distinction lies in the fact that Fichte and Kant chose to treat a whole series of ideas, which Pascal and Rousseau thought better to leave untouched. The latter expended as much effort in the cause of intelligibility as the other two in coating or rather arming themselves with bristling formulæ, with the result of making themselves obscure. And all this, it may be seen, brings us back continually to the idea of sociability as the essential characteristic of French literature.

Similarly, the lack of originality with which it has been reproached must be referred to the same source. Every medal has its reverse, and a pre-eminently social literature will always be, in a certain sense, less original than that which habitually strives, as once the Italian literature did, to realize pure beauty, or which again, as the English literature even of to-day, directs its efforts only toward the free manifestation of individual energies. You may live, if you please, outside, and, so to speak, on the margin of the society of

your fellow-men. You may, like Byron and Shelley, proudly banish yourself from their midst for reasons best known to yourself. You may, if you wish, boldly run counter to the generally received ideas. But if, on the other hand, you live in and for society, which is no doubt also permissible, you must begin by submitting in some degree to its opinions and prejudices, since that is also the surest means of modifying them. Men are not to be persuaded against their prejudices, but their prejudices should be laid bare. "Principles should be contrasted," to use an expression of Diderot; and this effect of contrast should be used for stirring up sluggish brains to think. Or again, just as, in order to master nature, we begin, not by yielding a fictitious but a real obedience to her laws, the knowledge of which imperceptibly procures us the means of escaping them, in like manner, *a fortiori*, we can never conquer prejudices except by that intimate knowledge of their strength and weakness which we owe to our having shared them ourselves. The severest reproach French literature had to fear was that of eccentricity, for the simple reason that its principal aim was to perfect or reform the social institution. Did our writers perhaps fear too much? That is a question which would take us too far out of our way to answer. Suffice it that "original genius" cannot be said to have been lacking in the country of Rabelais and Montaigne, Corneille and Pascal, Molière and La Fontaine, Diderot and Rousseau, to mention only the classics; and that those particulars, in which their originality may have been affected adversely, can be reckoned to the profit of their social influence and of the general interests of humanity.

Let me show now what a flood of light this definition of its essential characteristic throws upon the dark portions of the history of French literature. The discredit and obloquy which "the victims of Boileau" have incurred, for instance, Théophile de Viaud, or Saint Amant; the contradictory judgments which have been so often pronounced, and are still being pronounced every day on the "precious" ways of society; the standing battle between the ancients and the moderns, the importance of which has been strangely misunderstood for so long a period; the worldliness of a Marivaux, the sentimental-



ity of a la Chaussée, the mischievousness of a Crébillon, the perversity of a Laclos; the nature of a revolution effected in the literature of his time by the author of *La Nouvelle Héloïse* and the *Confessions*; the real point at issue between the classicists and the romanticists at the commencement of this century—all these facts can be clearly explained and co-ordinated by referring them to the essential characteristic of French literature. If the name of a Théophile de Viaud or a Saint Amant is almost unknown (although *La Solitude* is certainly beautiful, and the sonnet of the *Goinfres* is a fine poem, after the manner of Mathurin Regnier), it must be attributed to the fact that they wanted to write personal literature at a time when, the intellectual tendency being predominantly social, they did not enjoy the advantage of that complicity of opinion without which nobody, about the year 1620, could achieve anything in France. Inversely and reciprocally, the right for which the romanticists contended about the year 1830 was that of being themselves, of throwing off the shackles which the tradition of the masterpieces of a quite impersonal literature under the name of rules of taste imposed upon them—and they no sooner obtained their freedom than they renounced it, which is a curious and very significant fact. Indeed, the social range of Hugo's work, though less considerable than Voltaire's, is none the less undeniable. So the Protestants of old, when they had recovered from Rome their freedom of thought, hastened to surrender it by creating Churches of their own. . . . But the importance of all these questions is almost confined to literary historians; and that is why, after a mere indication of them, I prefer, in order to bring clearly to light the essential characteristic of French literature, to contrast it with the essential characteristics of the English and the German.

By comparison with French literature, thus defined and characterized, the English is an individualist literature. With the exception of three or four generations in its long history, that of Congreve and Wycherley, for instance, or that of Pope and Addison—to whom it should not be forgotten must also be added the name of Swift—you will find that the English only write in order to experience the exterior sensation of their individuality. Hence

that "humor," which may be defined as the expression of the pleasure they feel in giving vent to their peculiar thoughts, often in a manner unexpected by themselves. Hence, too, the abundance, diversity, and richness of their lyric vein, since individualism is its real source, and an ode or elegy is the involuntary afflux, as it were, and overflow of the innermost feelings in the poet's soul. Hence, again, the eccentricity of the majority of their great writers with respect to the rest of their compatriots, as if, in truth, they only became conscious of themselves by taking up the opposite ground to those who believed they resembled them most. Hence, in a word, the nature of their imagination and their sensibility. As if a man's capacity of representing himself and his feelings to another man—as if fantasy truly so-called, which is the most variable of faculties, constituted the element of most permanent value! . . . But cannot English literature be otherwise characterized? As you may imagine, I do not venture to answer in the affirmative; and all I say is, that I cannot better characterize in one word that which differentiates English from French literature.

This, too, is all I claim to do when I say that the essential characteristic of German literature is to be philosophic. German philosophers are poets, and their poets philosophers. Goethe is no more and no less in the *Theory of Colors*, or the *Metamorphosis of Plants*, than in *Faust* itself, or the *Divan*; while Schelling's philosophy, and even Schleiermacher's theology, overflow with lyricism. It is impossible to doubt that this is one reason for the mediocrity of the German theatre, but it is evidently also the cause of the depth and range of German poetry. Even in the masterpieces of German literature there may be said to be an intermingling of something confused and troubled, or, rather, mysterious, and therefore suggestive in the highest degree, which excites to thought by the unusual medium of dream. Who, again, has not, in spite of a barbaric terminology, been struck by a certain attractive or seductive, and therefore profoundly poetic element in almost all the great systems of German metaphysics? Nothing could be more remote from the character of French literature. It is perfectly intelligible now what the Germans mean when they blame us for

want of depth. Is it not as if they were to blame French literature for not being German? Should we reply by blaming German literature for not being French?

God forbid! It is well the world is so. Nothing has contributed more during the last five or six hundred years to the diversity of European literature, and also, perhaps, to the greatness of Western civilization, than the incessant exchange of ideas among the nations and races of modern Europe. If, indeed, the highest ideal of man were never to stand in need of his like, then the highest ideal of the different peoples would be to isolate themselves within their frontiers. We owe to the Germans the sense of the mystery, and, so to speak, the revelation of the beauties of the obscure and unknowable. We owe to another nation the sense of art, and what may be termed the understanding of the power of form. A third has contributed the most heroic note in the conception of chivalrous honor; and, lastly, to another is due our knowledge of the noblest and the fiercest, the most potent and awe-inspiring elements in human pride.

The French, meanwhile, have been engaged in blending together, and uniting under the conception of human society in general the contradictory and hostile elements that were involved in all the other literatures. The ideas we borrowed were requisitioned only for the advance of justice, reason, and humanity: we transformed them; above all, we animated

them with that light-hearted gayety which makes life easier for men, and ideas more ready of comprehension. But have we not also sometimes diminished the greatness or stained the purity of these ideas? While Corneille has brought the somewhat barbaric heroes of Guillen de Castro nearer to us by humanizing them, must not La Fontaine be blamed for having rendered the three or four passages he imitated from the author of the *Decameron* more obscene than they are in the original? And though the Italians can hardly grudge Molière what he borrowed from them, have not the English some right to complain that Voltaire so little understood Shakespeare? But, after all, what does this matter? It remains none the less true, that if, by evolving from the individual man of north and south this notion of a universal man, which we have been so often reproached for spreading abroad in the world, any one of the modern literatures has on the whole consistently aspired toward the "public weal" and "civility," it is undoubtedly ours. And whatever may have been said or may still be said, and however much the fashion of sentiment and thought may change, from Lisbon to Stockholm, and from Archangel to Naples, this idea of a universal man can scarcely be so worthless as has been pretended, since, as we have seen, it is that idea which foreigners in every century have regarded with affectionate admiration in the masterpieces of French literature.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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#### THE SUN AMONG HIS PEERS.]

BY J. ELLARD GORE, F.R.A.S.

THE Sun is a star, and the stars are suns. This fact has been a familiar one to astronomers for many years, and is probably known to most of my readers. That the stars shine by their own inherent light, and not by light reflected from another body, like the planets of the solar system, may be easily proved. That many of them at least are very similar to our own sun is clearly shown by several considerations. I will mention three facts which prove this conclusively. First, their great intrinsic brilliancy compared with their small apparent diameter, a diameter so small that the highest powers of the largest

telescopes fail to show them as anything but mere points of light without measurable magnitude. Second, their vast distance from the earth, a distance so great that the diameter of the earth's orbit dwindles almost to a point in comparison. This accounts satisfactorily for the first fact. Third, the spectroscope—that unerring instrument of modern research—shows that the light emitted by many of them is very similar to that radiated by the sun. Their chemical and physical constitution is, therefore, probably analogous to that of our central luminary. The red stars certainly show spectra differing con-

siderably from the solar spectrum, but these objects are comparatively rare, and may perhaps be considered as forming exceptions to the general rule.

The stellar spectra have been divided into four types or classes. The first class includes stars like Sirius, in which the strong development of the hydrogen lines seems to indicate the preponderance of this gaseous metal in the fiery envelopes of these distant suns. The second class includes stars in which the spectrum closely resembles the solar spectrum. The third and fourth types include those which show a banded spectrum, the rainbow-tinted streak being crossed by a number of dark bands or shadings, in striking contrast to the solar spectrum, in which fine lines only are visible. These are mostly of an orange or red color of various degrees of intensity, and many of them are variable in their light. There is some reason to suppose that stars of the first type are probably the hottest and intrinsically the brightest of all, and are not, therefore, fairly comparable with our sun. In considering, therefore, the sun's rank in size and brightness among the stellar hosts, we should compare it with stars which show a similar spectrum.

But how are we to compare the sun with any star? It is clear that the first thing we require to know is the star's distance from the earth. The apparent size and brightness of an object depends on its distance from the eye. A candle placed a few feet from us will look larger and give more light than a brilliant electric lamp several miles away. Venus is, at its brightest, considerably brighter than Jupiter, although the former is a much smaller planet than the latter. Unfortunately the distance of but few of the fixed stars has been ascertained with any approach to accuracy. Failure in the attempt to measure the distance of a star implies, of course, that it lies at a vast distance from the earth. In several cases, however, the efforts of astronomers have been rewarded with success, although the result found for some stars is still open to much uncertainty. In addition to their distance we also require to know the *apparent* brightness of the sun with reference to the star with which it is to be compared. Owing to the excessive brilliancy of the sun compared with even the brightest stars, this is a matter of no small difficulty. Photo-

metric measures, made with the aid of the moon as a "medium," have, however, yielded a fairly reliable result, and it is now generally assumed by astronomers that on the scale of stellar magnitudes which represents the brightest stars as of the first magnitude, and those near the limit of ordinary eyesight as sixth magnitude, the sun's light may be expressed as about  $26\frac{1}{2}$  magnitudes brighter than an average star of the first magnitude, such as Altair or Spica. This may seem to some rather a surprising result. It may be asked, if there is a difference of five magnitudes between a sixth magnitude star and one of the first magnitude, should not the difference between a first magnitude star and the sun be much more than  $26\frac{1}{2}$  magnitudes? At first sight the number representing the sun's stellar magnitude certainly does seem small, but a little consideration will soon dispel this feeling of surprise. The explanation of the apparent difficulty is a simple one, and will be easily understood by those familiar with the rules of arithmetic. The numbers denoting star magnitudes really form a geometrical series. Thus a star of the fifth magnitude is about two and a half times (more correctly 2.512 times) brighter than a star of the sixth magnitude; a star of the fourth two and a half times brighter than one of the fifth, and so on. This series increases very rapidly, like the question of the nails in a horse's shoe in books on arithmetic. With the "ratio" of two and a half, a star of the first magnitude would be a hundred times brighter than one of the sixth. A difference of ten magnitudes between two stars would denote that one is 10,000 times brighter than the other; and if we go on to  $26\frac{1}{2}$  times above the first magnitude, we arrive at a very large number indeed. In fact, the number  $26\frac{1}{2}$  implies that the sun is equal in brightness to 39,811,000,000, or nearly forty thousand millions of stars of the first magnitude, like Altair or Spica.

Knowing, then, the sun's stellar magnitude, we can easily calculate what its apparent brightness would be if placed at the distance of a star of which the distance from the earth has been determined. For, as light varies inversely as the square of the distance, we have simply to express the distance of the star in terms of the sun's distance from the earth, square this number, and then find how many stellar

magnitudes would give the diminution of light indicated by the number thus obtained. A "parallax" of one second of arc would represent a stellar distance of 206,265 times the sun's mean distance from the earth. At this distance the sun would shine as an average star of the first magnitude. If the star's parallax is only a fraction of a second—as it always is—we have to divide 206,265 by the parallax to obtain the distance sought. For example, the most reliable measures give a parallax for Sirius of about four-tenths of a second of arc. Dividing this into 206,265, we have the distance of Sirius, equal to 515,662 times the sun's distance from the earth. I find that the square of this number represents a diminution of light of  $28\frac{1}{2}$  stellar magnitudes. Subtracting  $26\frac{1}{2}$  from this, we have the result that the sun's light would be reduced to two magnitudes below the first, or to the third magnitude, if it were placed at the distance of Sirius. In other words, Sirius, which is about two magnitudes brighter than an average first magnitude star, is four stellar magnitudes, or about forty times brighter than the sun would be in the same position as seen from the earth.

From observations of a faint companion which revolves round Sirius in a period of about 58 years, I find that the combined mass of this brilliant star—the brightest of the stellar hosts—and its companion is about three times the mass of the sun. Now, if Sirius were of the same intrinsic brightness as the sun, and of the same density, its diameter would be 6.32 (the square root of 40) times the sun's diameter, and its mass would be 6.32 cubed, or 253 times the mass of the sun. We see, then, that Sirius is enormously bright in proportion to its mass, or, in other words, that it is a much less massive star than its great brilliancy would lead us to imagine. It must, therefore, differ considerably in its physical constitution from that of our sun. Other stars of the same class are probably comparable with Sirius in the exceptional brilliancy of their luminous surface. Stars of the first type are, therefore, of probably small mass in proportion to their brightness, and cannot be fairly compared with the sun in size, or at least in the quantity of matter they contain. Professor Pickering finds that the brighter stars of the Milky Way belong to the Sirius type, and Dr. Gill concludes, from

an examination of Galactic photographs, that the smaller stars composing the Milky Way are for the most part blue stars, and have probably spectra of the Sirius type. If this be so, they are probably really as well as apparently small, a conclusion which had been previously arrived at from other considerations.

Let us now consider stars of the second or solar type. Among the brighter stars of this class we have Capella, Arcturus, Aldebaran, Pollux, Alpha Cygni, Alpha Arietis, Alpha Cassiopeiæ, etc., in the Northern hemisphere, and Canopus and Alpha Centauri in the Southern.

For Capella, rivalling Arcturus and Vega (and forming with them the most brilliant trio in the Northern hemisphere), Dr. Elkin finds a parallax of only slightly more than one-tenth of a second of arc. At the distance indicated by this result—nearly two million times the sun's distance from the earth—the sun would shine as a star of only the sixth magnitude. This implies that Capella is about 250 times brighter than the sun. If of the same intrinsic brilliancy of surface its diameter would, therefore, be about sixteen times the sun's diameter, or nearly fourteen millions of miles! As the spectrum of Capella is almost identical with the solar spectrum, it seems probable that the physical constitution of the sun and star are similar. We must, therefore, if its measured distance be reliable, consider Capella to be a vastly larger body than our sun. The above diameter would imply a volume equal to 4,000 suns, a truly stupendous globe!

A minute parallax of about one-sixtieth of a second of arc found for Arcturus by Dr. Elkin gives a still more astounding result. This small parallax implies a distance from the earth equal to about twelve million times the sun's distance. This vast distance would produce a diminution of light of about  $35\frac{1}{2}$  magnitudes, so that the sun placed at the distance of Arcturus would be reduced to a star of only  $9\frac{3}{4}$  magnitude! It would not be visible with an opera glass! Arcturus is, therefore, in round numbers,  $9\frac{1}{2}$  magnitudes, or over 6,000 times brighter than the sun would be at the same density and brightness of surface as the sun, the diameter of Arcturus would, therefore, be about seventy-nine times the sun's diameter, or over sixty-eight millions of miles, and its mass about 500,000 times



the mass of the sun ; figures well calculated to "stagger the imagination." From the small value of the parallax found for Arcturus we cannot, of course, place very much reliance on its accuracy, but there can be little doubt that the distance of this bright star is really very great, and that consequently it is a much larger sun than ours, probably one of the most massive bodies in the universe.

A mean of the results found by Elkin and Hall for Aldebaran would reduce the sun to a star of nearly the sixth magnitude at the same distance, and its light would fade to a star of below the eighth magnitude if removed to the distance found by Professor Pritchard for Alpha Cassiopeiae.

For the bright star Pollux Dr. Elkin found a parallax of only 0.068 of a second, representing a distance at which the sun would be reduced to a star of about the seventh magnitude. This makes Pollux 164 times brighter than the sun, indicating a diameter about thirteen times greater, or about eleven millions of miles !

Dr. Elkin's result for the bright southern star Canopus would give the sun a magnitude of only  $8\frac{1}{2}$  if placed at the same distance. As this brilliant star—second only to Sirius in lustre—is nearly one magnitude brighter than Arcturus, we see that it is probably comparable with the northern star in size.

A negative parallax found by Elkin, Glasenapp, and Peters for Alpha Cygni, and a similar result arrived at by Downing and Main for Gamma Draconis, indicates, of course, that these stars lie at a vast distance from the earth, a distance, perhaps, too great for our present methods of measurement. Their comparative brilliancy, especially that of Alpha Cygni, would, therefore, suggest that they are very massive bodies, far exceeding our sun in absolute size.

The results I have given will show that the brilliancy of some at least of the brighter stars may probably be explained by their enormous size in comparison with the sun. Placed at the same distance from the earth, the sun would dwindle to an insignificant star, invisible in some cases to the naked eye !

For some stars of the solar class, however, smaller distances have been found. For Eta Herculis, a star of about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  magnitude, Belopolsky and Wagner found a parallax of four-tenths of a second, indi-

cating a distance of about the same as that of Sirius. As at this distance the sun would be only reduced to the third magnitude, it would seem that we have here a star of rather smaller mass than our sun.

In the case of binary, or revolving double, stars, if we can determine their distance we can easily calculate the combined mass of the components in terms of the sun's mass. Assuming the most reliable distances and the best orbits computed for the following binary stars—Eta Cassiopeiae, 40 Eridani, Sirius, Castor, Alpha Centauri, 70 Ophiuchi, and 61 Cygni—I find the total mass of these seven stellar systems equal to  $14\frac{1}{2}$  times the mass of the sun, or an average of about twice the sun's mass for each system. Omitting Sirius and Castor, which have spectra of the first type, the others being of the second, we have a total mass of five systems of  $11\frac{1}{2}$  times the mass of the sun, or an average of 2.31 for each system. Here we have five suns, or rather pairs of suns, not differing greatly from our own sun in mass. Indeed, one of them, 61 Cygni, is of smaller mass, if the orbit computed by Peters can be relied upon. There seems, however, to be still some doubt as to whether this famous pair really forms a binary system. Its distance from the earth has, however, been satisfactorily determined by several astronomers. The later results are fairly accordant, and it may be confidently assumed that its parallax is about 0.45 of a second of arc, representing a distance of 458,366 times the sun's distance from the earth. At this distance I find that the sun would be reduced to a star of about 2.8 magnitude. Now, from the photometric measures made at Oxford the stellar magnitude of 61 Cygni is 4.98. The difference, or 2.18 magnitudes, implies that the sun is about  $7\frac{1}{2}$  times brighter than the combined light of the components of 61 Cygni, and its mass, therefore, probably greater.

At the distance of Alpha Centauri—the nearest of all the fixed stars—the sun would be reduced to 1.7 magnitude, or about one magnitude fainter than the star appears to us. This would indicate that, if of the same brightness and density, the mass of the system of Alpha Centauri is about four times the mass of the sun. A calculation based on the computed orbit gives a mass about twice that of the sun,

a not very discordant result, as, according to Professor Pickering, there is something "peculiar" about the star's spectrum, which may imply that its density and intrinsic brightness are perhaps somewhat different from that of the sun.

Compared, however, with some faint stars which show a relative proximity to our system, the sun will contrast very favorably in size, or at least in brightness. A star of about the seventh magnitude in the constellation Ursa Major, numbered 21,185 in Lalande's catalogue, has been found by Winnecke to have a parallax of about half a second of arc. At the distance indicated by this comparatively large parallax the sun would shine as a star of about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  magnitude, which would make it about fifty times brighter than Lalande's star. Another small star in the same constellation, number 21,258 of Lalande's catalogue, although of only  $8\frac{1}{2}$  magnitude, yielded to Auwers a parallax of 0.262 of a second, which may be considered as a comparatively large one. At the distance indicated, the sun would be reduced to a fourth magnitude star, denoting that its brilliancy is about sixty-three times greater than Lalande's star.

Two small stars of the ninth magnitude,

numbered 11,677 and 17,415 in the catalogue of Eltzen and Argelander, have been found to show a similar distance, the sun being reduced to about the fourth magnitude in both cases. Here we have a difference of five magnitudes, which implies that the sun is a hundred times brighter than these faint, although comparatively near, stars.

We may, therefore, conclude that while some of the brighter stars are probably vastly larger than our sun, others are almost certainly much smaller. The larger stars, overcoming, as they do, the dwindling effect of vast distance by their stupendous size, may possibly form exceptions to the general rule of stellar mass; and those faint stars which are at a measurable distance from the earth, showing by their feeble light and comparative proximity that they are really as well as apparently small, may also form exceptions in the opposite direction.

The conclusion, then, seems probable that the sun is an average-sized star, neither an exceptionally large nor an exceptionally small member of the vast and varied sidereal system which forms our visible universe.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

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#### THE MESSAGE OF ISRAEL.

BY JULIA WEDGWOOD.

THE witness to a supreme unity, which is the special characteristic of the Hebrew race, is borne out, not only by the intelligent apprehension of Hebrew literature, but even by the misconceptions and prejudices which encumber its study. We name as "the Bible" a collection of writings no less diverse than one which should include under a single title the writings (for instance) of Milton and Byron, of Thackeray and Keble. The genius of the Hebrew is indeed less various than that of the English race, and any specimen of English literature contains tendencies more divergent than that of the whole body of writings extant in the Hebrew tongue; but, on the other hand, we have no single chronicle, poem, or treatise in the English tongue, to which learned men ascribe a composition so manifold and an authorship so heterogeneous as is the case with the

Pentateuch, and with most other writing of the Old Testament. The sense of this heterogeneity, dimly felt even where it is vehemently denied, or where its possibility has never occurred, has rendered the attentive perusal of the Bible impossible, except to two classes of readers. It is a significant circumstance that these are the classes who least of all could have found sympathy with each other. The Bible was intelligible to students who took it up as a kind of dissected map, which they were interested to put together in its right order—a puzzle affording exercise for intellectual ingenuity, and rewarding it with an interesting chapter in the history of human development. And then, again, it was intelligible to those whose vision of the eternal was so keen, that the discrepancies of human divergence might flit across it like those thin clouds which are

themselves turned to radiance as they flit across the face of the moon. With these exceptions—that is to say for the vast majority of readers—the Bible has become a book “sealed with seven seals.”

For the truth is that one of these classes is as exceptional as the other. To penetrate through narratives which ignore and belie each other to a central truth which glows through each is a power not less rare than that of so fixing the attention on these very discrepancies as to extort from them a confession of their source and their date. And for all who could not take one or other of these points of view, the Bible, if it still remained a mine of sacred truth, was a mine where the precious material was scattered in mere dust through a matrix of dross hardly rewarding scrutiny. A text embodying some truth on which the heart might feed throughout a lifetime was embedded in matter which the pious memory might discard, but could not by any intensity of effort fuse into union with its context, and which therefore opposed itself as an insuperable barrier to any persistent and logical endeavor at apprehension. A certain devout inattention, indeed, had become so indispensable an attitude toward the Hebrew Scriptures that it was supposed by those who had been trained to acquiesce in it to be the appropriate medium for the discernment of all religious truth. A careful memory for the words, sifted away from any apprehension of their sense except in isolated fragments where all that was historical could be ignored, became the unconscious aim of pious endeavor; and the history which has most to teach the human race was shut off from study by barriers more impregnable than an unknown tongue.

The theory which has led to this result is rightly described in the past tense. The attempt to read a set of diverse and often divergent writings as a consistent whole, with its consequent need of interpreting all divergences as resulting from misconception or ill-will on the part of the reader—this has set up a habit of inattention and associations of tedium, but it cannot be said any longer to form a part of the difficulty of any student of the Bible. It is impossible for a generation fed on the scientific ideas of our time to apply to any single specimen of literature and history a canon of criticism which is not applicable to all. A belief in Evolution, even in the

dim refraction under which it reaches the average mind, if it fail to co-ordinate difficult and peculiar phenomena, at least meets the demand for abolition of tests on a peculiar soil with peremptory refusal, and sweeps away every hypothesis that will not fall into line with the sequence of elder or younger development. The claim on behalf of the literature of the Hebrew race for a different kind of attention from all other literature was seen to be impossible the moment it aimed at becoming reasonable. In proportion as Churchmen have sought to show that a special character is revealed in the history, they have been forced to concede that a common characteristic must be assumed in the narrative; as they have argued that the contents of those narratives bear scrutiny just as the records of Greece and Rome do, they have established that here also we must seek for the history within records guaranteed by the same tests which are applied to the records of Greece and Rome. They have not thereby conceded that no exceptional element will be found in the history. This, if it be so decided, must be a conclusion reached through a long path of historic investigation, not an assumption at its starting-point. But they have surrendered the claim that all apparent inconsistencies within the record shall be treated in this book alone as misconceptions in the reader, for this claim is surrendered wherever it is clearly discerned.

The very title by which we name the volume of which the Hebrew records are but a portion, contains for an intelligent ear a refutation of the view which ascribes to it in any external sense an absolute unity. “The Bible” is the Greek term for “the books” \* declined as if it meant “the book;” the Greek plural becoming, in the monkish Latin of the Middle Ages, a singular in defiance of grammar. We can imagine a similar distortion of meaning if we suppose a person imperfectly acquainted with English, but aware that the plural ended in the letter *s*, to treat the word “children” as a mere variant of “child.” Every time we speak of the Bible we commemorate an analogous mistake, every time we treat it as a single book we repeat that mistake. The most careless reader is aware that all references

\* τὰ βιβλία. See Edouard Reuss in Schenkel's *Bibel-Lexicon* (1869), i. 435.

to the Old Testament in the New imply a literature, not a volume. We have sometimes the name of a single writer, as the prophet Isaiah, sometimes the mere description of "the Scriptures," sometimes a reference to the Law, the Prophets, or the Book of Psalms. In no case have we any mention of a Bible. That word occurs first when the Christian Scriptures had been added to the Hebrew, and formed the more familiar portion of the volume which contained both. A language was no longer the distinctive bond of the Scriptures, they ceased to be a literature, and became a book. The history of the word is an accurate reflection of the history of the thing. It is the history of a plural wrongly treated as a singular—a false unity, hiding from Jewish and Christian eyes the true unity to which it holds the clue.

For in truth it is the outward oneness of a volume which has hidden from us the spiritual unity of a message. It is in seeing that the most opposite lines of narrative may be discovered to be convergent radii leading us to a single centre that we learn to apprehend the true inspiration of Israel, and if we are forbidden to trace the variety of their starting-point, we cannot measure the attractive influence of that which is their common goal. The generations who were educated to believe the book of Genesis a portion of a work written by Moses, and this again a portion of a series of similar works all alike the result of some supernatural dictation, could never know the Hebrew history as they could know any other history. It was impossible to read with any intelligent appreciation what is not one narrative, but the *débris* of many. But when we recognize it as the *débris* of many we see that beyond and beneath that diversity lies an actual unity, that through a confusion much greater than that in which we find the record of any other history, we confront a personality as much more definite and coherent. The history of Israel is a biography, in a sense that no other history is. No other race approaches so closely to the unity of an individual—none other has left on the ear of humanity so definite an impression of a single voice.

The message of the Hebrew race to mankind may be represented, when compared with that of other races, as rather a subtraction than an addition to their com-

mon stock of tradition. When we turn to the legendary lore of Greece and compare it with that which is least dissimilar from it in the Hebrew narrative, we are struck by the comparative barrenness of that soil which bears the richest efflorescence of Gentile growth. To trace backward the narrative of Greek civilization to its origins is to occupy ourselves with the loves and hates, the jealousies and resentments, of beings who must be called divine. To turn to the parallel phase of history on its Hebrew soil is to meet with a blank or a negative. Take the passage most similar to Greek legend in the Bible: \* "And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth and daughters were born to them, that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and they took them wives of all that they chose. . . . There were giants on the earth in those days, and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown. And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth." The editor who incorporated this account of the "mighty men" on the page of Genesis may never have heard the name of the Greek race, or of any of its divinities, but not the less his brief and apparently mutilated allusion supplies a framework for Grecian legend. From the parentage of sons of the gods, drawn downwards to the daughters of men, come those "mighty men of renown" whose names stand at the portal of Greek history. From such parentage not only comes no hero known to Hebrew fame, but many pages of Hebrew history are occupied, as it were, in protesting against the possibility of their existence. We are told nothing more of the majority of those names which make up the Hebrew genealogies than that he whom each records was born, became a parent, and died—that he knew the common lot of mortality, and passed away to no Olympus, but to the Hades appointed to the whole human race. And this fragment which seems to suggest a race intermediate between Gods and men stands alone on the page of Scripture, like a block of stone deposited by glacier action on a plain. It associates the attention of the reader with the wickedness

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\* Gen. vi. 1-5.



that provoked the Deluge, drops a vague and somewhat incoherent hint as to the connection of this wickedness with illicit union between divine and human beings, and then abruptly breaks off, nor does the narrative ever return to the suggestion this opened. It was an isolated excursion into a range of ideas foreign to the whole course of Hebrew thought. The editor turns aside, as it were, from his prelude to the history of Israel in order to throw a brief, impatient glance over the mythology of the whole Gentile world, and when he returns it is only to certify that on this ground Hebrew history is a blank.

This comparison becomes more striking in proportion as it is made with races less remote from Israel. Within the last quarter of a century the records of Assyria have been, by the industry of modern explorers, set side by side with the records of what we have been accustomed to call the page of Scripture, and we have been forced to recognize in the two cognate specimens taken from a single group. The work of Israel in this general scheme of Semitic tradition has, we begin to perceive, been rather the rejection of all within it that has clouded the vision of the Divine Unity than any positive addition to the common stock. The Assyrian legends make some approach to that Greek variety which flings back the manifold of the transient upon the oneness of the Eternal. The Hebrew sees only *the One*. As we turn from the cognate varieties we mark the track of some sifting spirit rejecting at every turn the play of fancy, and bringing all that it gathers to the test of this one fundamental antithesis—the Eternal in the Heavens, the mortal upon earth, and between them, the indissoluble bond of union that belongs to the Creator and the creation. All that play of fancy which imperils this simplicity of belief is in the keen atmosphere and austere elevation of Hebrew faith withered away, and what remains is the bare rock of a faith that scorns mythology. "The first chapters of Genesis," says a writer\* who has combined that reverence for an inspired Scripture which has so often impeded criticism with that openness to all the results of study which has so often destroyed reverence, "the first chapters of Genesis

form the collection of traditions common to the Hebrew and Chaldean races, but the inspired writers by whom they have been selected and arranged, in disentangling them from their earlier associations, have made them the vehicle of eternal truths." The heroic legends of Hebrew history were heroic legends of a much wider sphere, but as they touched Hebrew soil everything that confused the Hebrew antithesis of God and man shrivelled and faded. Here and there we encounter a shadowy figure (as Nimrod) which obviously and avowedly belongs to a foreign atmosphere, but heroes unquestionably Hebrew have their alien kindred among races unquestionably Chaldean or Babylonian. It is in tracing this affinity we feel most forcibly the influence of Hebrew Monotheism. When we follow a typical figure from Palestinian to Mesopotamian soil, we find that we have, as it were, been present at an apotheosis—we seek a man and we find a god. The figures who, on this Eastern ground, replace those familiar to us elsewhere are mostly superhuman. The people of God, on the other hand, takes its start from truly human ancestors—men of characters as definite, as consistent in their frailty, as any one whose history is interwoven with our own. The patriarchs of Hebrew history are indeed far less heroic than its later characters; we find among them hardly any\* prodigies of strength or valor, rather strange betrayal of weakness and timidity—strange, that is, for the protagonists of national drama—most natural, if we take it for a true expression of national reminiscence. It would almost seem as if Hebrew tradition, as it retraced the stream of history to its foundation, had exaggerated all that was feeble in national characteristics, as if the contrast of the Divine and human, always present to human thought, intensified itself, when it approached the epoch of creative energy, into an emphatic insistence on the *weakness* of man. This insistence, moreover, comes out strikingly in the gradual separation of Israel; in the successive siftings of the chosen race, which represents itself more than once as the hostility of two brothers, the heritage of election never coincides with the superiority of strength or wisdom. Among the Sethite and Cainite races we find all tokens

\* François Lenormant, "Les origines de l'Histoire."

\* Gen. xvi. seems the only exception.

of nascent civilization among the progeny of the first murderer; it is the descendants of Cain who built towns and originate arts; of the descendants of Seth we learn nothing but that they bear on the chosen seed. The brief notices of Ishmael suggest heroic and romantic legend; the son of promise appears only as the passive figure in narratives where father, wife, or son take all the initiative and decide everything. In the strife of Jacob and Esau, again, how decidedly does heroic pre-eminence remain with the brother who has sold his birthright! Everywhere we are made to feel that the bleaching influence which acts on the whole Hebrew tradition is at its focus when it touches the direct ancestry of the chosen people. Not that it is a bleaching influence in the sense that it effaces strong human characteristics; quite the contrary. But when we compare it with other nations, and especially with cognate nations, we see that its action has been to efface all that confuses the distinction between the human and the Divine.

The distinctive position of the Hebrew race has thus been forced upon us by our added knowledge of its kindred, whom we have known hitherto as its deadly enemies. Chaldean and Assyrian history have taught us to interpret the history of Judæa both by what is common to the genus and what is peculiar to the species, and especially by what is negatively peculiar to Israel. In this new point of view we see the Hebrew literature as the source of an intense moral influence, transforming all that comes within its scope, and adding to the common inheritance of that stock to which it belongs a special meaning of its own, which as much transforms its whole import as added heat transforms the qualities of water in converting it to steam. We see the common stock of tradition as it touches the Hebrew genius flash into an intense glow where much is consumed and vanishes; we find that what remains is a message. The legend here owes its originality, it would seem, mainly to what it discards, yet in that shedding of an envelope it reveals truth of priceless import for humanity. The legends of Chaldea and Babylon are interesting to the archaeologist and to the historian; as we trace those same legends to Hebrew soil they seem to collapse and to wither, but what remains is an appeal to all mankind.

Each race which has left its impress deeply and distinctly recorded in the structure of history has its special lesson for mankind. Roman law and Greek art remain as the enduring legacy of two great races, and in the sense that they were called upon to teach the world the meaning of Law and the meaning of Art, the mission of each may be called exceptional. No other race, surely, except that of the Hebrews, has a lesson so distinct. But the Hebrews have a message as much more distinct from that of the Greeks and Romans, as that of the Greeks and Romans is more distinct than that of the rest of the world. The race of the Hebrews, we have said, approaches the unity of a person in a degree that no other race does. The difference between Hebrew and Hebrew sinks into insignificance when we compare it with the difference between Hebrew and Gentile. We read Greek literature as the work of *Æschylus* or *Sophocles*, *Plato* or *Aristotle*, *Herodotus* or *Thucydides*;—we read Hebrew literature as the work of Hebrews. Its grandest specimen is anonymous, and the personal name lacking to the prophet of the Babylonish captivity is of secondary importance everywhere. The individual characteristics of the most individual of Hebrew writers are dwarfed by the fact that he writes in Hebrew. This gives exactly that distinctness, that firmness of outline, that memorable consistency of direction, which in all other cases we associate with the expression of an individual genius. If in the case of Israel we associate it with a race, it is because on this race has been set an exceptional stamp of individuality, to this race has been committed a message unique in its influence on all mankind.

We have only partially exhausted the import of the Hebrew message when we have said that it reveals Humanity as united to the Eternal by the fact of creation. That, we should say, is the part of the Hebrew message which is common with all that is deepest and most enduring in all literature. But it has, in addition to this, its own special lesson, stamped with the impress of long experience and suffused with the coloring of a common feeling. It teaches that Humanity has another union with the Divine, symbolized by the closest union known among human beings;—that union which, originating in selective choice, ends in a common act of crea-

tion. This is the Hebrew truth, not obliterating the human truth which it repeats, which in its resonant distinctness it seems for a large part of its audience to originate, but adding to it a supplement growing in force throughout the whole development of Hebrew literature, and clothed in a dialect so consistent and so peculiar that its meaning is veiled by this very uniformity of expression. We are accustomed to find all idolatry, on the page of the Bible, described by the word which denotes sexual vice, and forget that the illicit is opposed to the legitimate bond. If humanity can thus desecrate its alliance with the Divine, the closest bond known to humanity must be something more than a type of that which unites humanity to what is above itself. It must be a sacramental expression given in flesh and blood, of the central event in the world of spirit.

The love of kindred, we all know, is not the love which most deeply stirs the heart of man. Few can have passed through life without feeling that no sympathy, no complete apprehension, is so refreshing at times as the neighborhood of those whose desires and fears are other than our own. By so much as the union of chemical combination exceeds in force and permanence the union of cohesion, by so much does the love of contrast exceed the love of likeness. As much as it is easier to break iron than to analyze water by so much is the love of sex more potent than the love of kindred. Between these two kinds of love on human ground there is a certain antagonism. It is true that the love of brothers may be rendered more tender and intimate by a certain dissimilarity; true that the love of husband and wife may be rendered more wide-reaching and human by a basis of common interests and pursuits; but brothers may easily be too dissimilar, husband and wife may easily be too much alike. The belief—which, if we can conceive it possible, would surely be most natural—that it is impossible to combine in too high a degree all the varieties of that feeling which is the best thing this life has to give, is opposed by those instincts which forbid us even to name certain forms of repugnance. While we are clothed in this garb of flesh, and the emotions of the spirit of man are associated with changes in his physical structure—so long the love of kindred and the love of selection stand in

a certain antagonism, and cannot, in their strongest form, be innocently united in the same personalities. Yet, as we turn to what is most sacred in the Hebrew records, we are led to feel that the purest love which man can feel needs both expressions as its type, that these records owe their perennial influence and their universal applicability to the fact that they have associated this deepest love with the keenest love, and taught that human beings are the children of God in a sense which leaves it possible that humanity should by the Sponse of the Divine.

To follow this idea through the Hebrew records and trace the unity it bestows on them, at the same time that their diversity, under the sifting spirit of criticism, is recognized and to a certain extent expounded, might be a worthy aim for a student of Scripture. The time is come when such an attempt is desirable; till our time it was not possible. The attempt of modern criticism to form a new analysis, separating the varying narratives in Scripture, not according to their position in a book, but according to their probable date and authorship, is not yet a century and a half old, and a labor which would be tardy if uninterrupted has been delayed by bigotry and prejudice as much as by carelessness and indolence. But already certain conclusions are reached which bear the test applicable to everything with which they may be compared—they are accepted by those persons who have listened attentively and impartially to all that has to be said for them and against them. The invariable answer of impartial attention must be accepted as a verdict.

Let it not be thought that an impartial mind must mean a mind indifferent to the value of that which the Hebrew literature attests. Such a condition is more disqualifying for judgment than any amount of prejudice. We have to recognize in the case of the Hebrew records, as of every other, that the value of the possession does not guarantee the accuracy of the title-deeds. On other than Hebrew ground no one has a moment's hesitation in allowing that a narrative may be both trustworthy and inaccurate, or even that a narrative which cannot be called trustworthy in the sense of conveying a literal representation of any past event may be the vehicle of a truth deeper than that of accurate history. To such a mind, we are

convinced, the Old Testament as it is reconstructed by the critical labor of the last two centuries is a vehicle of even more precious truth than it was to those who confronted these critical endeavors with indignant horror. For such criticism, while it cannot touch the central revelation, has unconsciously rearranged the Old Testament so as to disentangle this revelation from the additions of men. And the supremacy of the Hebrew over all other literature can be seen, moreover, only when the two are set fairly side by side.

The time is happily past when it was necessary to work at any interpretation of the Bible as the Jews at the rebuilding of Jerusalem, "with one hand working in the work, and with the other holding a weapon."\* All criticism thus undertaken has a temporary aspect, for in this case, as in every other, it is the sword which claims the right hand. We may be thankful that the critical and sifting spirit of an age of research, whatever it may have destroyed, has set us free to understand, for the first time, the most interesting as well as the most important book that was ever written. We are no longer obliged to deaden our attention lest we should discover its inconsistencies, to lower our standard lest we should impair our reverence for its aspirations; we are free to recognize the errors, of every kind, which belong to this as to every other work of man; free to discern in it, for the first time, that which is truly the work of God. When everything in the Bible was called Divine nothing was seen as Divine; the human and Divine appear and vanish together. We are set free to condemn the errors of man, and therefore to accept the revelations of God.

We are but just set free, and many fragments of the broken chain cumber the movements they can no longer prohibit. A long-lived prejudice drops, as it withers, many a seed of distaste, the sense of impiety in criticism survives in many minds under its transmuted form of tedium in perusal. The children of those who dared not criticise the Scriptures are found among the ranks of those who classify their contents as false or meaningless; sometimes the two states of mind are found successively in the same individual. Nevertheless, it is true that in the scientific thought

of our day, under certain forms of its development, there are ideas and tendencies which seem to hover on the edge of this very Hebrew spirit which the scientific creed has most entirely repudiated. To recognize law apart from all that among human beings makes up the inevitable associations of law; to feel that the spirit of man can in the impersonal world drink in a sense of orderly obedience, of absolute fidelity, of unswerving accuracy—this would be felt by many minds in our own time, and some in a former time, to have constituted one of the keenest delights they have experienced in their passage through this world. It is in truth the sensation, if we may use such a word, of contact between the human intellect and the Divine; but not only is it common to many minds which conceive of man's intellect as the highest in the universe, but it is often very much stronger in such minds than in those which look upon the universe as a creation. The contrast is no less explicable than surprising. The door thus opened to wonder and admiration also admits for Christian intelligence many a shadowy doubt, many an obstinate problem, many a question unanswered through the ages, and, above all, the sense of a vast claim which no human spirit can confront without a deep awe that quenches all lighter emotion, and touches the springs of self-reproach. To minds finding in this sense of non-human law, on the other hand, their sole access to the Infinite, the ideas thus haunted for Christian attention by a crowd of thoughts and emotions so mixed and so perplexing, come alone; their keen thrill brings no disturbing associations, and sets up no centrifugal forces. The "cosmic emotion" of students of Nature has the field to itself, and for the hour draws into its service feeling and habits of mind which it seems to have destroyed. It holds in its absolute sway minds not bewildered by any divergence of thoughts which our finite nature forbids us to follow to their common centre, or even to that point of view whence divergence becomes convergence. It is not wonderful that the discernment of a central unity at the heart of all phenomena should be most easy and most eager when it is most simple. It would be wonderful, in such a world as ours, if those who hear God's voice in the conscience as well as in science could listen to the difficult

\* Nehemiah iv. 17.



harmony with the unmixed delight of those whose ear takes in the melodious sequence of single notes. The fact that there is this difference in the mode of perception is mistaken always by one class of thinkers, and often by both, for a fundamental difference in the object of perception. Those who follow the workings of the Divine on the intellectual side believe that they have nothing in common with those who add to it what, from their point of view, they consider an inconsistent appendage, proving any apparent identity in the same comparison to be illusory. Yet if we return to the Jewish form of that belief, which has become Christianity, we find ourselves on ground which has a close affinity to this cosmic emotion. The delight of humanity in a plunge into the non-human comes very near the awe of the creature in the presence of the Creator, however entirely—or perhaps for that very reason—the one shuts out the other. "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image" comes to the scientific intellect as the prohibition of admitting any idea from the personal into the impersonal world. The worship of the Formless is common to Hebrew faith and to European science, and we have yet to realize the slightness of change by which this common ground may become a revelation of unsuspected vicinities. The idea of the *Divine in humanity* dawned on the world nearly two thousand years ago, and two

millenniums are not long for mankind to have dwelt upon it; but perhaps the time has come for the emergence of that in our vision of the Divine, which, because it is not human, is what most satisfies the yearnings of humanity. The emotions of sex, we have said, are in their purest form the sacramental expression of this mystery for ordinary human beings; but it has other expressions for other minds. If it be, as we believe, the deepest truth that human minds can grasp, it must be capable of forms of expression that we may call infinite. Through some of these, perhaps, the evolution of spiritual thought will translate into language intelligible to men whose aspirations are molded on the study of material nature, the truth that the contrast between persons and things, great as it is, is not greater than that which separates finite beings from the infinite. The idea may seem remote from the belief that the closest union among human beings is a clue to the possibility of union between the human and Divine. Yet in truth the two thoughts are but different stages of the largest conception that humanity can grasp, and differ only as an oak differs in winter and in summer, or as a window's glimpse of blue sky differs from the same expanse at a clear midnight, when the pane maps out uncounted worlds, and leads the eye into unimaginable depths of distance.—*Contemporary Review*.

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#### PROGRESS IN AERIAL NAVIGATION.

BY HIRAM S. MAXIM.

FROM the year 1783, when the brothers Montgolfier constructed the first balloon, which was formed of paper and inflated with hot air, very little was actually done in regard to steering or directing balloons until 1851, notwithstanding that numerous attempts had been made and many foolish theories proposed. However, in this year it may be said that a really first-class engineer took up the subject of aeronautics. I refer to Henri Giffard, who was said to be an engineer and mechanic without rival, and the inventor of that marvellous instrument the injector, by which a stream of water without pressure is driven into a boiler against a pressure with no other

force than the steam from the boiler acting directly upon the cold water without the interposition of any pistons or moving parts whatsoever.

After a great deal of trouble and many disappointments, Giffard launched his first *aerostat dirigeable à vapeur* on the 24th day of September, 1852. This aerostat was an elongated balloon, pointed at both ends, and entirely covered—excepting the points and the lower part—by a net. Cords hanging from the net on each side of the balloon were attached to a wooden beam, 65.6 feet long, placed at a considerable distance below the balloon; 19.6 feet below the beam a platform was sus-

pended, on which was placed a small steam-engine and boiler, with the necessary coal and water. The balloon itself was 39 feet in diameter at the middle, and 144 feet long, and contained 88,291 cubic feet of gas. A triangular rudder was attached to the balloon, and connected with cords, so as to be easily manipulated from the platform. The fire was enclosed in such a manner that it could not ignite the gas. The draught was induced by the escaping force of the exhaust-steam, after the manner of a locomotive. The fuel employed was coke of a good quality. The engine-shaft extended rearward, and was provided with a screw propeller having three blades. The diameter of the screw was 11 feet, and the force of the engine was found sufficient to give the screw 110 turns per minute. The engine was 3 horse-power, or equal to the work that could be done by thirty men. The weight of the boiler was 220 lbs., and of the engine 128 lbs., making in all 348 lbs., or 110 lbs. for 1 horse-power, or about 12 lbs. for the power of one man. In order to have produced the same amount of energy by hand, it would have been necessary to have employed thirty men, which would have represented a weight of 3,960 lbs., that is to say, nearly twelve times the weight of the boiler and engine. On each side of the platform the fuel and water were stored, and it was believed that this could not be considered as adding any weight to the machine, because ballast would have to be provided in any event, and instead of throwing the ballast overboard, as is usual in ordinary balloons, the ballast was consumed by the engine. Had the machine been supplied with pure hydrogen, it would have had a lifting force of 6,160 lbs., which would have permitted the employment of a much more powerful motor, but at that time large quantities of hydrogen gas were not easily obtained; consequently, common illuminating gas had to be employed, which diminished the lifting power 2,200 lbs., leaving a lifting force of 3,960 lbs.

When the machine was fully equipped, it was found that the total weight, everything considered, was 3,432 lbs., leaving 528 lbs. for water and fuel, and consequently for ballast. When the first ascension was made, it was found that the elongated balloon kept its shape perfectly, that its axis remained horizontal, that

there was no oscillation or vibration of the platform or car, and when the steam-engine was put into action it gave to the balloon a speed of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles per hour. The velocity of the wind being greater than this, the balloon could only navigate through a certain number of degrees to the leeward of the point of departure, the width of the arc depending upon the velocity of the wind. It was also found that the rudder operated perfectly, and that the head of the balloon could be turned in any direction, and if navigated in a dead calm it was quite as manageable as a boat.

After making his first balloon, Giffard made other inventions from which he realized large sums of money, and this enabled him to conduct further experiments not only with "dirigeable" balloons, but also with captive balloons. From experiments which he had tried, he believed that it was only necessary to make the aerostat large enough, to inflate it with pure hydrogen gas, and to provide it with a powerful motor, in order to obtain velocities much greater than he had obtained in his first experiments. He prepared a complete specification of a gigantic balloon which formed the subject of a patent. The text of this patent was published in the *Génie industriel de MM. Armengand frères*, and at the time was considered a monument of skill and ingenuity in aeronautics. This proposed balloon was very much elongated, being much longer and relatively less in diameter than had ever been attempted before, and in order to preserve its shape and to enable it to resist end pressure, it was provided with a stiff backbone, extending its entire length. It was about 1,968 feet long, 98 feet in diameter, and its cubic contents 7,769,647 feet. It was proposed to inflate this balloon with pure hydrogen gas. Such a balloon could carry a motor weighing no less than 66,000 lbs. and still leave an excess of ascensional force sufficiently great to carry a large number of passengers besides fuel and water.

In the meantime Giffard had been making great improvements in high-speed engines, and he proved mathematically that such a balloon might attain a velocity of 44 miles per hour, and consequently be quite independent of all ordinary winds. The drawings, the specifications, the material and the money were all ready, but the

great Giffard was seized with blindness, and thus incapacitated for this great undertaking.

In 1870, after the first defeat of the French and while Paris was in a state of siege, when the only means that the inhabitants had of communicating with the outside world was by balloons or by carrier pigeons, Dupuy de Lôme, who had already gained a great reputation in the construction of ironclads, became a member of the Committee of Defence, and interested himself in aeronautics. He presented to the Academy of Science a project for a "dirigeable" balloon, and the National Defence opened a credit of 40,000 francs for its construction. But on account of great difficulties, and the complete disorganization of labor, this balloon was ready only a few days before the capitulation, and, in fact, was not actually tried until two years later. This balloon was 118 feet long, 48 feet diameter, contained 120,076 cubic feet of pure hydrogen gas, and was in the form of a very thick cigar. As it was necessary to keep the balloon completely inflated in order that it should have sufficient stiffness to maintain its form while being propelled, it was furnished with an interior bag or balloonette, which enabled air to be pumped in or discharged without allowing the air to mix with or to deteriorate the gas. The car was suspended about 46 feet below the balloon, and was provided with a propelling screw 29.5 feet in diameter, which was driven by eight men. A triangular rudder was attached to both the balloon and the cords of suspension. The first experiments took place on February 2, 1872, in the Fort of Vincennes, under the direction of M. Dupuy de Lôme, accompanied by M. Zédé, M. Von, and eight men to operate the screw. The balloon ascended rapidly, and as soon as the screws operated, it responded to the action of the rudder at once. The speed was found to be 6.2 miles per hour, and it descended without accident about 6 miles from the point of departure.

In 1881 the brothers Tissandier commenced experiments with a "dirigeable" balloon which was made of a similar shape to those previously experimented with by Giffard and Dupuy de Lôme. This balloon was 91 feet long, 30 feet in diameter and had a volume of 56,506 cubic feet. The car was formed of bamboos secured

together by cords and copper wires. The balloon was completely enclosed in a net and the car was suspended a sufficient distance below the machine to give the necessary stability. It was driven by a dynamo-electric motor specially constructed for the purpose by the Siemens Brothers. It developed 1.25 horse-power and weighed 99 lbs. The propelling screw was 9 feet in diameter, had two blades, and made 180 turns a minute. The current of electricity for operating the motor was derived from a bichromate battery of twenty-four elements, the solutions being made very strong, and the surface of the zinc very large. The weights were as follows: balloon 374 lbs., cords of suspension 154 lbs., shafts 74 lbs., car 220 lbs., motor, screw, and battery with liquid for operating two and a half hours 616 lbs., apparatus for stopping 110 lbs.; all this with the aeronauts and their instruments, and 849 lbs. of ballast brought the total weight up to 2,728 lbs.

The first experiment took place October 8th, 1883. The balloon rapidly mounted to a height of 1,640 feet, and when the battery was fully turned on, the balloon commenced at once to move through the air at the rate of 6.7 miles per hour, and the rudder was found to operate perfectly. A second trial was made on the 26th of September, 1884, on a comparatively calm day when the wind was only blowing at the rate of 6.7 miles per hour; the speed of the balloon through the air was found to be 8.9 miles per hour. A great number of evolutions were performed over Paris. The balloon remained in the air two hours and finally descended without accident in a field 15 miles from the point of departure.

The present "dirigeable" balloon of the French army, of which so much has been said, is the result of a long series of experiments conducted at Chalais-Meudon in behalf of the French Government by Captain Renard, Captain de la Haye and Captain Krebs. Experiments were commenced as early as 1870, but very little progress was made until after the brothers Tissandier had shown their apparatus. Taking advantage of all the experiments that had preceded them, the French officers constructed a fish-shaped balloon, the greatest diameter being near the forward end. The principal dimensions of the balloon were: length 165 feet, diameter 27.5 feet,

volume 63,830 cubic feet. The motive power was a specially constructed dynamo-electric machine which developed 8.5 horse-power on the shaft of the machine. It was driven by a battery which developed 12 electrical horse-power. The weight of the battery was 42.5 lbs., per horse-power per hour. The screw was of great diameter, made 46 turns per minute and gave a propelling pull to the machine of 132 lbs. The principal weights were: balloon and balloonette 811 lbs., net 279 lbs., car complete 994 lbs., rudder 101 lbs., screw 90 lbs., electric machine 215 lbs., framework and gearing 103 lbs., motor shaft 67 lbs., battery and appliances 958 lbs., aeronauts 308 lbs., ballast 470 lbs., total about 4400 lbs. The relation of the weights to the lifting power was so adjusted that the balloon had very little ascensional force and when liberated on the 9th of August, 1884, it was found to rise very slowly in the air. When it had attained a small elevation above the earth, the screw was put in motion and the balloon at once commenced to travel through the air at a velocity of 12.26 miles per hour and readily responded to the least movement of the rudder. The officers in their report on this trial to the Government say:—

“The direction was at first toward Châtillon and Verrières, but in order not to become entangled with the tops of the trees the direction was changed and the balloon headed toward Versailles. Above Villacoublay, finding that we were about two and a half miles from Chalais, and being wholly satisfied with the behavior of our balloon, we decided to return and to attempt to descend at Chalais, notwithstanding that there was only a very small clear space there. The balloon made a half turn to the right at a very small angle of the rudder (about  $11^{\circ}$ ). The diameter of the arc of the circle described was about 984 feet. The dome of the Invalides, by which we had located ourselves, showed Chalais to be a little to the left of the direction in which we were headed. Following our route until Chalais was directly to our left, the balloon was then turned to the left with much more ease than it changed its direction before, and very soon it was hovering 984 feet above its point of departure. The tendency of the balloon to descend at this moment was caused principally by opening the valve. During this time it was necessary to make the bal-

loon move forward and back several times in order to bring it exactly over the spot where we desired to land. At 262 feet above the ground a cord let down from the balloon was seized by some men, and the aerostat was landed in the field from whence it had started.”

On the 25th of August, 1885, Captain Renard, in conjunction with his brother, made other experiments with a “dirigeable” balloon. The ascension took place at about four o’clock in a light breeze, but nevertheless the balloon, under the action of its screw, resisted the strong aerial current, and accomplished with great success a number of manœuvres in different directions without always returning to its point of departure. The landing took place near Petit-Bicêtre.

On the 22d of September, 1885, other experiments were tried, which gave satisfactory results. The aerostat advanced toward the fortifications of Paris, in the vicinity of Point-du-Jour, and returned with great facility to the point of departure. These experiments took place under favorable circumstances, because the balloon was kept in a sheltered enclosure and ready inflated, and ascensions were only attempted at favorable moments; nevertheless, the French themselves say: “Elles n’en constituent pas moins un des plus grands résultats de la science moderne.”

If ordinary balloons, completely without any means of directing them, proved of such great service to the French during the siege of Paris, how much more useful would they have found the latest “dirigeable” balloons, which would have enabled them not only to leave Paris, but to return again, and thus to have kept themselves in constant communication with the outside world!

Experimenters who attempt the navigation of the air are divided into two classes; namely, those who seek to accomplish it by the use of balloons—that is to say, apparatus lighter than the air—and those who seek to accomplish it by machines heavier than the air, and which it is proposed to sustain in the air by dynamic energy, after the manner of birds. So far no machines have succeeded, except those which are sustained by gas, and which, considered as a whole, are lighter than the air. For many years the leading scientists of the world have admitted that the navigation of the air by machines heavier than the air



would become possible whenever a motor sufficiently powerful in proportion to its weight should be discovered. It has long been known that birds and all other animals which sustain themselves in the air by muscular effort are capable of developing an enormous amount of power in proportion to their weight, but just how much power has not until lately been definitely determined. As it may be presumed that artificial machines could not be made which would operate more economically than natural machines or birds, it is self-evident that some motive power should be discovered which would develop at least as much power in proportion to its weight as a bird is able to develop. Heavy birds with relatively small wings, such as, for instance, the goose, carry about 150 lbs. to the horse-power, while birds such as the albatross and the vulture, in which the wing surface is very large in proportion to the weight, carry probably in the neighborhood of 250 lbs. per horse-power. All who have witnessed the flight of these latter birds have remarked the apparent ease with which they fly; in fact they scarcely appear to exert any muscular energy at all.

Two complete and independent sets of experiments have been conducted recently with a view of ascertaining how much power is required to perform artificial flight. One set of experiments was tried in the United States by the eminent astronomer and mathematician, Professor Langley; the other experiments were conducted by me at Bexley, in the county of Kent. Both series of experiments were conducted with the aerophane, because it was believed that this system was the one which would require the least amount of power. We were both provided with very perfect apparatus, with many instruments of precision which enabled us to ascertain accurately just how much power was required to drive a plane through the air at various angles, how much the plane would lift, the kind of screw best adapted for propulsion, the efficiency of the screw, and the power required to operate it. Professor Langley's experiments were tried on a rotating arm thirty feet long. In my apparatus the arm was made slightly longer, so as to make the circumference of the circle round which it travelled exactly 200 feet. Professor Langley's experiments were conducted for the most part with small planes, which carried loads of only

two or three pounds, while my experiments were conducted with large planes carrying weights of from 20 to 100 lbs. In Professor Langley's experiments the load carried was at the rate of 250 lbs. to the horse-power of energy expended, while in my experiments, where the load was heavier and the area of the plane less in proportion, the load carried was at the rate of 133 lbs. to the horse-power. However, when I carried a light load at a very high speed on a relatively large plane, I sometimes approached very closely to Professor Langley's figures. My experiments were tried with a view of obtaining the necessary data for building a practical machine; consequently I approximated as near as possible to what a practical machine should be. I quote the following from Professor Langley's admirable work on *Aerodynamics*.

"I may state that these researches have led to the result that mechanical sustentation of heavy bodies in the air, combined with very great speeds, is not only possible, but within the reach of mechanical means we actually possess, and that while these researches are, as I have said, not meant to demonstrate the art of guiding such heavy bodies in flight, they do show that we now have the power to sustain and propel them."

After discussing the power as relates to speed, he says:—

"One horse-power thus employed will transport a larger weight at twenty miles an hour than at ten, a still larger at forty miles than at twenty, and so on, with an increasing economy of power with each higher speed, up to some remote limit not yet attained in experiment, but probably represented by higher speeds than have as yet been reached in any other mode of transport—a statement which demands and will receive the amplest confirmation later in these pages."

It has long been known that birds obtained the greater part of their support by moving forward with sufficient velocity so as to be constantly resting on new air, the inertia of which has not been disturbed, and that it was quite impossible to account for a bird sustaining itself in the air if we computed the lifting power of its wings in accordance with Newton's law. Professor Langley in referring to this subject says:—

"We may remark that they incidentally show that the effect of the air friction is wholly insensible in such experiments as these; but the principal deduction from them is that the sustaining pressure of the air on a

plane 1 foot square, moving at a small angle of inclination to a horizontal path, is many times greater than would result from the formula implicitly given by Newton. Thus, for an angle of  $5^\circ$  this theoretical pressure would be  $\sin^2 5^\circ \cos 5^\circ = 0.0076$  of the pressure on a normal plane moving with the same velocity, while, according to these experiments, it is in reality 0.15 of that pressure, or *twenty times* as great as the theoretical amount."

In discussing the question as to whether it is possible to perform artificial flight or not, Professor Langley prefers to appear very conservative in his opinions. He, however, says:—

"In this connection I may state the fact, surely of extreme interest in its bearing on the possibility of mechanical flight, that while an engine developing one horse-power can, as has been shown, transport over 200 pounds at the rate of 20 metres per second (45 miles an hour), such an engine (i.e., engine and boiler) can be actually built to weigh less than one-tenth of this amount."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The most important general inference from these experiments, as a whole, is that, as far as the mere power to sustain heavy bodies in the air by mechanical flight goes, *such mechanical flight is possible with engines we now possess*, since effective steam-engines have lately been built weighing less than 10 pounds to one horse-power, and the experiments show that if we multiply the small planes which have been actually used, or assume a larger plane to have approximately the properties of similar small ones, one horse-power rightly applied can sustain over 200 pounds in the air at a horizontal velocity of over 20 metres per second (about 45 miles an hour), and still more at still higher velocities."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I am not prepared to say that the relations of power, area, weight, and speed, here experimentally established for planes of small area, will hold for indefinitely large ones; but from all the circumstances of experiment, I can entertain no doubt that they do so hold far enough to afford assurance that we can transport (with fuel for a considerable journey, and at speeds high enough to make us independent of ordinary winds) weights many times greater than that of a man."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The most important, and, it is believed, novel truth, already announced, immediately follows from what has been shown, that whereas in land or marine transport increased speed is maintained only by a disproportionate expenditure of power, within the limits of experiment in such aerial horizontal transport, *the higher speeds are more economical of power than the lower ones.*"

\* \* \* \* \*

"I wish, however, to put on record my belief that the time has come for these questions to engage the serious attention, not only of engineers, but of all interested in the possibly near practical solution of a problem one of the

most important in its consequences of any which has ever presented itself in mechanics; for this solution, it is here shown, cannot longer be considered beyond our capacity to reach."

In my experiments I found that a well-made screw operated well and was fairly economical, and that the skin friction was so small as to be negligible. I found that whatever push my screw communicated to the aeroplane the plane would lift in a vertical direction from ten to fifteen times as much as the horizontal push that it received from the screw, and which depended upon the angle at which the plane was set, and the speed at which the apparatus was travelling through the air. Having ascertained by actual experiment how much power was required to perform artificial flight at speeds varying from 20 to 90 miles an hour, I commenced experiments with a view of producing a suitable motor. I carefully considered the merits of all forms of motors, including hot-air engines, steam-engines, petroleum-engines, and electrical motors operated by storage batteries. At that time it seemed to me that the steam-engine would be the most suitable, as I believed it could be made lighter than any of the others in proportion to the power developed, and also its action was simple and reliable. My experiments have extended over a long time, having been much delayed by my long absence from England. I constructed two sets of compound engines of tempered steel, all the parts being made very light and strong, and a steam generator of peculiar construction, the greater part of the heating surface consisting of small and thin copper tubes. For a fuel I employed naphtha. My steam-engines weigh collectively 600 lbs., the steam generator, including the casing, the smoke-stack, and the burner, 1,000 lbs., the pumping machinery 100 lbs., and the gas-generating apparatus about 100 lbs. I find that the condenser operates well while travelling at a high velocity through the air, that its weight need not exceed one pound to the horse-power, and that the weight of the water and steam in the complete circulation through the boiler, the engine, and the condenser need not be more than one pound to the horse-power, which gives a total weight of 8 lbs. per horse-power. The bursting pressure of the tubes forming my boiler while under steam is not less than 1,700 lbs. to the square inch, and

the pressure at which I operate them is 300 lbs. to the square inch. The engines have developed in useful effect on the machine itself a force of not less than 300 horse-power, which, of course, means an indicated horse-power considerably higher. Having developed a motor of sufficient power and lightness, I am now experimenting with a large machine having a spread of over 100 feet and provided with suitable dynamometers and measuring machines, so that I am able to correctly ascertain the lift of the planes experimented with and the push of the screws. The whole machine is placed on very light steel wheels and is run in a straight line on a railway track, the only propelling power being two light and accurately made screws, each 17 feet 10 inches diameter, which develop a push of 1,900 lbs. on the machine, with a steam pressure of 300 lbs. to the square inch. This is getting a grip on the air many times greater than has ever been obtained before. If these experiments show that large aeroplanes or superposed planes can be made to lift half as much in proportion to the power consumed as the small planes did in my former experiments, I shall have sufficient power not only to make the machine rise in the air, but to carry a considerable load besides. In any event, whether the aeroplane can be made to fly or not, this new motor, if applied to "dirigeable" balloons, will enable them to travel at a much higher speed than has ever been attained before.

The reason why all experimenters with aeroplanes have thus far failed, has been because the motors employed to drive them were vastly too heavy in proportion to their weight. I believe now that I have shown it is possible to produce a really powerful and reliable motor which is well within the limits of weight, that if I do not succeed some one else will, and at no remote date. In regard to steering, I do not anticipate that this will be a very difficult matter, certainly not more so than to steer a locomotive torpedo completely submerged in the water.

I do not pretend to say that I have reached finality in producing a light and powerful motor; perhaps, in choosing the kind of motor to experiment with, I selected the steam-engine, not because it was best adapted to the purpose, but because it was the motor which at that time I understood the best and considered the

safest. Since I commenced my experiments, petroleum-engines, operating on the principle of the "Otto Cycle," have been reduced to a high degree of efficiency if not of lightness, and the French aeronautical engineers have reduced the weight of the electrical motor and storage battery in about the same degree that I have reduced the steam-engine.

Moreover, experiments have taken place in America, England, and Switzerland with naphtha-engines,\* and the results obtained have been rather startling. The eminent engineers, Messrs. Yarrow, have conducted some very careful and accurate experiments, and have proved that the same amount of heat will develop twice as much energy in a naphtha-engine as in a steam-engine, and this, notwithstanding the fact that engineers and mathematicians proved that it could not be done. It is a good steam boiler that will evaporate ten pounds of water with one pound of coal. In some experiments which I conducted in the United States I found that one pound of light naphtha (gasoline) would evaporate nearly 200 lbs. of gasoline. The density of the vapor was, however, much greater than the density of steam at the same pressure. I am of the opinion that, with a generator and engine specially constructed for lightness, a naphtha motor could be constructed which would develop 100 actual horse-power, and not weigh over 500 lbs., including the condenser, and still have a factor of safety quite as large as we find in locomotive practice. This being the case, I think the scientists who have so long been crying, "Give us a motor, and we will very soon give you a flying machine," ought to be satisfied.†

In constructing a flying machine which is intended to be navigated by living engineers, precautions must be taken to ensure their safety. A very large aeroplane has to be provided to prevent a too rapid fall in case of a stoppage of the machinery, and this, of course, adds to the weight and to the power required to drive it. But should a flying machine be considered as only an aerial torpedo for carrying high explosives and dropping them at a point

\* Engines made on the plan of the steam-engine, and which use a light spirit of petroleum in their generator instead of water.

† "The maximum weight admissible for the motor has long been stated to be 40 lbs. per horse-power."—*Scientific American*.

twenty or thirty miles distant, then the bulky aeroplane could be replaced by a large number of long narrow blades, or wings, placed one above the other (superposed), which would lift much more for their weight and the power required to drive them, and would enable the machine to fly much faster. A machine of this kind could be governed as relates to height above the earth after the manner of a common water torpedo, while its direction could be controlled with a great degree of nicety by a magnetic needle operating upon automatic steering-gear\* constructed in such a manner that it could be instantly set to steer automatically to any desired point of compass, and the machine could be made to let go its bomb, or to fall itself with the remainder of its naphtha after the screw had made a predetermined number of turns.

Experiments in any field of research are always extremely expensive, even if all the data be at hand. How much more expensive must they be when conducted on a large scale in a field where all the data must be obtained by long and laborious experiments, in which many machines and expensive apparatus have to be invented and constructed simply to obtain the necessary data! Such experiments are too expensive to be conducted for any considerable time by private individuals. The French experiments were conducted by French officers at the expense of the Government; they extended over a period of fifteen years, and have all been conducted for the purpose of rendering the balloon manageable. At the date the experiments were commenced, no motor had ever been made which was powerful enough in proportion to its weight to raise itself in the air. These experiments have cost some millions of francs, and as far as actual results are concerned they have placed the French far ahead of all other nations in this field of science, and have probably brought the balloon to about as high a degree of perfection as it will ever reach.† If we in England wish to excel the French in aerial navigation, I think we should turn our at-

tention to the aeroplane, which alone is capable of being driven through the air at a speed which makes it independent of the wind, and which if driven at such a speed will lift and carry a load quite equal to that of the so-called "dirigeable" balloon. Complete success may be a long and expensive task, and all the points necessary to success may not be the work of any one man, but I do believe that a staff of engineers and scientists could be found among the Anglo-Saxon race, without going outside of England, who, if provided with unlimited means, could produce a machine that would actually fly without a gas-bag, and in much less time than it took the French engineers to evolve their present "dirigeable" balloon, and thus render it quite as unsafe to attempt the invasion of England through the air as it now is by water.

Two eminent engineers are now experimenting in France with a view of navigating the air with machines heavier than the air (flying machines). The ingenious scientist, engineer, and electrician, M. Trouvé, has already made a small flying model, somewhat in the shape of a bird, which has actually flown a short distance, the motive power being produced from gas explosions taking place inside of flattened volute springs such as are used in steam-gauges. The well-known and energetic M. Ader is experimenting on a true aeroplane driven by a steam-engine. He is said to have spent over 600,000 francs, but has only met with partial success, on account of the great weight of his motor. The German army is experimenting with "dirigeable" balloons, and I have been informed by a Russian officer that the Czar has spent over 1,000,000 roubles out of his private purse on the aeroplane system; but it is asserted that his motors never weigh less than 200 lbs. to the horsepower; consequently actual flight is impossible.

When the question is solved, as it is sure to be in the immediate future, the whole system of modern warfare will be changed. Big ships armed with big guns will not be able to protect themselves, much less the country they belong to, from attack, and nations will not be so ready to go to war when each is armed in such a manner as to make it quite as dangerous and disagreeable to the rulers themselves as to the common soldier. If a warlike Continental

\* An automatic steering gear controlled by the action of a magnetic needle has already been invented for steering ships, and is quite practicable.

† It is true that a higher speed might be looked for with the more powerful motor which is now attainable.



nation should be the first to achieve complete success, it would probably make its power felt, and rearrange things to suit its own ideas ; but when all the great nations find out how to fly successfully, then there will be no more war between them, and the great armaments which have existed so long will, happily, become a thing of

the past. A congress of nations will become a *sine quâ non*, and let us hope that we, the Anglo-Saxons, on account of our immense numbers, our vast possessions, and our enormous wealth, will be permitted to occupy a front seat.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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THE DREAD OF THOUGHT.

"AND, friend, when dost thee think?" was the reply made by the Quaker lady to whom Southey had explained, with no little satisfaction, how he spent his day. He told her how he studied Portuguese grammar while he was shaving, how he read Spanish for an hour before breakfast, how, after breakfast, he wrote or studied till dinner, and so on, and so on,—how, in a word, every corner of the twenty-four hours was exactly filled by writing, reading, eating, talking, taking exercise, and sleeping ; and she replied with the very pertinent question we have just given. That there are very few men, and not many women—women are, on the whole, more given to meditation than men—who could give a satisfactory answer to the question, will, we believe, be admitted at once. The idea of thinking for thinking sake is, to most men, positively repellent. They have an intense objection—an objection which, too, they believe to be, on the whole, a laudable one—to time passed not in eating, sleeping, working, talking, reading, writing, or taking exercise. Time not occupied by any of these occupations is held to be lost time, and loss of time, like every other loss, is something to be avoided. Just now the departure of the summer is calling forth complaints in a hundred suburban trains. "As long as there is light," says the City man who lives an hour out of London, "I find the journey quite a pleasant rest,—a quiet time in which to enjoy one's evening paper, or any novel one may be reading. Now, however, that the days are getting too dark to read comfortably after five, I hardly know how to bear the journey back. Unless one happens to meet a friend, that hour of enforced idleness is positive torture. There is nothing to do, and sometimes the temptation to destroy one's eyesight by reading by the carriage-

lamp becomes irresistible. Living out of town may be paradise in summer, but in winter it is purgatory."

The feeling is a very common one, no doubt, and, most people would add, a very natural one ; but to this we should emphatically demur. Why is it natural for a man to dread being thrown back upon his own thoughts ? Why should he find meditation so unnatural, and reading so natural ? After all, we were not born with copies of the evening papers in our hands, and the process of thinking is not one which has to be acquired. We believe that the dread of thought in a great measure comes from lack of habit. All children pass a good deal of time in thinking ; but men, in the press of business and of pleasure, forget how to think, and grow to regard reading as the only possible way of passing the time quietly. There is a story of a man who gave up hunting because he found the waiting about at the covert-side, with nothing to do, quite unbearable. If he could have had a book to read till the hounds got away, he would have been happy, and would, he said, have enjoyed the run. As it was, the pleasure of hunting was outweighed by the pain of doing nothing. We venture to think, however, that a very little patience, and a very little practice, would soon make most men give up their dread of thinking, and would make an hour spent without books or talk a pleasure instead of a pain. No doubt this is not true of all men. There are certain persons cursed with a constitutional melancholy so deep that it is impossible for them to think cheerfully. Thinking with them means a black procession of waking nightmares, which take possession of the mind the moment it ceases to be distracted by something external. They cannot force themselves to think of what they will, but seem com-

pelled to let their thoughts wander through the waste places and deserts of despair. Special circumstances, again, may give a man a right to dread his thoughts. Those under a cloud of sorrow or disappointment, those worried by some adverse turn in their affairs—a family quarrel, or a bad speculation—or those engaged in some scheme trembling in the balance of failure or success, do wisely in avoiding their own thoughts. They cannot, unless they are cast in a specially heroic mould, avoid thinking of their “grand concern,” as Governor Pitt styled the great diamond which dominated his existence, and, therefore, they had better not think at all, but should divert their minds in every way they can. These, however, are the abnormal cases. The ordinary man at ordinary times has no real reason for dreading his thoughts. It is merely want of habit that makes him dislike thinking. Let him make the plunge, and select something definite to think about, and ten to one he will find following a train of thought a very agreeable exercise. Letting the mind veer backward and forward like a weathercock, at the suggestion of this or that external circumstance, is, of course, dull and worrying; but the man who knows how to think does not do that. He thinks, as he reads, with a definite purpose. One cannot, of course, propose lines of thought in the abstract for unknown persons, but one may indicate one or two of the ways in which a man may learn to get pleasure from thinking. To begin with, he may follow the example of the wise man who said: “When I have nothing else to do, I sort my thoughts and label them.” That was an excellent plan. There are few men whose thoughts would not be improved by being put through the process to which we subject a drawer full of papers,—which have lacked for some time that rare combination of leisure and inclination which is necessary for tidying. Most of us, again, have confused thoughts and intuitions, that this or that thing connected with ourselves or our families might be better done than it is done. Let the man, then, who complains of his intolerable hour on the South-Western, or the London and Brighton, or the Great Eastern, absorb himself in a definite scheme of meditation upon something which has already clamored to be thought out, and he will find the time passes quickly enough.

He must not wait till the thought comes to him. He must, by a conscious and deliberate exercise of will, set his mind to his subject. In plain words, he must say to himself: “Now, I will regularly think out whether it is a good plan” to do this, that, or the other. For those who have artistic, literary, scientific, or historical tastes, the problem of what to think about is specially easy. A thousand delightful vistas of thought are open before them, and in these shady avenues they may wander with infinite delight. They must, no doubt, go through the somewhat laborious preliminary of definitely choosing a subject, and determining to think about it; but this done, their path is easy and pleasant. What, for instance, could be more delightful than to speculate why the arts of sculpture and painting are given to some nations and withheld from others, or why the ancient world, so exquisitely sensitive to the beauty of the human form, had but a feeble appreciation of the beauty of landscape; or to wonder what would have happened to the East if Clive’s pistol had not missed fire when he put it to his temple; or to follow out the thought, would it be possible, given some means of overcoming the physical difficulty of boring so deep, to pierce the earth, and what would happen to the law of gravity when the centre was reached? And when such speculations as these tire, what can be more entertaining than the luxury of a little castle-building in the airy highlands of Spain? Wondering what one would do if one had a million is not a game that need, in the nature of things, be confined to girls and boys. It is all nonsense to say that the domestic mutton tastes worse because one has been picturing a perfect short dinner served in the little dining-room in a palace in Park Lane, to which Dorchester House would look like a superior parsonage. On the contrary, the excursion into the realms of the unreal is not unlikely to give one an appetite. And even for those who do not want more luxuries than they have, there are plenty of day-dreams possible. Few people have built an ideal house, and laid out an ideal garden and park. Let those, then, who have not, lay down their visionary plans, and rear for themselves chimneys that never smoke, and trees that never grow where they ought not, but exactly where they should.

We have dealt here with the less serious side of the value of thinking. That is so often pressed upon men's minds by religious teachers of all kinds, that it would seem out of place to restate it here. It is hardly necessary to say that all men need to "swing" the moral compass from time to time, and to take their bearings in the sea of life. The advice is as true as it is conventional. Upon the use of thinking for such purposes, we shall not, then, dwell. We may, however, point out that, as a means of strengthening and invigorating the mind in a secular and worldly sense, the habit of thinking is of the greatest possible value. The minds of those who dread thinking as if it were a penance, become like the bodies of those fed solely on spoon-meat,—soft, and unable to stand the slightest strain. Reading, as one ordinarily reads, is like swallowing

pap; thinking, like eating solid food. The man who trains his mental powers by meditation and by following out lines of thought, obtains an intellectual instrument a hundred times more powerful than he who is content never to think seriously and consecutively. The things one merely reads about never stick. Those on which one thinks become permanent acquisitions. Hence, the man who is not afraid of thinking, and who does not dread "that cursed hour in the dark," is at a distinct advantage on every ground. He passes the time without being bored, and he strengthens his mind. To say this may, no doubt, sound slightly priggish, but it is none the less true. The man who can enjoy and make use of his own thoughts has a heritage which can never be alienated. Even blindness for him loses some of its terrors.—*Spectator*.

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#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography," recently issued, extends from Lambe to Leigh. Mr. C. H. Firth writes on General John Lambert; Mr. G. F. Russell Barker on J. G. Lambton, first Earl of Durham, and on Edward Law, Baron Ellenborough, Lord Chief Justice; Mr. J. G. Fitch on Joseph Lancaster; Mr. Richard Garnett on Letitia Elizabeth Landon ("L. E. L."); Mr. Leslie Stephen on Walter Savage Landor and William Law of the "Serious Call"; Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse on Sir Edwin Landseer and Sir Thomas Lawrence; the Rev. William Hunt on Lanfranc; Professor J. W. Hales on Langland, author of "Piers Plowman," and Layamon; Mr. James Gairdner on Bishop Latimer; Mr. S. Rawson Gardiner on Archbishop Laud; Mr. R. E. Graves on Samuel Laurence, the painter, and Cecil Lawson; Mr. J. A. Hamilton on Edward Law, Earl of Ellenborough, and on Lord Lawrence; Colonel R. H. Vetch, R.E., on Sir Henry Lawrence; Dr. Norman Moore on Sir William Lawrence, the surgeon; Mr. Warwick Wroth on Stephen Martin Leake; Professor Laughton on Sir John Leake, the admiral, and George Legge, Lord Dartmouth; and Mr. Sidney Lee on Nathaniel Lee, the dramatist.

ACCORDING to the reports of continental papers, a collection of autograph letters of Charles XII. will shortly be published under

the editorship of one of the professors at the University of Gothenburg. The letters have been collected from the archives of Stockholm, Moscow, and other towns, and a number of them are addressed to his younger sister, Ulrike Eleonore.

THE conviction of Sir G. Campbell and his confederates will probably frighten for a time the rogues who trade on the vanity and credulity of would-be authors; but there are too many people eager to write and ready to be duped to lead us to suppose that they will be left unmolested. Morgan's idea of a volume of poetry in which authors were to have space proportionate to their payments was really ingenious, and it is a wonder he did not carry it out. There used to be a magazine supported by the money of those whose biographies adorned its pages.

THE Bulgarian Government has now published the seventh volume of its *recueil* of works of literature and science, which contains many papers of interest. One particular memoir is on the region of the Balkans south of the Danube and between the rivers Lom and Kamchik, and its various remains. These include grime-graves, the site of prehistoric supplies of flint for tools and weapons. In the district are megalithic remains, including dolmens, and of the same character as in the

countries round the Black Sea and Bulgaria, Rumelia, Asia Minor, the Caucasus, and the Crimea. Many illustrations are given, and a continuation is promised. One contribution is by Mr. Goodeff, on Bulgarian mss. in the library of Lord Zouche, brought by the Hon. Robert Curzon from Mount Athos in 1837. There is much material for folk-lore and popular poetry, and some for the Bulgarian dictionary.

MR. STANLEY LANE-POOLE has himself drawn a plan, showing the positions of the principal mosques and the plan of the city, for his forthcoming work on "Cairo: Sketches of its History, Monuments, and Social Life," as he found there was no authentic map of the city giving the information he wished for.

A PROJECT is on foot having for its object the erection of a memorial statue of Mrs. Hemans in Liverpool, where she was born in 1793.

AT the yearly meeting of the Historisch-antiquarische Verein of Schaffhausen on September 6th, Dr. Baumann, the archivist of Donaueschingen in Baden, announced that a mass of the archives of the bishopric of Constance had been discovered in Zurich. These documents had been sent to Zurich for safety in time of war, and in the subsequent change of history of the city of Constance no steps had been taken for their recovery. They are now undergoing thorough research by competent scholars, who have already discovered that they throw important light upon the history of that great diocese during the period of the Reformation.

WE hear that the meeting of German historians, which, as we reported last week, was to be held at Munich on the 27th inst., has been postponed. Next Easter is the probable date of the meeting.

OF all the numerous reprints—and they are very numerous—issued in Germany, the complete collection of the "Schiller Briefe," now in the course of publication at the Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt of Stuttgart, is certainly the most important. The collection, which is edited by Dr. F. Jonas, begins with a letter dated April 21st, 1772, and it will extend to 1805, the year of the poet's death.

BESIDES the above publication, the recent erection of a Schiller monument at Eger may serve as an additional proof of the poet's continued popularity among the Germans. His dramas are, besides, constantly performed in German theatres, so that the talk about his

waning popularity would seem to be entirely unfounded.

WE note the death of two Germans, who chiefly deserve notice on account of their relationship with eminent personages. The one was Baron Heinrich Heine, nephew of the poet. He died at Vienna at the age of thirty-six. The other was the *Schotten Priester* Father Hermann Schubert, brother of Franz Schubert, the *Lieder* composer. He joined the order in 1844, and retained such an affection for his brother (though only an infant when the latter died) that he assiduously collected all the relics connected with the composer. The reverend father died near Vienna at the age of sixty-six.

IT may be somewhat of a surprise to readers of fiction to learn that Mr. Edmund Gosse has for the first time deserted his field of poetry and criticism, and has written a one-volume story, called "The Secret of Narcisse," which has just been published by Mr. William Heinemann.

MR. WALTER LEWIN sums up two distinguished Americans who recently died in the following words in a recent issue of the *Academy*:

"While Tennyson was singing of ancient virtues, he [Whittier] was singing of modern wrongs. To him, an apostle of freedom, the desperate struggle for freedom was a worthy subject. The pieces which make up the volume of 'Voices of Freedom,' published in 1849, were written during the years from 1833 to 1848. There, and elsewhere, he made visible the wrongs of the slave, and helped to arouse the moral sentiment which should abolish those wrongs. Whether in this Whittier kept within the legitimate functions of the poet need not be discussed here. It may be that the poet, like the critic, should refuse 'to lend himself to the point of view of the practical man.' Probably Whittier's best poetry is to be found elsewhere than in his slave pieces. Be this as it may, he served humanity more and poetry not less than do those writers who pass as poets, whose poetry springs from no depth of character or earnestness of purpose, but is for the most part a chronicle of bar-parlor amours and the equally unedifying reflections of the next morning, given in the shape of sonnet, triolet, or rhymed epigram. . . . Quick as Whittier was to see and sympathize with those who were wronged, he was far from being a melancholy or despairing poet. He



had faith that there was an overruling providence which could and would evolve good even out of seeming evil. He trusted, he said, that Providence,

" 'How dark soe'er it seems, may tend  
By rays I cannot comprehend  
To some unguessed benignant end ;

" 'That every loss and lapse may gain  
The clear-aired heights by steps of pain,  
And never cross is borne in vain.'

His tone, generally, is energetic and hopeful. It is distinctly less melancholy than that of Longfellow. Which of these was the greater poet is a point upon which opinions may differ. Longfellow, however, had the advantage in graceful and befitting phrase. Compare, for example, his poems on 'Channing' and 'Bayard Taylor' with Whittier's, or his 'Building of the Ship' with Whittier's 'The Ship Builders.'

Curtis, like Whittier, was a power for good in American politics. His attitude was, however, less that of an advocate and more that of a critic. A year ago, on the occasion of the death of James Russell Lowell, I referred to Lowell and Curtis as two leading members of a small body of men who, not standing apart from politics and not wholly from political parties, were yet bound by no fast ties to any party or section, but held themselves always free to act as, in the interests of justice, the occasion may require. I said that these men had been for a number of years the conscience of the political life of the United States. Curtis was always in the front of any movement against corrupt government. Naturally, at the time of the Civil War, his sympathies were with the Republican party. *Harper's Weekly*, of which he was the editor, was strongly Republican. Nevertheless he never supported his party in the base tactics to which, like most political parties, they resorted from time to time. He supported General Grant for the first and second term, but opposed him when he offered himself for a third term. As a determined advocate of Civil Service Reform it was natural that he should prefer Cleveland, the Democrat, to Blaine the Republican in 1884 ; and the action of himself and the other 'Independents' who worked with him secured Cleveland's election. Four years later, Cleveland, having partly forfeited the confidence of this section, was defeated. Here the influence of Curtis and his friends is plainly visible, but it was not confined to such leading events as presidential elections. It

was exercised for good in the inner workings of the political life of the time. Curtis published few books ; fewer than many authors who are successful writers but not men of letters. He was a man of letters of the first rank, who valued literature too highly to publish overmuch."

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#### MISCELLANY.

COMMERCIAL IMMORALITY.—Very much of our grandly talked-of civilization is nothing better than mean profits filched from those fellow-beings we have succeeded in crushing in our unhallowed struggle for money at any sacrifice of honor ; and if we had not become thoroughly habituated to evil, our commercial life would clearly stand out as a sorrowful and pitiful exhibition of human degradation. It is only too apparent that in commercial circles deliberate misrepresentation is regarded as a merit ; and to "best" a customer with a glib, lying tongue is recognized as one of the fine arts of trade ; moreover, astute roguery, masked under the terms "push" and "go," "cuteness" and "smartness," is highly commended by nearly every business man. Who, then, dares question the ignobleness of commercial life ? Very many otherwise highly respected chiefs of large firms do not hesitate, however, to comfort themselves by saying that since knavery is so general in the commercial world they are bound, in sheer self-protection, to put aside sentiment and morality when engaged in business. That such men are adepts in self-deceit is often made manifest at Exeter Hall by their *theoretically* preaching on "morality in business," while *practically* showing, by their lives in the City, that their own Morality is a mere farce. So well known to City men, indeed, are the true characters of some of our merchant princes, that the ostentatious announcement of a gift of £1000 or more to the Salvation Army, or such like object, is at once hailed with a sly mocking laugh as a prelude to the recounting of the knavish strokes of business such a merchant prince "brought off," probably at the expense of a fellow-trader's ruin. The millionaire merchant probably lives a model society life at some respectable suburban retreat, where he can rest, with a mock halo of sainthood encircling him, while he tries to forget by what unscrupulous means he amassed his wealth in the City. To many such, however, all efforts to still the fretting

voice of outraged conscience are futile, for the damning shadows of City ledgers with their record of sharp practice and ignoble usury refuse to be resolved away at will.

Naturally, most of us try to excuse harsh actions by saying we did our best, so far as circumstances permitted. But this best is so very bad, ungodly, and inhuman. If man is a free agent, great indeed is his moral turpitude if he cannot bring himself to deal honestly with his fellows. Then, again, we say it is the fault of the commercial system, and not our fault. If such is so, who, pray, made the system, except man himself? When we care to rise worthy of our true, innate, but dormant nobility, we can amend this cursed system of callous and heartless fratricidal competition by fraternally co-operating to supply the wants of the world, without the necessity of hailing a fellow-trader's ruin with such grim satisfaction as is now the case. We have yet to realize that an abundance of individual wealth does not necessarily bring happiness to its possessor or the community, and it is very essential to remember that it is our hearts, and not our money-bags, which require our constant attention if mankind is ever to step out of the sordid rut we have for so many centuries brutishly accepted as the common lot of earthly life.

What a grim parody is our present brutal avariciousness in commerce upon the commandment to promote "peace on earth and goodwill among men," and how poor must be our appreciation of God if we childishly imagine we can hoodwink Him over our *weekday* nefarious lives by merely chanting praises sanctimoniously on the Sabbath! Inasmuch, then, that commerce is the pivot round which nearly all our sordid lives revolve, we cannot be surprised if our fraudulent methods miserably fail to bring us happiness. If happiness did, indeed, follow so mean a life, what a desecration of man's higher nature such happiness would necessarily be! Far better is it, for man's higher evolution, that his soul be consumed with aching misery so long as his moral nature remains so pitifully stunted as commerce plainly proves is now the case. Unhappily, it appears that fraudulent trading has at last become our first nature. In our intellectual blindness we rush pell-mell into the world's trough of garbage, and then repine because our swinishness brings us no healthy satisfaction. Whether the world will last to see the dawn of probity in commerce is a very moot point; but at present there can be no

manner of doubt that trade is, speaking generally, thoroughly ignoble, and that its demoralizing effects are now so widespread that all classes of people, plebeian and aristocratic, are suffering from the consequent degradation. It seems, however, almost Utopian to even imagine man will awaken to a higher conception of duty and honor, inasmuch as we find we tacitly acquiesce in the present corrupt trading system, and without shame admit that our commercial standard of honor is not such as will bear honest scrutiny. We even go so far as to justify our immorality when trading, on the ground that it is so universal that it must be considered as the natural condition of our existence, and that, since fraud is so general, no one can do business on any other terms. Surely when mankind justifies the evil brought about by its own corrupt practices we have nearly touched the bottom of human degradation.—*Eastern and Western Review*.

MY POOL IN SUMMER.—What a rich lush green beauty there is about the pool in summer! It is delightful to stroll down there on a calm still June evening. The day has been very hot, with a bright sun beating down from a cloudless sky. But now at sunset a delightful fresh coolness pervades the air down by the water. The air too is sweet with innumerable scents; the fragrance of the growing hay grass standing thick, and sprinkled with yellow rattle, red clover, moon daisies and buttercups: the rich thick sweetness of the sprays of honeysuckle and the delicate scent of the dog-roses on the boundary hedge; and above all the sense of freshness (for it is a sensation rather than a scent) which rises from the water. On the hedge bank and at the edge of the ditch the primroses and cowslips have given place to the purple and white spikes of the spotted orchids, and the ditch sides are gay with pink lychnis. Out in the shallow water is a wealth of vegetation. How beautiful are the beds of rushes and reeds with their "frem" green! Here and there we have the broad grayish-green leaves of the flag and the lovely delicate yellow flowers, so fragile that you cannot carry home safely a full-blown specimen. Dotted about beyond the edge of the rushes are tufts of broad leaved water plantain, which later in the season will throw up spikes of starry white flowers. Nearer the bank, on drier ground, we have masses of tall willow-herb, water stickwort, and bright green celery-leaved crowfoot.

The turquoise flowers of the greater water forget-me-not are coming out now, and the brook-lime has put forth its darker blue flowers. The smooth glassy surface of the water has a quiet gray tint, for the glow of the sunset is obscured by the ridge of high ground on the west. Here and there the silver gray is varied by dark patches where masses of the broad floating leaves of the *Potamogeton natans* and of floating water persicaria make a green carpet; and there too are the star-like blossoms of the water ranunculus growing so thickly in places as to produce a broad milk-white patch. From the hedgerow's tangled growth comes the plaintive *weet wee-eet* of the willow warbler, anxious for her brood softly cradled in the domed feather-lined nest hidden among the herbage on the hedge bank, and the soft coo of the turtle dove is heard among the leafy ash poles. The hurried song of the babbling sedge warbler in the rushes is incessant. The monotonous chant of the reed bunting, and the twitter of the swallows, are the usual summer evening sounds, and we catch too, faintly, the scream of the swifts high overhead. At the edge of the rushes a wild duck is quietly paddling along, her young brood doubtless following closely in her wake, but safely out of sight in the rushes, which they will thread easily enough, and ready to dive and hide in a moment at the warning croak of the old bird. For ducklings have many enemies. If luckily they escape the jaws of some hungry pike lurking under the weeds, those carrion crows which have their nest in yonder tall hedgerow elm have hard work to feed their hungry brood, and a duckling will not come amiss. The crow is not very particular as to his *menu*. Eggs and young birds are delicacies, but he does not scorn frogs and toads, and when the water in the pool is low, and the mud is exposed, he searches for and eats the large morsels which abound there. Substantial diet in the shape of a dead hedgehog and the rare treat of a peck at a bit of mutton are fully appreciated, but a lighter diet is by no means despised, and has often to be put up with. In autumn you may see the crow in the stubbles and grassfields, and at that season, as well as in winter and early spring, he does a great deal of good by devouring grubs, worms, and slugs, and other noxious creatures. Out on the water a crested grebe is carefully washing itself, his long supple neck turned back as he carefully preens and dresses his feathers. Now he turns over on one side, exposing the shining white of his flanks and underparts, as

he passes one palmated foot along from shoulder to tail, and carefully combs his thick close plumage. Now he splashes the water over him, and, submerging his head, shakes it rapidly under water. No bird is more careful of his appearance, and truly it well repays the trouble bestowed upon it. No more beautiful swimming bird frequents the water. How his white neck and breast shine! and most beautifully they contrast with his glossy blackish crown and rich chestnut cheek ruffs. The heron does not breed here, or as far as I know within many miles. Yet it is a pretty constant visitor at all times of the year. Often when sitting enjoying my pipe in a certain sheltered spot which has formed my post of observation for many an hour, I have seen with pleasure the large gray forms come sailing silently along on noiseless, almost motionless, pinions, and drop in some swampy spot. Then, after a careful scrutiny of the surroundings, during which the slightest exposed movement on my part would be certainly detected, the heron's attention becomes riveted on the ground and water immediately within range of his long sharp beak. Not less pleasing to the sight are the tall gray birds perched on the topmost boughs of some leafy elm.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE END OF ST. CLOUD.—Workmen are now busy removing the ruins of St. Cloud, a palace associated with many memorable events in French history. Built originally in 1572, it witnessed the assassination of Henry IV. by Jacques Clement. Louis XIV. presented the château to his brother, the Duke of Orleans, and the park was laid out by Le Notre, whose *chef d'œuvre* it was in landscape gardening. It was purchased from the Orleans family by Louis XVI. for Marie Antoinette, who took great delight in St. Cloud. Charles X. was residing there when the Revolution of 1830 broke out. It was also the favorite residence of Louis Philippe and his Queen, Amélie. By far the most important historical event connected with St. Cloud was the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire, on November 9th, 1799, when Napoleon upset the Directory, and took the first step toward supreme power. If the Assemblies had remained in Paris, Santerre and the agitators of the faubourgs might have risen in revolt; but the sagacious removal to St. Cloud baffled the designs of the Parisian mob, and Napoleon, in sole command of the troops, was already the master of France. When the Council of Ancients were in session at St. Cloud, Napoleon entered the hall with

a detachment of grenadiers. Ascending the tribune, he made a speech, declaring that he was assailed with calumnies, as if he were a Cæsar or a Cromwell, whereas his only design was to save the Republic. Then he went to the place where the Five Hundred were assembled, and with equal audacity spoke, in spite of the clamor of many who denounced him as a traitor. There was for a short time a scene of confusion, but leaving the hall with his brother Lucien, he sent Murat with a battalion of grenadiers, who forcibly drove out the members by charging with fixed bayonets. The members of both Assemblies who were in the plot returned, and they voted that the Directory be abolished, and the Government by three Consuls was decreed, to be soon after succeeded by Napoleon First Consul, and Napoleon Emperor.—*Leisure Hour.*

**RAIN-GAMBLING.**—How to stop the widespread mania for rain-gambling, that is, speculating on the eminently uncertain quantity of rain that will fall in the season in a given time, as indicated by rain gauges—is a problem that is still causing perplexity to the Government of Bombay. When some time since the Chief Presidency Magistrate decided that the offence did not come within the scope of the Acts against gambling a new law was passed to meet the defect; but in applying this enactment other difficulties have arisen owing to the Bombay High Court having determined that coins do not come within the legal definition of "instruments of gaming." In a case now before the Courts two natives who are being prosecuted are shown to have rented a shed in a compound, and to have arranged and fitted it up for the express purpose of gambling. They paid a monthly rent of 250 rupees for the shed, and divided it into eleven stalls, which were let out at 100 rupees a month each. The stalls were taken by men who carry on the business of book-making, with the important difference that they do not themselves lay the odds. They register bets and hold the stakes, levying a commission of half an anna in the rupee on the amounts won. This business, it is said, goes on from early morn till midnight, the number of those present varying from three to four hundred. The odds are shouted—up to three o'clock five to one, up to six o'clock ten to one, and so forth. A clock, which is carefully timed, plays an important part in the proceedings, for the bets are all made for stipulated periods. The bet is determined by the rain falling in a stream

and within a certain time from the roof, particularly from a building on one side of the shed. The question now is whether the all-important clock, the betting books, and a rain-recording roof can be brought within the definition of "instruments of gaming."

**A PICTURE BY RUDYARD KIPLING.**—In a recent issue of the *London Times*, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who is writing a series of articles for that journal, paints the following brilliant picture:—"Most of the nations of the earth are at issue under a stretch of white awning above a crowded deck. The cause of the dispute, a deep copper bowl full of rice and fried onions, is upset in the foreground. Malays, Lascars, Hindus, Chinese, Javanese, Burmans—the whole gamut of race-tints, from saffron to tar-black—are twisting and writhing round it, while their vermilion, cobalt, amber, and emerald turbans and head cloths are lying under foot. Pressed against the yellow ochre of the iron bulwarks to left and right are frightened women and children in turquoise and isabella-colored clothes. They are half protected by mounds of upset bedding, straw mats, red lacquer boxes, and plaited bamboo trunks, mixed up with tin plates, brass and copper *hugas*, silver opium pipes, Chinese playing cards, and properties enough to drive half-a-dozen artists wild. In the centre of the crowd of furious, half-naked men, the fat, bare back of a Burman, tattooed from collar-bone to waist-cloth with writhing patterns of red and blue devils, holds the eye first. It is a wicked back. Beyond it is the flicker of a Malay kris. A blue, red, and yellow macaw chained to a stanchion spreads his wings against the sun in an ecstasy of terror. Half-a-dozen red gold pines and bananas have been knocked down from their ripening places, and are lying between the feet of the fighters. One pine has rolled against the long brown fur of a muzzled bear. His owner, a bushy-bearded Hindu, kneels over the animal, his body-cloth thrown clear of a hard brown arm, his fingers ready to loose the muzzle strap. The ship's cook, in blood-stained white, watches from the butcher's shop, and a black Zanzibar stoker grins through the bars of the engine-room hatch, one ray of sun shining straight into his pink mouth. The officer of the watch, a red-whiskered man, is kneeling down on the bridge to peer through the railings, and is shifting a long, lean, black revolver from his left hand to his right. The faithful sunlight that puts everything into



place gives his whiskers and the hair on the back of his tanned fist just the color of the copper pot, the bear's fur, and the trampled pines. For the rest, there is the blue sea beyond the awnings. Three years' hard work, beside the special knowledge of a lifetime, would be needed to copy—even to copy—this picture. Mr. So-and-so, R.A., could undoubtedly draw the bird; Mr. Such-another (equally R.A.) the bear; and scores of gentlemen the still life; but who would be the man to pull the whole thing together and make it the riotous, tossing cataract of color and life that it is? And when it was done some middle aged person from the provinces, who had never seen a pineapple out of a plate, or a kris out of the South Kensington, would say that it did not remind him of something that it ought to remind him of, and therefore that it was bad. If the gallery could be bequeathed to the nation, something might, perhaps, be gained, but the nation would complain of the draughts and the absence of chairs. But no matter. In another and a better world we shall see certain gentlemen set to tickle the backs of Circe's swine through all eternity. Also, they will have to tickle with their bare hands."

DO WE NEED WIDER HORIZONS? A very able thinker, commenting on the somewhat minute chance of holding any communication with Mars, writes to us as follows: "I cannot but think that you underrate the *value* of the one communication with Mars, which you acknowledge to be possible. If the Martials will and can return three flashes for our three flashes, a stupendous result is achieved. We have the certainty, not hypothesis, that there are other sentient beings than ourselves, that we are but units in the universe, lost amid billions upon billions of thinkers,—and in no way centres of Providential action. The horizon is inconceivably enlarged, and Man, with a capital 'M,' reduced to the insignificance which, from his narrow limitations, must *a priori* belong to him. All creation would be clearer to me, more harmonious, and more full of hopeful possibilities." We have no doubt at all that the final demonstration, if it could be obtained, of the existence of rational fellow-creatures in Mars would produce a great impression on the imagination of mankind. What we hold to be open to doubt is whether the impression so produced would be advantageous or injurious to those whom it would most seriously affect. It may, of course, be said that it can only be desirable that we

should know the truth in the matter; that ignorance cannot be better than knowledge. But that altogether depends on the tendency which a new fragment of knowledge may have to throw into the shade and reduce to an undeserved and misleading "insignificance" old knowledge of much greater value. No one would deny, for instance, that in all early stages of civilization it was notoriously the effect of the wider knowledge due to travelling among strange nations, that these comparative cosmopolitans learned to undervalue the moral truths and habits of their own countrymen, without learning to value adequately the moral truths and habits of the races with whom they made acquaintance. They learned to depreciate the prepossessions and convictions in which they were brought up, without learning to appreciate thoroughly those of the nations they visited. The effect of their comparative cosmopolitanism was that they threw off one set of practical convictions without gaining any other in their place. And it is certain enough that the discovery of the heliocentric motion of the planets which reduced our earth to its proper "insignificance" in the solar system, did a good deal to reduce to a similar but far from proper "insignificance" the moral principles by which the predominant races of the earth had hitherto been guided and restrained.—*Spectator*.

SIGNS OF EMOTION IN EMINENT MEN.—We have all heard of the men with so diplomatic a countenance that an earthquake would hardly produce any change in their imperturbable faces. From this saying we infer that all those sphinx-like personages never show emotion, whereas the truth is that they do not betray their feelings like the generality of us. They are exceptions to the laws formulated by Lavater, Darwin, Mantegazza, and other writers on the expressions of the emotions. Take Disraeli as an example; columns have been written about his impassability of countenance. Well, a German philosopher went to Berlin for the sole purpose of seeing him and of studying his character, and the pundit discovered what everybody else had searched for in vain. "Like all men of his race," wrote this keen observer, "he has one sign of emotion which never fails to show itself, the movement of the leg that is crossed and of the foot." But if there ever was a man of "iron self-control," that man, judging by the little we know of him, was Lockhart. He formed the idea in his youth that it was unmanly to make any violent display of joy or grief, and

he succeeded so well in repressing his feelings that when he grew up he could not show them—just as the men who were trained when it was considered a gross act of ill-breeding to sneeze in company could not acquire the “art” when it was no longer necessary to master the tendency. When Lockhart’s brother and sister died within a few days of each other, the famous biographer could not cry or otherwise relieve his feelings, and the consequence was that he became so ill that his life was in jeopardy. Some men who are not particularly remarkable for self-control show emotion in peculiar ways. Mr. W. E. Forster had a fair command over his features; but a muscular twitching of the body showed when he was hard hit. Mr. Gladstone has often been described as very restless under fire. Lord Frederick Cavendish, like Mr. Balfour, if we may trust the caricaturists, could not master his legs, which became twisted together in an extraordinary manner when he was perturbed or pleased. In the case of Lord Randolph Churchill, acute observers have professed to find a connection between the movements of the brain and the movements of the fingers as they play with the mustache. When, however, his lordship is hotly attacked he simulates indifference with some success, and then finds no employment for his hands, merely clasping them together or folding his arms. Lastly, Lord George Hamilton, when he is in hot water, tears up paper—his favorite amusement in the House—with abnormal zest. So that there is plenty of variety in the expression of only one emotion.—*Cassell’s Saturday Journal*.

PERSONAL CRITICISM IN LITERATURE.—If we want to know how our eminent nobodies of letters write their novels, we have only to refer to the sketches of them and their belongings published by their friends. House, furniture, and all the rest of it, we learn, are “decorated and furnished under the personal superintendence of the novelist’s wife.” This is, indeed, interesting, and greatly enhances the popularity of Mr. Jones’s (for we will imagine our genius to be called Jones, for fear of accidents) feeble, if popular, novels. This absurd system of personal twaddle has grown so formidable that when applied to persons engaged in literary pursuits, it assumes the place of criticism. “Miss Tomkins, the famous Snookesville poet, wears tea-gowns of yellow by preference, and ties her golden hair in a simple Grecian knot.” We frequently come across such startling “literary notes”

as these. It serves one purpose, at all events. It advertises Miss Tomkins’ existence, and induces us, perhaps, to inquire what may be the name of the works which have gained her fame. Then we learn that she is “the well-known authoress of ‘Heart Strings,’ published in weekly instalments in the *Snookesville Gazette*.” Perhaps, however, we may hope that the system of personal puffing may die of inanition when all the notables have been exhausted down to the latest hangman.—*Nottingham Daily Express*.

THE RAVAGES OF THE WHITE ANT.—The workers never venture in sight except in extreme cases. No one is ignorant of the terrible destruction these insects occasion to the works of man. Invisible to those whom they threaten, they push on their galleries to the very walls of their houses. They perforate the floors, the beams, the wood-work, the furniture, respecting always the surface of the objects attacked in such a manner that it is impossible to be aware of their hidden ravages. They even take care to prevent the buildings they eat away from falling by filling up with mortar the parts they have hollowed out. But these precautions are only employed if the place seems suitable, and if they intend to prolong their sojourn there. In the other case they destroy the wood with inconceivable rapidity. They have been known, in one single night, to pierce the whole of a table leg from top to bottom, and then the table itself; and then, still continuing to pierce their way, to descend through the opposite leg, after having devoured the contents of a trunk placed upon the table.—*Cassell’s “Insect World.”*

A NATURAL BAROMETER.—One of the most curious stones in the world is found in Finland, where it occurs in many places. It is a natural barometer, and actually foretells probable changes in the weather. It is called “semakuir,” and turns black shortly before an approaching rain, while in fine weather it is mottled with spots of white. For a long time this curious phenomenon was a mystery, but an analysis of the stone shows it to be a fossil mixed with clay and containing a portion of rock-salt and nitre. This fact being known, the explanation was easy. The salt, absorbing the moisture, turned black when the conditions were favorable for rain, while the dryness of the atmosphere brought out the salt from the interior of the stone in white spots on the surface.